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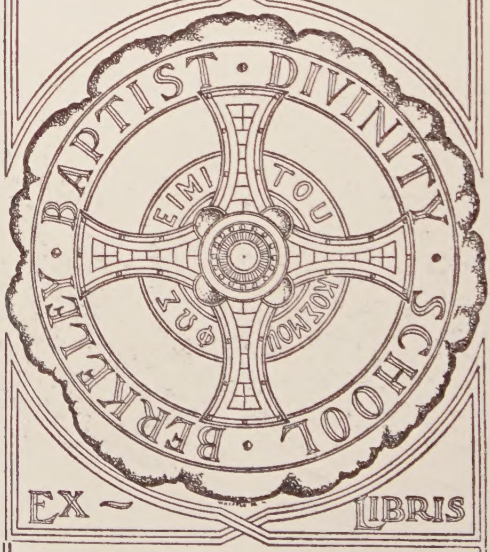

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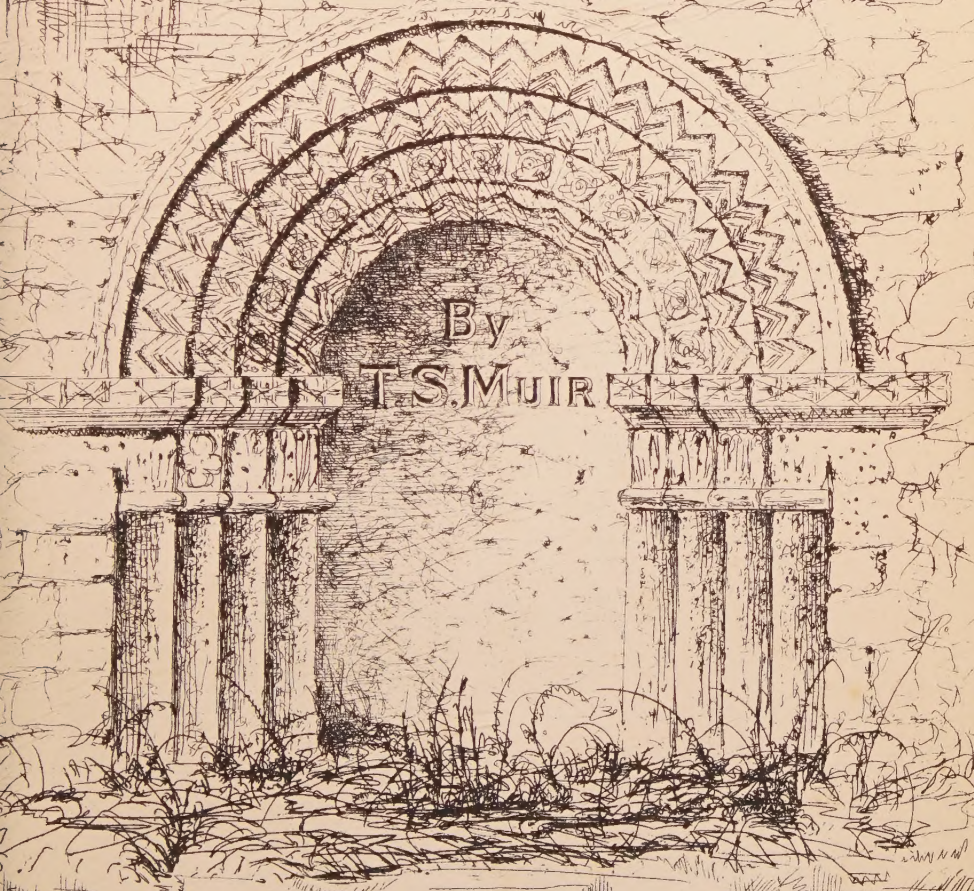
ON SOME OF THE ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND, ETC.

ECCLESIOLOGICAL NOTES ON SOME OF THE ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND



By

T. S. MUIR

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PUBLISHER'S PREFATORY NOTE.

Of the matter contained in the present volume the General Notices (pp. 1-80) are now for the first time printed, with a considerable number of new illustrations reproduced from the author's own drawings. The subsequent Sketches of North Rona and Sula Sgeir, Caithness, Orkney and Shetland, the coasts of Argyle and Wigton, Barra Head and the outlying islets of the Western Sea, and the nearer but not too well known islands of the Firth of Forth, which follow in their chronological order, have been reprinted from a series of booklets thrown off from time to time as occasion or inclination prompted, and used exclusively for distribution among the author's personal friends. Partly in consequence of the exceptional circumstances of their production (sometimes limited to an impression of 25 copies), but chiefly on account of their quaint individuality of character, which speedily attracted the notice of collectors, they have long been practically unattainable. The increasing interest in the subject of Scottish Ecclesiology,

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which may truly be said to have been created and maintained by the researches here recorded, has suggested the collection and re-issue of these fugitive pieces in a more permanent and convenient form, and with the General Notices prefixed by way of introduction. From their nature it was inevitable that there should be occasional repetition; but whatever may be their imperfections in this or other respects, they constitute a record of researches which is unique of its kind.

CASTLE STREET,
February 21, 1885.

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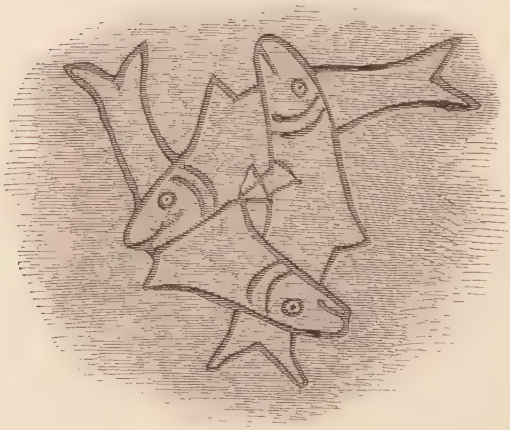

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KILMORICH.

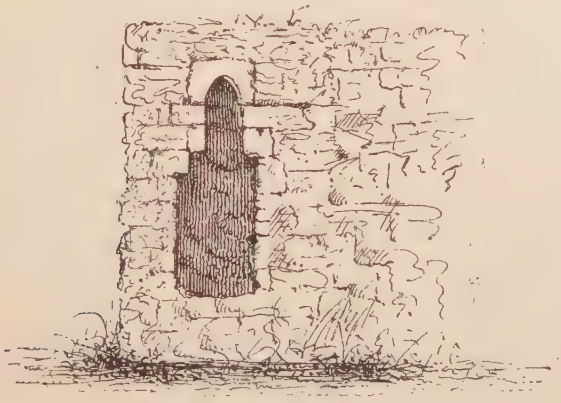
ECCLESIOLOGICAL NOTES

ON SOME OF THE ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND, ETC.

GENERAL NOTICES.

INCH-COLM, Firth of Forth.—A picturesque and architecturally interesting small island, easily accessible from Aberdour, on the Fifeshire side of the estuary. Sept. 9, Oct. 5, 1850; May 8, 1855; several times in May and June 1871.

[For particular account, see *Inchcolm, Aberdour, etc.; A Sketch.* February 1872, and page 294.]



FIDRA.

FIDRA.—The largest of a group of islets lying near to North Berwick. It is very rocky and uneven, and at some points extremely picturesque; but the only object in it of interest is a remain of a chapel, which was dedicated to St. Nicholas, situated on the northern point of a creek in the Oct. 18, 1856.

east side. It seems to have been a narrow oblong, about 70 feet in length, with a narrower building extending from each end. What of it remains is merely the north wall, still at about its original height, containing a broken doorway and a narrow lanciform window of First-Pointed character.

Not having authorities to refer to, I can say nothing regarding the origin of the building; but probably it was a dependency of the Cistercian Priory founded at North Berwick by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1154, of which some noteworthy fragments still exist.

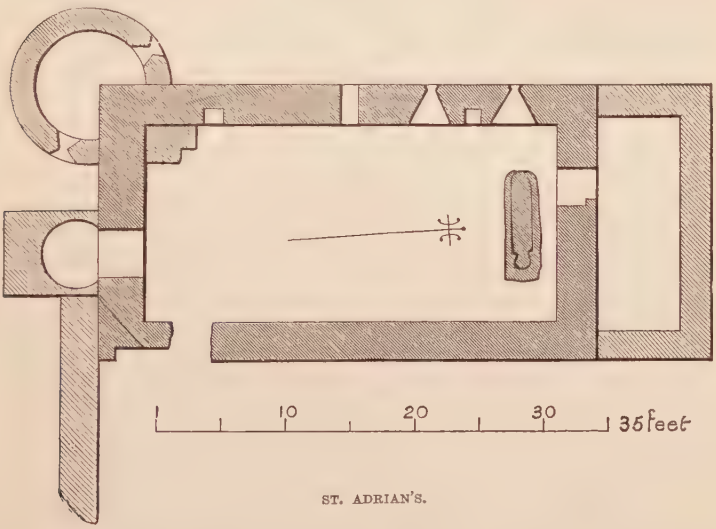
Oct. 1856; April and July 1868; Aug. and Sept. 1869.

MAY.—This, the largest, and in many respects the most interesting island of the Forth, is rather more than 1 mile in length. In some of its parts it is bordered by torn rocks shelving into the sea, and in others, and particularly where facing the west and north-west, by grand mural precipices, rising in diversified forms often to a considerable height. Within its wild edging the ground is generally grassy, but so continually wavy that a level space is scarcely anywhere to be found throughout its extent. There are three landing-places, any of which is convenient enough in good weather—one of them at an elevated spot called *Altarstones*, near the north-west end of the island, and two on its east side, one right across from Altarstones, the other at *Kirk Haven*, a narrow inlet flanked by low rocks near to the *South Ness*.

Up from Kirk Haven a few paces, and occupying a slope backed by lofty cliffs overhanging the *Pilgrims' Haven* and its outlying stacks, is St. Adrian's Chapel, a small ruinous building, historically interesting,[1] but possessing no features worthy of much regard. In plan it is a simple oblong, internally about 32 feet in length, and would seem to have been attached to the west end of another and probably a larger

[1] See *Records of the Priory of the Isle of May.* Edited by John Stuart, LL.D. 1868.

building, traces of which are distinctly visible at its south-east corner. Of its date nothing can assuredly be said. Two small windows in the west wall are apparently First-Pointed, so that in all likelihood the building is the work of the thirteenth century. Attached to the north wall of the chapel are the remains of a narrow building, which has been added at a later date ; and embracing the south-west corner there is a reduced circular tower with loopholes, which has also been subsequently erected, and evidently for defensive purposes.



ST. ADRIAN'S.

[For larger description see *The Isle of May; A Sketch.* April 1868, and page 284.]

Holy Island, Northumberland.—A plain and nearly perfect First-Pointed parish church and an ornate but sadly dilapidated Romanesque priory are the chief objects of interest in this island. The island itself is not very attractive ; destitute of trees, and in greater part made up of sand-hillocks, it has throughout nearly its whole extent a very bleak appearance. Oct. 12, 13, 1861.

Oct. 15, 1861. FARNE, Northumberland.—This, also called *House Island*, is the largest of the Farne group. As lying but a short way out, it can be easily visited from any neighbouring place on the opposite mainland, the most convenient being Monkhouse, south of Bamborough a mile or two. Readily procuring a boat at that place, and favoured by the weather, I was in "no time"—as my boatmen had engaged it should be—put ashore on what was, long centuries ago, the beloved home of the saintly Cuthbert. Of course all material traces of the devout hermit—his unfashioned oratory and unfurnished cell, rudely built of unhewn stone and turf, and as rudely roofed with deal and bent—have long since passed away; but respect for his memory, and reverential regard for the scene of his austerities and death, led in later times to the erection of two religious houses, one of which, the chapel of St. Mary, has nearly disappeared; but the other, measuring about forty feet in length, and of Second-Pointed character, still exists. Externally, it has a very homely aspect, and presents no detail more than three pointed two-light windows—two of them restorations—and an ogee-headed doorway in the south wall, and a three-light window, with tracery in the head, in the east end. By the introduction, in 1848, of oak benches and a range of old carved oak stalls on each side, the interior has a very handsome church-like appearance.

Nov. 11, 12, 1856. ARRAN.—The lowland district, south of Brodick, is the only part of this diversified island of which I have any personal knowledge. In whole it is longitudinally divided into two parishes—Kilbride and Kilmory, the kirks of which are situated, the first at Lamlash, on the east side of the island; the other at the hamlet of Lagg, at its southern extremity. The body of Kilbride Church is apparently old, but repairs, and especially alterations effected time after time, have destroyed most of its original features. In its

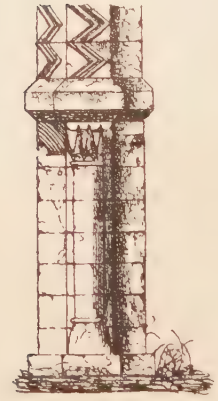
east wall there is a slab bearing the date 1618, a monogram, a marquis's coronet, and the injunction *Fir God;* and lying about in the burying-ground are others of the ordinary Argyleshire type, sculptured with crosses, swords, etc., but mostly in a wasted condition. A few miles of pleasant travel by Rosehill and Glen Uich, and you are at Lagg, a small quiet place made up of a few cottages and a tidy inn, occupying the bottom of a deep hollow. The church of Kilmory stands prettily on the elevated ground, back half-a-mile or so from the hamlet. It is wholly a modern erection upon or near to the site of the older foundation, which, in all probability, was dedicated to St. Maelrubha. Lying in the burial-ground is a small baptismal font, square, with circular cavity; also a few old slabs, their adornments almost entirely worn out. While on my return to Lamlash, by the west side of the island, I came to a place in the vale of Shiskin called Clachan, where linger traces of what had been a small chapel in the midst of an apparently nigh-disused burying-ground. Covering a spot, said to be the grave of St. Molio, who, at about the close of his life, shifted hither from the Holy Isle of Lamlash, is a somewhat elegant and well-preserved slab, sculptured with a bishop, chalice, and pastoral staff, relieved within a trefoil-headed niche.

June 1850; May 1851; Oct. 1856; April 1857; July 1859; etc. etc.

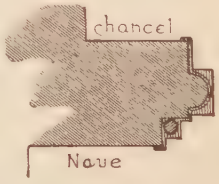
BUTE.—Though few in number and at best not very important, the ecclesiastical remains in this island are greatly more important than those in Arran. Within the burying-ground at Rothesay, and closely adjoining the modern parish church, are the ruins of the church of St. Mary. Of it all that is preserved is the dilapidated chancel, internally 27 feet in length. It is of thirteenth century date, but from the Romanesque character of the jambs and imposts of the destroyed arch, it would appear that the nave had belonged to a period more remote. Within an ogee-headed recess in

the south wall is a recumbent figure in armour, the head resting on a helmet; and similarly recessed and postured in the wall opposite is the effigy of a female with a child in her arms. The chapel in the castle of Rothesay is a small rudely-constructed and much ruinated building, with features resembling First and Second-Pointed.

Secludedly and picturesquely situated on a rise near to the south end of the island is the only other religious remain of importance in Bute,—St. Blane's, a Romanesque building, consisting of chancel and nave, respectively about 27 feet and 50 feet in length inside. The west elevation of the nave is wholly wanting, and the side walls of both compartments are considerably reduced and broken—the east and west ends of the chancel, together with their gables, nearly entire; the nave and western half of the chancel, are Romanesque, the rest of the latter division of the church —probably an elongation—plain First-Pointed. Two long and narrow single-light lanciform windows in the east wall, one of similar form in the south wall, and a piscina and a locker, are in the style last named. There are no windows, neither any traces of a doorway in the nave. The chancel-arch, the most noticeable and at the same time about the best preserved feature of the ruin, is of two orders from shafted jambs, the outer order ornamented with the chevron or zig-zag moulding, the inner one or soffit rib partly with the chevron and partly with beak heads; the capitals of the shafts and the abaci, which are continued as strings along the western face of the arch and the side walls of the nave,

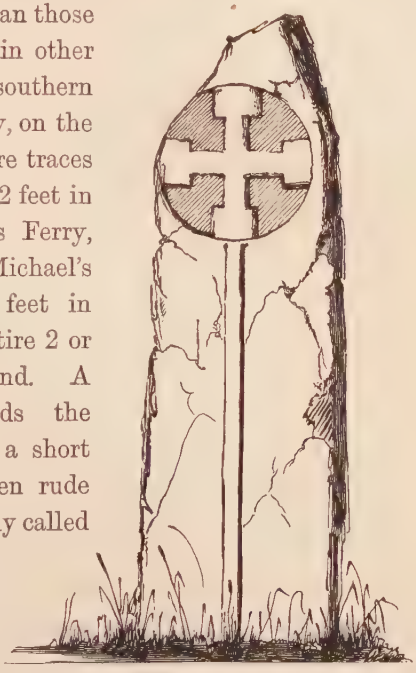


ST. BLANE'S CHANCEL ARCH.



being also richly decorated with the peculiar mouldings of the style.

Remains of ecclesiastical buildings, much smaller and greatly more ruinated than those above spoken of, exist in other parts of Bute. At the southern point of St. Ninian's Bay, on the west side of the island, are traces of a chapel, externally 32 feet in length; and at Blair's Ferry, northward of this, is St. Michael's Chapel, externally 25 feet in length, the walls still entire 2 or 3 feet above the ground. A burying-place surrounds the chapel, south of which a short way is a cluster of seven rude stones, of large size, locally called St. Michael's Grave. At Kingarth, north of St. Blane's, and at Kilmachalmaig, near Etterick Bay, about the middle of the island on its west side, are groups of a similar kind, the stones varying from 2 and 3 feet to 9 feet in height. At St. Calmaig there is also a rude pillar, 4 feet 8 inches in height, one of its faces bearing a cross potent relieved in a circle, the stem incised.



Inch-Marnoch.—Of a chapel and burying-ground which not long since existed in this island there are now no traces. June 1853.

Sanda.—Awyn, Avoyn, Avona, as Sanda is variously named by old writers,[1] is a hilly and in some parts very May 1853; June 1866.

[1] See an interesting paper read before the Royal Irish Academy, April 14, 1862, by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, in which he says, "The received name of the

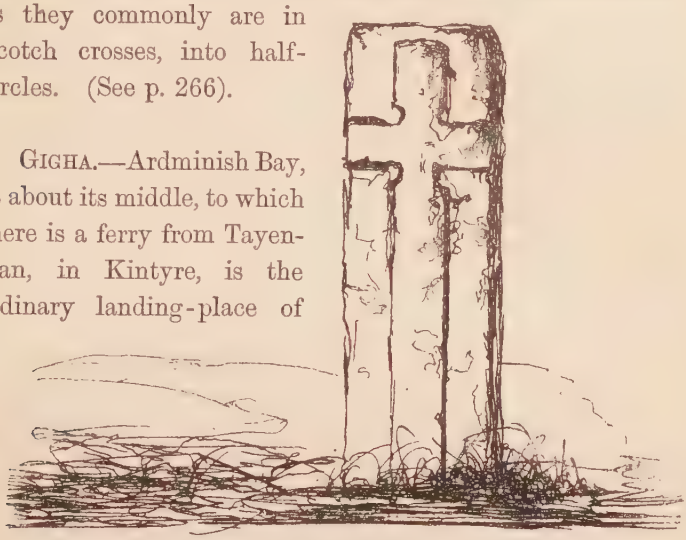
picturesque island, somewhat more than 1 mile in length, lying eastward a short way from the Mull of Kintyre. The landing-place is at a shingly bay on the north side, from which an ascending path leads directly across to the *Ship Rock*, a wild and singularly romantic peninsula topped by the lighthouse; on the opposite side of the island, close to the landing-place, and surrounded by an open and otherwise shamefully-conditioned burying-ground, is the ruined church of St. Ninian, externally 32 feet 9 inches in length, the east

ST. NINIAN'S, SANDA—SOUTH-EAST WINDOW.

end greatly reduced, the west end and side walls at nearly their original height, but the former wanting the gable. The doorway, plain chamfer-edged and flat-headed, is on the north-west; the windows, also flat in the head, are placed one eastward of the doorway, one not exactly in the middle of the east end, and one near to the east end of the south wall; close to the last is, on its east side, a small projecting piscina of circular form. The west elevation has apparently been without a window, though it is likely there may have been one in the gable. On the north side of the ruin there is a

island is of Norse origin, but the Irish name is Abhuinn, of which Aven, as it is known among the Highlanders, is merely a variety."

heavy cruciform pillar, nearly 7 feet in height, with a worn boss on one of its faces (p. 268); and west of it a few paces there is an erect slab of the same height, bearing on its west face a plain Latin cross, the re-entering angles of the arms notched, as they commonly are in Scotch crosses, into half-circles. (See p. 266).



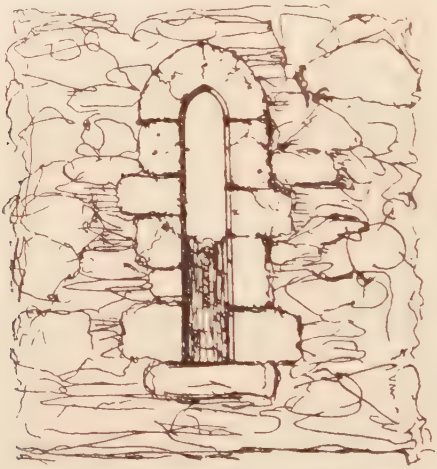
SANDA.

GIGHA.—Ardminish Bay, at about its middle, to which there is a ferry from Tayenloan, in Kintyre, is the ordinary landing-place of this island. It is about 6 or 7 miles in length, generally narrow, and at some places so contracted that there are only a few paces between shore and shore. Naturally, Gigha is pleasingly diversified,—hilly and rough at its centre, and ruggedly broken into many rocky, shingly, and sandy creeks along the whole of its sea-line, there is everywhere much to engage the eye of the visitor. Besides which, there are constituents no less estimable to the economist and antiquary, such as well-cultivated fields, and here and there a hill fort, a cromlech, cupped boulder, cross, and ancient chapel, single or cumulated,—all sufficient to create an interest in this easily accessible but not much visited island. One day would hardly suffice to make the round of it satisfactorily; but as there is a small comfortable inn just above the

June 1853; May 1856.

landing-place, a longer time may be conveniently devoted to so much that is worth being seen.

Supposing the visitor to be in pursuit more of things gray than of things green, his earliest inquiry will in all likelihood be for the ruined church of St. Catan, perhaps the most interesting antiquity in the island. It is a roofless, though in other respects not much wasted building, internally 33 feet in length, and 15 feet 2 inches in width. As indi-



ST. CATAN, EAST WINDOW, LENGTH OF LIGHT FIVE FEET. GIGHA.

cated by the remaining detail—a long narrow lancet in the east end, and one (wanting the head) in each of the side walls—it would seem to have been a plain yet characteristic building of thirteenth century date. The doorway has apparently been on the south-west. Lying within the recess of the east window is the basin of a large octagonal font, the cavity circular and (as is often the case) flat bottomed; and in the burying-ground are some sculptured slabs, and a broken cross, 5 feet in length, which is probably that which is mentioned by Martin as standing "at a little distance, and a cavern of stone on each side of it." In the neighbourhood

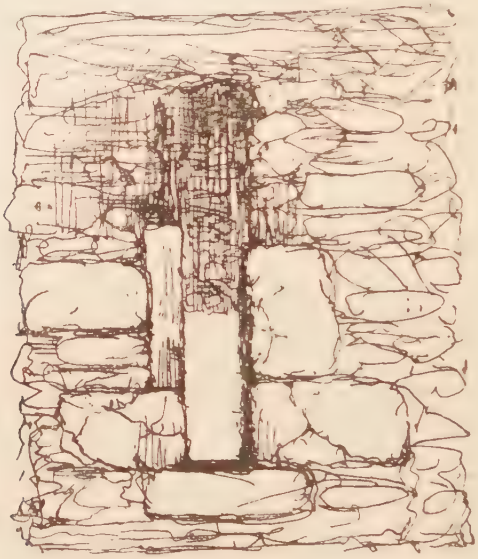
of Mill Bay, on the west side of the island, north of Kilchattan, are the ruins of three hill forts, and some curiously-cupped sea-rocks. Farther north, and just before reaching Tarbert farm, is a broken cross erect in an old burying-ground (see p. 263). Onwards in the same direction is the Druids' Stone, 7 feet high; and at Cairnban Point, near the north end of the island, there is another ancient place of sepulture, within which is a heap of huge stones, disorderedly recumbent upon one another, cromlech fashion, and partially covering passage-like holes in the ground, which, if explored, would in all likelihood be found to lead to chambers similar to those oftentimes discovered beneath monuments of this kind.

CROSS, GIGHA.

CARA, or Dead-Man Island, as in local talk it is sometimes called, in consequence of its resemblance to a human figure supine, when observed from the opposite mainland shore, lies near to the south end of Gigha. It is somewhat less than one sea-mile in length, low and gently undulating for the most part, but uprising abruptly towards the south end, it there terminates in a fine mural precipice of considerable height—the Mull of Cara, as seafaring folks thereabouts call it. There is only one house in the island, situated on a flat grassy spot at its north end. Close by it is a ruined chapel, of which, curiously enough, the circumstantial Martin says nothing. Its length externally is 29 feet, the masonry rude, but with a good deal of character. The east and west ends are nearly entire. The doorway has been about the middle of the north side. The south side and the west gable have

May 30, 1866.

each a broken window. One in the north wall is flat in the head, and measures 3 feet 4 inches in length. All the



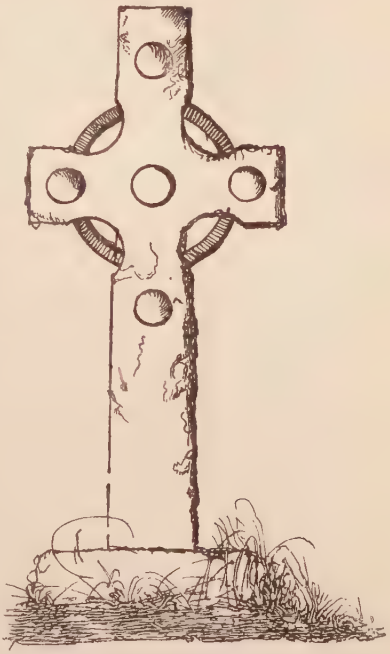
WINDOW, NORTH WALL. CARA.

others were likely of the same form and size. There is no aperture of any kind in the east end. (See p. 264.)

Sept. 1851; July 1852; Sept. and Oct. 1853; Oct. 1856.

Isla.—Tame and generally bare throughout its interior, and only in few parts along its sea-line enlivened by any strongly-marked features, the natural aspect of this large island is not likely to gratify much the ordinary tourist. Its archæological character, however, is interesting; sculptured slabs, pillar crosses, chapels, cairns, barrows, and standing-stones, belonging to various periods of old time, being frequently met with whilst taking the round of the island. Of these, the most intelligible, if not also the most deserving of notice, are the chapels and carved memorials, the best conditioned of them being at the following places:—

Kildalton, on the east side of the island, 8 or 9 miles north of Port Ellen.—A not greatly reduced church of First-Pointed date, some 60 feet in length. The east end contains two long and very narrow lanciform windows, recessed semicircularly within. Of the same form is one in the west gable, and one in each of the side walls. Projecting from the east end of the south side is a canopied piscina; and built into the adjoining window is a mailed figure, with sword, at right of the head a faded inscription, and on the left a miniature effigy within a shallow trefoil-headed niche. In the burying-ground, rising from a high plinth, and thickly overspread on both faces with a variety of boldly-relieved devices — bosses, braided work, quadrupeds, serpents, etc., and in a panel at the summit of the shaft, on its east face, the Blessed Virgin and Divine Child, with a figure on each side—is a finely-preserved cross, nearly 10 feet in height, the arms connected behind their planes by a wheel covered with braided work. Outside the burial-ground there is another cross, 7 feet in height, a much inferior one in every respect, and evidently the work of a much later time.



AT KILDALTON.

Kilnaughton.—At this place, westward a mile or two of Port Ellen, and down in a sequestered spot at the head of the bay, are the remains of a church, internally 38 feet in

length, the side walls greatly dilapidated, the east and west elevations nearly whole. The west end is blank, and the only aperture in the east end is a small and very narrow window in the gable. Lying here and there, half concealed among the docks and nettles of the burying-ground, are some sculptured slabs, mostly in fair condition.

Kilarrow.—The ancient church of this parish stood at Bridge End, a small hamlet at the head of Lochindall, near the centre of the island. It was dedicated to Maelrubha, an Irish saint of the seventh century, whose name, disguised under a variety of vitiated forms, is still extensively preserved in Western Scotland. Of the church nothing exists, but the burying-ground continues to be used, and in it are some carved slabs, mostly defaced and broken. The stem of a cross, richly carved, said to have been standing not long since by the site of the church, is now a prominent object on a neighbouring elevation called the battery.

Kilneave or Kilneimh, on the west side of Loch Ghruinnard.—A rude, though apparently not a very old chapel, internally 30 feet in length, the walls almost entire. In it are only two windows, short and wide, one of them well down in the east elevation, the other near to the east end of the south side, the arches semicircular, and, as also the jambs, formed of long thin slates.

Kilchoman.—The ancient church of this parish was situated at about the middle of the Rinns, a peninsulated district forming the western side of Isla. Of the church, said to have been dedicated to Saint Coemgen or Coivin, nothing remains. The burying-ground, however, is still being used, and in it is a fine and very perfect cross, 8 feet 6 inches in height, carved on both faces with foliage, angels, inscription, and crucifix, the last within the disk facing the east. Lying near to it is the disk and part of the stem of another cross, on which also is a crucifix; and off a short

way are two small erect crosses,—plain but characteristic specimens.

Kilchieran, prettily situated at the head of a creek, about two miles south of Kilchoman.—The east end and a fragment of the south wall of a chapel are existing at this place; the former has no window, but in its interior face are two recesses with projecting sills, flanked on the north by an ambry, and on the south by a projecting piscina, the basin shallow and of circular form. Lying within the area of the ruin there is part of a baptismal font, also one or two rude slabs curiously cupped.

Nerabols (anciently Nerrabolfadda), on the east side of the Rinns, between Portnahaven and Port Charlotte.—A burying-ground containing slight remains of a chapel, and some carved slabs. There is also the stump of a cross, adorned with foliage and the figure of a bishop, both arms raised in benediction; the disk and part of the shaft with a floriated cross on one face, and the upper part of the crucifixion in bold relief, on the other, is lying alongside.

Kilmeny, between Port-Askaig and Bowmore.—Surrounded by a thicket of nettles in the burying-ground is a fragment of a chapel, and on a hillock outside is the stump of a pillar which is probably the remains of a cross.

Kilfinlagan, in a fresh-water lake, about 2 miles from Kilmeny.—Here, among the ruins of what is said to have been a residence of the Lords of the Isles, is a nearly obliterated burying-ground, containing a dilapidated chapel of small size, and a few worn slabs.

Kills, near Port-Askaig.—At this place are the traces of a chapel, dedicated to St. Columba, the shaft of a cross, 6 feet in height, figured with foliage on both faces, and two or three slabs carved with swords, foliage, etc.

The smaller islands of Isla containing ecclesiastical remains are:—

Oct. 12, 1853. ORANSAY, lying off Portnahaven, at the southern extremity of the Rinns.—Considerable remains of a chapel, externally 48 feet in length. The burial-ground destroyed.

Oct. 12, 1853. MACKENZIE, closely adjoining Oransay, was probably the seat of a religious house of some kind, as traces of buildings and a burying-ground are visible on its north side, up a short way from the shore.

Sept. 14, 1853. NEIMH or NEAVE, out westward a short way from the mouth of Loch Ghruinnard.—In it there is a chapel, which, till quite lately, when it was extensively mutilated by kelp-burners, was nearly entire. Its internal length is about 22 feet, the features, so far as they can be made out, resembling Romanesque. The only apertures are two windows with enormous semicircular rear-arches in the east of the south wall, and one of same kind, together with a broken doorway, in the wall opposite. Traces of an altar with a projecting table on each side of it appear against the east end.

Sept. 13, 1853. TEXA or TISGAY, 2 or 3 miles out from Port Ellen.—In this small island are the remains of a small chapel, two or three carved slabs, and part of the stem of a cross, one of its faces pictured with a galley, foliage, and a stag pursued by two dogs; the other face with the under part of the crucifixion, and a figure bearing a sword and a spear, both carved in high relief.

Sept. 1853. COLONSAY — ORANSAY. — These two islands, narrowly divided from each other by a sound, passable on foot at ebb-tide, are easily visited from Port-Askaig, in Isla. At Kilouran and Kilchattan, in Colonsay, were Religious Houses, that in the former said to have been an abbey, founded by St. Columba; of it nothing is left. At Kilchattan there are slight remains of a chapel, a burying-ground, and two standing stones called *Carraghean*.

In Oransay are the remains of the priory-church of the

Colonsay *cœnobium*—a greatly wasted building with First and Second-Pointed features, internally about 78 feet in length. The east end is entire, and contains a plain unequal triplet under a pointed arch with a trigonal dripstone. Under it, inside, the altar, incised at the corners with a small cross, is preserved. The domestic buildings were on the north and north-east; scarcely anything of them remains, though at no farther back than Pennant's time they were pretty entire. Around and within the church are some interesting monumental slabs, and a very fine cross, of the ordinary Argyleshire patterns. The slabs are in most part sculptured with ecclesiastical and military figures in high relief. The cross —12 feet in height—has on its west face the crucifixion occupying the disc and a part of the shaft, foliage enclosed in a series of linked circles, and a faded inscription, commencing, *Hec : est : crux : Colini* :—the prior, no doubt, who is stated to have died in 1510. The east face of the disc is overspread with ornamental radii, the stem with leafage in circles, and two nondescript animals. Standing north-east of the church is part of the shaft of another cross, 3 feet in height, one of its faces worn smooth, the other covered with broad-leaved foliage. The disc is lying near it, one of its faces filled with the figure of an ecclesiastic, boldly relieved within a trefoil-headed niche.

July 1852; Oct. 1859.

Jura.—This island, together with Scarba and others of smaller size lying closely adjacent, is now parochially united to Colonsay. The ancient church stood at Killearn, or Kilernadill, or (as in the deed of presentation to the present incumbent) Kilkernadale, as the place has been variously named, a lonely and picturesque spot behind the village of Kiels, on the south-east side of the island. Of it nothing exists, but lying around where it had stood are several monumental slabs, adorned in the usual manner with swords,

foliage, etc. North of Kiels some eight or nine miles is the hamlet of Lagg, to which there is a ferry from Kiels, in Knapdale; and some three or four miles more, Tarbert; and still farther on in the same direction, Ardlussa, a pleasant little place not very far from the northern extremity of the island, but to which, all the way from Lagg, there is no road. At Tarbert is the ground-work of a chapel, 32 feet in length, and a rude pillar, 6 feet 6 inches in height, bearing on one of its faces an incised Latin cross; also, westward of the burying-ground, the remains of an ancient building of small size, and a "standing stone," 8 feet in height. Beautifully situated in a burying-ground, on the east side of a quiet rivulet, at Ardlussa, are the foundations of a small chapel, but no carved stones.

May 1859. SCARBA—LUNGA—BHEALLAICH.—The first of these is a high and very rough island, divided from the north end of Jura by the famous Coirebhreacain. At Kilmory, on its north-east side, and in the midst of an open burying-ground choked with ferns, close by the shore, are slight remains of a chapel, internally 25 feet in length. Lunga, lying immediately north of Scarba, is altogether destitute of ecclesiological interest. Bheallaich islet, lying between the two, is a romantic and very beautiful little spot; from its summit the raging of the north gulf around it at turn-tide is a wonderful sight.

Through Coirebhreacain, from Kiels in Knapdale, July 1852. Through the smaller gulf, from Seil, May 1857. On the first occasion remaining all night in the island.

EILEAN NAOMH, or ILACHANEUE.—The southernmost of a group of small islands, collectively called the Garvellochs or Isles of the Sea, lying in a line about 3 miles westward of Lunga. At about its middle, on the east side, are a number of ruined buildings, one of them a chapel, internally 21 feet 7 inches in length, the walls almost entire, but both gables wanting. The only window is a square-shaped one in the east end, considerably splayed on both sides, but more

so on the outside. Projecting from the wall, on the south side of this window, is a shelf or table of slate, which in all likelihood was an altar. The other buildings consist of several dome-roofed cells, two of which are joined together, and have a doorway between. Other noticeable objects in this long-since deserted island are:—An overgrown and almost obliterated burying-ground, south of the ruins; a water-spring at the head of a narrow creek in the shore, called St. Columba's Well; and a pile of loose masonry, like an altar, flanked by a slab incised with a cross, on a neighbouring height, which I was told is the tomb of Eithne, the mother of the illustrious saint.

From Eilean Naomh through Coirebhreacain, July 1852. From Jura, Oct. 1856; Kiels, April 1857; Kilmory-Knap, April 1860, and April 1864.

Eilean Mòr.—The largest of a group of three or four small islands in the Sound of Jura, two or three miles out from the village of Kilmory, in Knapdale. Near to the head of a picturesque bay in its north end is the ancient church of St. Charmaig or Mac-Cormaig, a very characteristic and but little wasted building, externally 37 feet 5 inches long, and 19 feet 11 inches broad. Internally it is divided into two compartments, forming chancel and nave; the former, 12 feet 10 inches in length, and 10 feet 7 inches in width; the latter, 16 feet long, and 13 feet 9 inches wide (see p. 198). The chancel has three long and extremely narrow, round, obtusely-pointed, and flat-headed windows—one on the north side, and two, enormously splayed inside, in the east end, the sill of the north-east one underdrawn and levelled for the altar. The entrance from the nave to the chancel was originally by a large semicircular arch, formed of thin slates, now reduced by blocking to a small flat-headed doorway with a small aperture on each side. Internally, the south wall has a large round-headed recess, containing the headless effigy of an ecclesiastic, and in the north wall are two smaller recesses, the eastmost one pierced behind with the window mentioned above, and

flanked on the east by a small recess pierced with a lychnoscopic-like slit, now blocked on the outside. The covering of the chancel is a low stone vault, between which and the external roof there is a small square-shaped chamber ceiled with slabs, and having a square aperture, serving both as doorway and window, in the west gable. With its rough and irregular masonry, contracted windows, and moss-covered roof, the building is an extremely interesting feature of the island. In plan it is not strictly rectangular, and curiously enough the east gable, instead of rising perpendicularly in a line with its wall, leans inwardly a good deal towards the roof of the building. The western division is roofless, and otherwise considerably dilapidated, and has no features requiring remark. Around the building there is no wall, and the only trace of sepulture is the so-called tomb of St. Charmaig—a low wasted building about 9 feet in length, off a few paces south-east of the church. Attached to its west end is a broken cross, nearly 6 feet in height, bearing on its east face some fret and lattice work, a horseman, and an animal somewhat resembling an elephant. On the other face the carvings are nearly worn off. The stump of another cross, covered with foliage and animals, stands elevated on four steps on the highest point of the island. On the 27th April 1864 the disc was sought for, and found on the shore under the eminence, and placed in the recess containing the effigy of the priest in the chapel, p. 205. One of its faces is covered with foliage ; on the other is pictured the upper part of the Saviour on the Cross, a figure under each arm, the head of that on the right encircled with a nimbus. At the south-east part of the island, and near to the shore, there is a cave or pit sunk in the ground, said to have had the power of rendering sterile any one lowered into it. On a slope below it, and flanked on one side by picturesque rocks, and on the other by steps leading to its rear, is a thick-walled roofless building

constructed of uncemented slates, internally 11 feet square, and having a flat-headed entrance facing the south, popularly believed to have been the cell erected by St. Charmaig directly after he landed in the island.

[For more particulars see *The Ferryhouse; a Sketch.* April 27, 1864, and page 174.]

LUING.—A pleasant and fertile island, eastward of Lunga, at one time forming, together with Lunga and other small islands lying adjacent, the parish of Kilchattan, but now parochially united to Kilbrandon, in Seil. The ancient church, "apparently dedicated to Saint Cathan the Bishop, the uncle of Saint Blane," stood at the head of Kilchattan Bay, near the middle of the island, on its east side. The walls are nearly entire, excepting the east one, which is wholly away. The north side has a broken doorway and window, the south side and west end blank. The burying-ground has apparently no ancient slabs. An inscription on one of modern date is worth transcribing:— May 1859.

"Take Notice If any person take authority to Middle with this stone. Again see what Judgment come upon Kings. . . .
Here lies the corps of Alexander Campbell who lived in Achadnadure and died on the 14th Nov^{m} 1829 aged 78 years. . . . And I protest that no one go in my grave after me if not have the earnest of spirit to be a child of God as I am of election sure, of the same principle of Pure Presbyterian Religion, the Covenanted cause of Christ and Church Government adhering to the Confession of Faith, Second Reformation Purity and Power of Covenants and Noble Cloud of Witnesses Testimonies that Jesus Christ is the head King and Governor of the Church and not mortal man as their King now is. The Earth is the Lords and not Pope's Earth nor Popish Prelacy nor Popish Erastianism Either." . . .

On a table monument below the above there is another inscription in which the defunct Alexander again protests.

May 1857. SEIL.—A small island, formerly a part of the parish of Kilbrandon, and now united to Kilchattan, lying close by the north end of Luing. The ancient church—dedicated to Brandan, a saint of the sixth century—stood at the south-west side of the island. Of it only a part of the north wall is left. The situation is fine, and in the burying-ground are some four or five slabs, decorated in the usual manner with foliage, swords, etc.

June 1865. KERRERA.—Part of the mainland parish of Kilbride, in the Lorne district of Argyle. This is a fine picturesque island; but it does not seem to contain any ecclesiastical antiquities.

July 1854. LISMORE.—A fertile island about 10 miles in length, in the mouth of Loch Linnhe. The ancient church, dedicated to Saint Moloc or Moluach, who flourished in the sixth or seventh century, is said to have stood at Portmaluag, a spot probably either that marked Port-na-Morlach in the chart, on the north-west side of the island, or that called Castle Port, south of it about two miles. Eastward a short way from the latter place, and it may be upon the very site of Saint Moloc's primitive structure, is what was the choir of the subsequently erected cathedral church of Argyle, a poor and extensively modernised oblong without aisles, apparently of Second-Pointed date, internally 52 feet in length. The north wall has only a blocked doorway, which led to the sacristy; in the south wall are three altered windows, divided by buttresses, and a plain segmental-headed doorway of small size. Occupying its usual position in the interior, at the east end of the south side, is a plain circular piscina in the floor

of a pointed recess, with a trefoil-headed niche in the wall behind; and immediately west of it are three sedilia, arched semicircularly and divided from each other by a moulded shaft inclining inwardly towards the wall. In the burying-ground are some slabs in fair condition, covered with the usual foliage, swords, animals, etc.; and south of it a short way are the remains of a circular dun on the top of a hillock, —a kind of building rarely to be met with out of the northern and extreme western parts of Scotland, and still more rarely found so little reduced from the original height.

EILEAN MUNDE.—A small island in Lochleven, mouth of Glencoe, containing remains of a church, internally 50 feet in length. In it are three flat-headed windows, one near the east end of the north side, and two, together with a doorway, also flat-headed, in the south side; the west wall broken down, in the east end entire but blank. Lying about in the burying-ground are several slabs, some of them fine specimens, broken crosses, etc. April 1858.

MULL.—One of the largest, and one of the pleasantest, too, of the western islands, notwithstanding what certain celebrated tourists have said quite to the contrary. Wary Boswell's "hilly country, diversified with heath and grass, and many rivulets," may pass, being true enough, though the same might as truly be said of *any* country under the sun; but his companion's, "O, sir, a most dolorous country," and Macculloch's, "detestable island, trackless and repulsive, rude, without beauty, stormy, rainy, and dreary," are descriptions only to be condoned in consideration of the kind of weather which accompanied the peregrinations of the philosopher and the geologist. Dolorous and detestable, indeed, Mull must have been during the "dreadful storms of wind and rain" of September and October 1773, and so must it be June 1850; Sept. 1851; June 1856; May 1857; June 1865.

still in any month, now and then, as may now and then be Tempe itself; but go through it in sunshine and calm, and though wild and bleak in many parts, it will be found to be on the whole the warmest and most beautifully-diversified island of the western group. Considering its size, however, the ecclesiastical and sepulchral antiquities of Mull are not important. At Kilninian, finely situated on the north side of Loch Tua, in the north-west part of the island, the modern parish place of worship, built in 1754, occupies the site of the ancient church, dedicated to the apostle of Galloway; of it no traces remain. The burial-ground contains some seven or eight well-conditioned slabs richly sculptured, and the shaft of a cross. On a neighbouring slope there is a basin of pellucid water, covered by a low rude building, called St. Ninian's Well. At Treshinish, beautifully situated close by the mouth of Calgarry Bay, a very few miles north-west of Kilninian, is the old burial-ground of Kilmaluag, in the

AT KILMALUAG, MULL.

middle of which, surrounded by rubbish and nettles, is a plain cross, 3 feet in height; and at Kilmore or Kilmory, north-east a few miles, are slight remains of a chapel, a

burial-ground, and one sculptured slab. At Tobermory, in the ancient parish of Kilcolmkill, now united to Kilninian, are some traces of the old church, dedicated either to the Blessed Virgin or to St. Maelrubha; also one fine slab, not greatly effaced, adorned with two figures in ecclesiastical costume (one of them resembling a female), within canopied niches, faded inscription, shears, and flower-work. Issuing from the side of a narrow lane, a short way off the burying-ground, is the well from which the village has taken its name. In the old burying-ground of Killinaline, finely situated near Aros, are the foundations of a small chapel, and two or three good slabs sculptured with swords, foliage, etc. At Pennygowan, by the shore of the Sound, some two miles farther south, there is another old burial-place, in which is a chapel, internally 39 feet 9 inches in length, the walls entire, both gables away. In it there are three narrow single-light windows with heads slightly curved—one of them in the west end, and one in each of the side walls; the doorway, topped much in the same form, is north-west; the east end is blank. Near to the south end of the interior east wall there is a small rectangular niche which was probably a locker; and projecting from near the west end of each of the side walls are two rude brackets, the uses of which must be matter of speculation. The burying-ground contains two or three slabs with effigies; and erect, inside the chapel, there is the lower part of a tapering pillar, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, one of its faces overspread with foliage, the other mainly with the figure of the Blessed Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms, carved in bold relief. At Killean, a secluded spot between Lochdon and Lochspelve, near the south-east corner of the island, are scant remains of a small chapel, and six or seven slabs, good specimens, ornamented in the usual way. At Kilpatrick, near Duart Castle, at Craignure, is a burying-ground, but no remains of any kind.

At Laggan, at the head of Lochbuy, in the extreme south-east corner of the island, there is a chapel, internally 35 feet in length, the walls with their gables entire. On the north side are a long lanciform window flush with the wall, the head of one stone, and a round-headed doorway, the head also of one stone; the east end of the south side has a long narrow round-headed window, and the west end a blocked one of uncertain form, surmounted by a dripstone returned a short way down the sides; the east end is blank, and seems to have been extensively rebuilt. Lying inside is the basin of an octagonal font; there are no ancient slabs. At Kilfinichen, on the north side of Loch Scriden, in the Ross of Mull, there are no traces of the church which was dedicated to St. Fincana the Virgin, one of the nine daughters of St.

AT PENNYCROSS.

Dovenald. At Pennycross, on the south side of the loch, is a plain Latin cross, mounted on five steps, with G.M.B. 1582 D.M.B. incised on the east face of the shaft; height of the pillar

4 feet 3 inches. Not much knowledge seems to exist regarding the history of this cross; but the common local belief is that it was erected to the memory of one of the famous Isla physicians of the name of Beaton, who practised in that island, and in Mull, during the latter part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Of them, Martin enumerates "one Doctor Beaton, the famous physician of Mull"; "James Beaton, surgeon, in the Isle of North Uist"; and "the illiterate Emperick Neil Beaton, in Skie." In the present day, we learn from Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, that "There were three brothers of the name of Beaton, natives of Islay, famed for their skill in medicine. One of the brothers, called John, went to Mull, and was known as the *Olladh Muilleach*, or Mull doctor. His tomb is to be seen in Iona. Another, called Fergus, remained in Islay, and was known as the *Olladh Ileach*. The third, Gilleadha, was in the end the most famed of the three; he was the herbalist, and employed by his brother Fergus to gather herbs and prepare them for use. . . . He was summoned to attend one of the Scotch kings, who was cured by him; but through the jealousy of other doctors he never returned to Islay, having been poisoned." Judging by the uppermost initials on the cross, it would seem that it was set up to commemorate this Gilleadha, though, curiously enough, Mr. Campbell does not mention its existence, neither does he tell us where he specially resided, at what time he lived, and which of the Scotch kings (James VI.?) it was that he cured.

Killenaok, or Kilinaig, or Kilchianaig, lower down in the Ross, appears to have been a religious site, but on it there are now no remains. At Kilviceuen, still farther down, and near to the south side of the Ross, are the side walls of a very rudely-constructed chapel of medium size, and two fine slabs, one of them sculptured with a priest, boldly

relieved in a trefoil-headed niche, flanked on one side with a chalice, and on the other with a faded inscription.

June 1856. ULVA.—At Kilviceuen, wildly situated at the west side of the island, there is a burying-ground, but nothing within it of any interest.

June 1856. INCHKENNETH.—This small island, rendered interesting in modern times by the visit of Dr. Johnson in 1773, lies picturesquely in the mouth of Loch-na-Kiel, close by the south-east end of Ulva. "The old parish of Inchkenneth," says the *Origines Parochiales*, "included the island of that name, the island Eorsa, and a small portion of the peninsula of Mull named Ardmanach, off the north coast of which the islands lie." The remains of the ancient church, surrounded by an open burying-ground, stand prettily on the south side of the island, and seem to be of early First-Pointed date. Except that the gables are wanting, the walls of the building are entire, and form a simple oblong, internally 40 feet 8 inches long, and 19 feet 8 inches wide, with a small ruined adjunct on the south-east, which was probably the sacristy. The east end of the main building has its corners overlapped by flat buttresses; and contains two long and very narrow lanciform windows enormously splayed inside; the side walls having also each a window of same form, the north one flanked on its west by a broken doorway. Projecting from the interior east end of the south wall is a circular piscina; but the altar bas-relief of the Blessed Virgin and the little bell, mentioned by Johnson, have disappeared. Lying about the building are five or six sculptured slabs of the ordinary kind, and one of somewhat peculiar character, exhibiting a portly figure caparisoned in a short tunic, helmet, sword, anlace or dagger, the breast covered by a circular shield; in the right hand a ball, and under the feet a dog.

STAFFA. [No remarks.] Sept. 1851; July 1867.

IONA.—See *Characteristics of Old Church Architecture*, Edinburgh, 1861; also *Pet Jessie-Anne's Exhibition of Unda's Rubbings*, 1871. July 1850; Sept. 1851; Aug. 1852; July 1867.

COLL.—A rough, rocky, sandy, and in some parts an extremely picturesque island, some 10 miles in length. In former times it seems to have had many religious buildings, of most of which only traces exist. At Killinaig, on Gallanach or Knock farm, prettily situated in a small grassy plain, surrounded by groups of rocks and sand-hillocks, near the north-east end of the island, there is a ruined chapel, internally 36 feet in length, the walls sanded to their summit, outside. The burial-ground is uninclosed, and does not seem to contain any ancient slabs. In the south-eastern part of the island is Ardneish, where at one time was a chapel; in the burying-ground, apparently now disused, is an ugly tomb to a laird of Coll, but no slabs. Farther south is the ancient castle of Coll, and near to it the modern house in which Johnson and Boswell were lodged in 1773. Overlooking a fine sandy bay, near the south-east extremity of the island, is the old burial-place of Crosspoll, in which are two or three slabs, and the shaft of a cross, ornamented on both faces with foliage and scroll work, 4 feet 9 inches in height. May 1857.

TIREE.—This interesting island, the *Ethica terra* of Adamnan,[1] though lying close to Coll, differs greatly from it in its physical character, being throughout most of its extent a low sandy flat, barely elevated above the sea. According to a statement in the *Old Statistical Survey of Scotland*, written at the close of the last century, there were then the May 1857; June 1865.

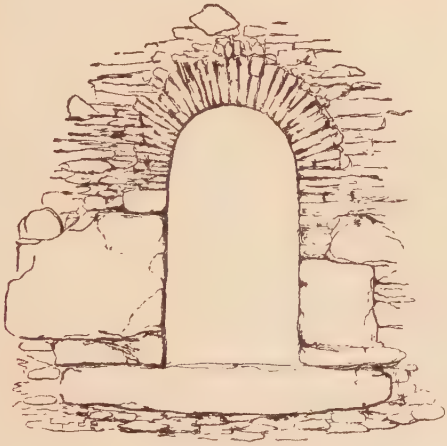
[1] See a very interesting paper on "The Island of Tiree," by William Reeves, D.D., in the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, October 1854.

remains of fifteen chapels or churches in Tiree, the names and sites of thirteen of which are given by Dr. Reeves in his *Table of Religious Places in Tiree*, together with an intimation that of that number eight do not now exist. Of the residuary five I have seen—

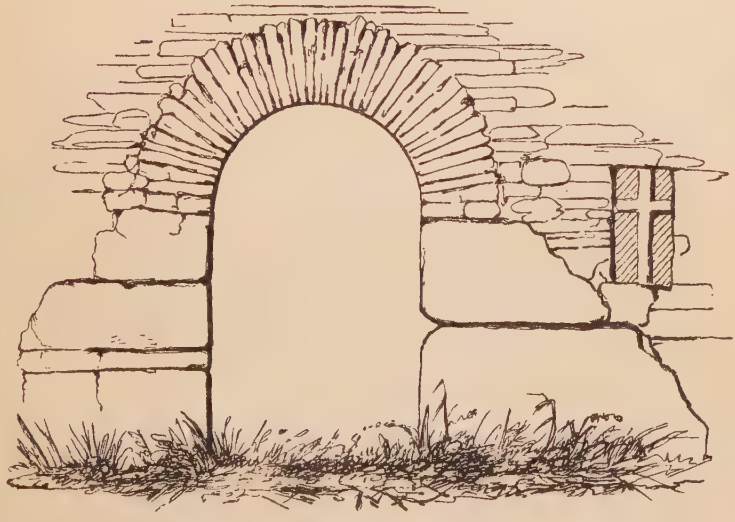
Kirkapoll (1, 2), near the north-east side of the island.—A very rudely-constructed chapel, internally 36 feet 9 inches in length. In the east end the window has become widened into a torn gap; in the west end there is a plain round-headed doorway, 6 feet in height (see Pl. I.), rudely arched with slates, and having a small Latin cross on its south side. Near to the west end of the south wall is a ruined door of the same form, and eastward of it two small round-headed windows, enormously splayed within; the north elevation is blank. On a neighbouring hillock there is another chapel, internally 23 feet 5 inches in length, the walls with the gables entire. The windows, like those in the lower church, are round-headed, and placed, one near to the east end of the north side, and one opposite to it in the south side, with a doorway of the same shape on its west; the east and west walls are blank. There are two burying-grounds close to each other, the more ancient one surrounding the larger chapel. In both are a good many sculptured slabs and pieces of crosses of interesting character.

Kilchenich (3), at the west side of the island.—A chapel, externally 33 feet 5 inches in length, the side walls considerably broken, the others together with their gables entire. The only detail is a small round-headed doorway in the west end. Of the burying-ground nothing is visible, itself being buried under the sand, which has been drifted into heaps all around, and with which the walls of the chapel and the roofs of the neighbouring cottages are whitened as with snow.

Temple-Patrick (4), wildly situated at Kennavara, the south-west point of the island.—Of it, the east wall with its

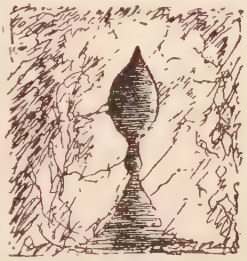


KIRKAPOLL, TIREE

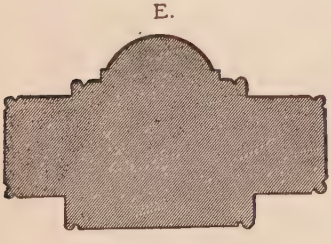


KIRKAPOLL, TIREE

gable, and the foundations of the west and side walls, remain. The external length has been 32 feet. As in many of the Hebridean chapels the east end is blank. Lying on the south side of the ruin is a slab indented with a plain Latin cross, and under its east end an elliptical rock-basin, 2 feet 4 inches deep, called Saint Patrick's Well.



Soroby (5), near the south-east end of the island.—Of the ancient church which stood at this place no traces remain. The burying-ground is extensively used, and contains, besides many modern memorials, nine or ten ancient slabs, embellished with the usual devices, and the shaft of a cross, decorated on one of its faces with foliage, and on the other with the figure of St. Michael, Archangel, bearing a sword and shield, and trampling a dragon. Under the figure is *Hec est crux Michaelis Archangueli Dei Anna Abbatissa De Y.* Under this is an ogee-headed niche, containing the figure of Death holding a spade in one hand, and leading off Anna with the other. Besides these there is a ponderous cruciform pillar of granite, rising 3 feet 8 inches from a heavy plinth called Maclean's Cross. The form is curious and quite unique, each face presenting the appearance of two distinct crosses, one of them laid against the face of the other. The sketch (see Pl. II.) shows the west face; on the east one there is a massy boss at the intersection of the arms, and on both there are slight traces of serpent-like animals and scroll-work. In the pictures of this monument in the Spalding Club's



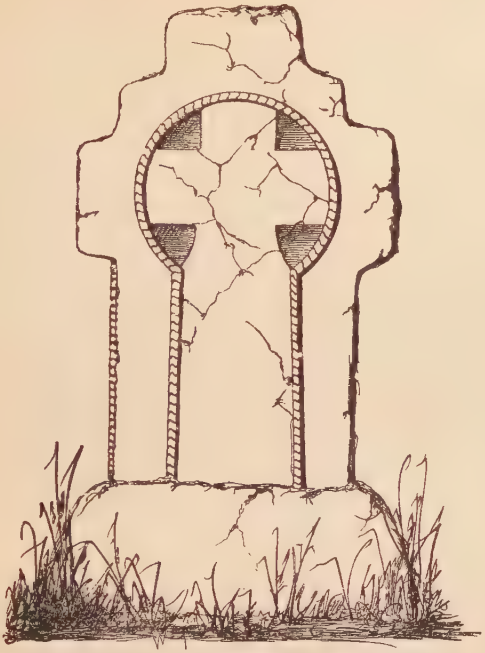
PLAN OF MACLEAN'S CROSS, SOROBY, TIREE. JUNE 13, 1865.

Sculptured Stones of Scotland, the figurings on it are made greatly more distinct than they actually are.

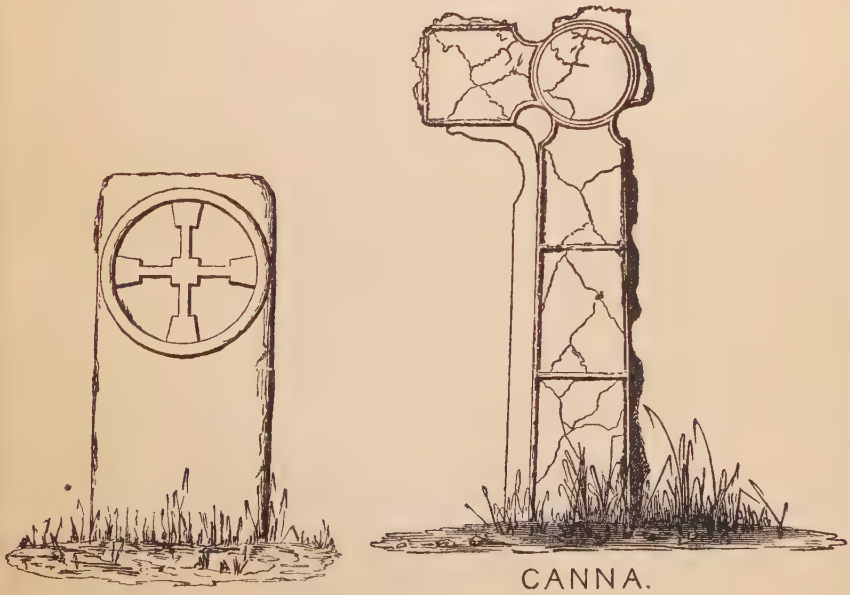
July 1856. EIGG.—Physically, a most interesting island, but in it there are no antiquities of importance. North a short bit from the landing-place at Garmisdale, on its east side, is the ruined church of Kildonan, a rudely-constructed building, apparently of no great age, externally 56 feet in length. Within it is a slab covered with foliage, also a pillar, 2 feet 6 inches in height, bearing a cross in a circle on one of its faces. (See Pl. II.)

July 1856. CANNA.—In this island are two places of sepulture, close to each other, one of them ancient, the other modern. Both are lying open, and in a shocking condition. Standing in the older one, and formed of a hard pale-red coloured stone, said to have been brought from the neighbouring island of Rum, is a cross, 6 feet 6 inches in height, the upper and south arms broken off (see Pl. II.) Like the pillar at Soroby, in Tiree, both faces present a double plane, the outer one covered with worn carvings of grotesque human figures, hybrid animals, and braided work. In the other burying-ground there are two or three slabs, on one of which is a raven; also a tall red-coloured pillar worn bare. Of the church, which was dedicated to St. Columba, only slight traces remain. In the islet of Sanda, connected to Canna by a bridge, there is nothing requiring remark.

July 1856. RUM.—A high compact island, about 8 miles in length, and 6 or 7 in breadth. Rising in five or six places to heights varying from 1200 to 2600 feet, and in most sloping abruptly to the shore, it has, where distantly looked at, the appearance of one great mountain floating on the sea. Macculloch, accompanied perhaps with his Mull weather,



SOROBY TIREE.
WEST FACE



CANNA.

found it the "wildest and most repulsive of all the islands." Wild undoubtedly it is, and, if responsible for conditions not properly its own, repulsive too, very likely, when it pours and the wind is ahead. Had the doctor been with me on the day that I crossed over from Kilmory, at the north-west side of the island, to Kinloch-Scresort, on its east, with my coat in my hand, I daresay he would have altered his opinion, for the serenity and sunshine made all around on the way beautiful. Rum, however, contains nothing at all interesting to the ecclesiologist or antiquary, apparently. In a small burying-ground, prettily situated on the shore at Kilmory, there was a chapel, of which only some obscure traces remain. Near to where it stood there is a slender pillar incised with a plain cross. Another one of cross form, made of slate, stands by it, inscribed "Cathrine Henderson, ob. 5 May 1843 and her husband Walter Cowan Manager Rhum."

AT KILMORY.

[Lodged with Mr. Mackenzie, manager for the Marquis of Salisbury, at Kinloch-Scresort, Wednesday evening, July 30, and left next morning for Skye.]

July 1854; July 1855; Augt. 1856; Oct. 1857; July 1866.

Skye.—The wild grandeur of Skye in some of its parts, and the richness of its geology, have rendered it specially interesting to tourists and scientific men; but like many of the other western islands, its ecclesiology is not important. In Isle Ornsay and at Kilmore, in the peninsula of Sleat, are burying-grounds, but no churches of ancient date. According to the *Old Statistical Survey*, the present church

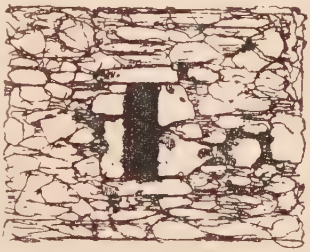
at the latter place was built in 1681, at which time probably all that remained of the older foundation was removed. Inside of it are two mural slabs of great size, both admirable specimens of modern monumental taste and humility! One of them has it that "Within this tomb lies the remains of Donald Macdonald of Armidle, A man to whom his early accquaintance with the world had given a Just and sublime notion of things: whose knowledge of men and manners had rendered an agreeable and Instructking companion. . . . Attend, then reader, and shed tears of virtue over the grave of an affectionate husband, a tender parent. . . . He died, May 12, in the year of our Lord 1771, lamented," etc., etc. The other slab is to the memory of Sir James Macdonald, Bart., whose loss, in 1766, the reader is called upon in fifty lines (each a yard in length) of eulogy to "Bewail." In the district of Strath, north-west of Sleat, are (1) Kilchrist, south-west a few miles of Broadford. In the burying-ground are the remains of a pretty large church, apparently of moderate age, two or three fine slabs, and a plain prostrate cross, 5 feet 6 inches in length. (2) Kilbride, on the east side of Loch Slapin. At this place are traces of a burying-ground and a chapel, a rude pillar 8 feet in height, and St. Annat's Well. (3) Kilmaree, on the west side of Loch Slapin. Among the nettles with which the burial-ground at this place is choked, no traces of the church, which was dedicated to St. Maelrubha, are discernible. (4) Ashig, between Broadford and Kyleakin.

TOBAR-ASHIG.

The foundation of a small chapel in the burying-ground, and a well, covered by a low building formed of large stones, called Tobar-Ashig. In Bracadale and Minginish are:—(1) Kilmolruy, finely situated

SKEABOST, SKYE, EAST ELEVATION.

near the head of Loch Eynort. In the burying-ground are the ruins of two modern places of worship, the older one in all probability occupying the site of the ancient church dedicated to St. Maelrubha. The burial-ground is enclosed, but, like every one in Skye, chin-deep with docks and nettles. (2) Trien, beautifully situated at the head of Loch Harport. Among the thicket of nettles in the burying-ground at this place are slight traces of a chapel of small size. In Trotternish are:—(1) Portree. A deserted burial-ground and traces of a chapel, romantically situated in a very secluded spot near the shore, north of the harbour. (2) Skeabost (Pl. III.) In an islet in the river Snizort, at this place, there is an open burying-ground, containing a group of five or six chapels, the shells of two pretty entire, the others reduced nearly to the ground. Of the former the one least perfect is a featureless building, externally 82 feet in length; the other—probably that mentioned in the *Origines Parochiales* as dedicated to St. Columba—is, externally, 21 feet in length, and has a flat-headed window, 2 feet in height and 6 inches wide, in the east end, the west end blank. In the larger building there is the basin of a baptismal font, square, with rounded corners; and there are—one of them in the smaller church, and one in the burying-ground—two slabs, severally covered with a military figure in high relief, both remarkably fine specimens—p. 272. (3) Uig. A small burying-ground at the head of the loch of that name, filled with nettles. Of the church nothing seems to be left. (4) Mugstot. Here, in what was formerly an islet, are the remains of a group of buildings of various forms and sizes, said to have been a monastery founded by St. Columba. Of these ruins some seem to have



E. WINDOW, ST. COLUMBA.

been chapels; one is apparently the remains of a dun. (5) Kilmuir. Of the ancient church, said to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, nothing is left. In the burying-ground is a slab with a military figure in high relief; also the broken tomb of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, who died in March 1790. (6) Kilmaluag, north a few miles of Kilmuir. In an open burying-ground at this place are the remains of a chapel, internally 40 feet in length: of it no more than the west wall is standing. In its immediate vicinity there is *Tobar Heibert.* (7) Vaternish. In this district are:—(1) Kilmory or Kilmuir, at the head of Loch Dunvegan. The ruined church in the burying-ground at this place, said to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but more probably to St. Maelrubha, is apparently ancient, though to what age it belongs is uncertain, as, and particularly in its western portion, the original features and parts of the fabric itself have been altered and rebuilt—p. 269. (2) Trumpan, at the north-west side of the peninsula. A roughly-built chapel, externally 51 feet long, the south wall wanting, the others nearly entire. The windows are short, narrow, and flat-headed—two eastward of a rudely-arched doorway, on the north side; and one, 3 feet 9 inches high and 8 inches wide, in the east end. In the burying-ground there is one sculptured slab—a good and perfect specimen of the Argyleshire type; and fronting the west end of the chapel, a rough pillar, 4 feet 8 inches in height, with a small hole in it near the top of its west face, called the *Trying-Stone of Trumpan*, respecting which there is a local tradition.[1] Like that at Kilmuir, in Trotternish, the burial-ground at Trumpan contains the dust of a celebrated female connected with the rising in favour of the Stewart dynasty—the unfortunate Lady Grange, of whose singular history an interesting summary is given by the Rev. Archibald Clerk, minister of Duiri-

[1] See p. 271, and *Barra Head; A Sketch.* 1866.

nish, in the Statistical Account of his parish, February 1841.

FLADDA-CHUAIN.—The largest of a group of four or five uninhabited islets, out about 6 miles from Duntulm, at the north-west end of Trotternish. Being low and grassy, it is well adapted to the pasturing of sheep, the quality of which is said to be superior to that of other parts of the district. According to the statistical account of the parish of Kilmuir there were three burying-places in the island, "one of which is named to this day Cladh-Mhanaich—that is, the monks' burying-place"; and in Martin (p. 166) we are told (1703) "there is a chapel in the isle dedicated to St. Columbas; it has an altar in the *east end*, and there is a blue stone of a round form on it, which is always moist. It is an ordinary custom, when any of the fishermen are detained in the isle by contrary winds, to wash the blue stone with water all round, expecting thereby to procure a favourable wind, which the credulous tenant living in the isle says never fails, especially if a stranger wash the stone. The stone is likewise applied to the sides of people troubled with stitches, and they say it is effectual for that purpose. And so great is the regard they have for this stone, that they swear decisive oaths on it." Of the burying-grounds and chapel there is now scarcely a trace. The largest of the other islets is that called by Martin *bord Cruin*, a rugged and very precipitous rock of considerable height, with, says he, "only one place that is accessible by climbing, and that only by one man at a time." The ascent is not just very difficult in most part, though at one place it is so steep that I had to be dragged up by my men. At its summit the rock is narrowed to a small grassy plat, on which we found—sole monarch of all it surveyed—one sheep! Oct. 1857.

PABBA.—A low and rather fertile island of small size, Augt. 1856.

lying out a few miles from Broadford, containing a burying-ground, foundations of a chapel, externally 20 feet 9 inches in length, and the ground-work of a small building called "the altar."

Augt. 1856.

SCALPA.—Remains of *Teampull Frangaig*, externally 26 feet in length, and a narrow pillar, 4 feet in height, bearing an incised Latin cross on its east face.

Augt. 1856.

RASSA.—A long, narrow, rough island, north of Scalpa, of which I have seen very little. At Kilmoluag, or Clachan, or Kirkton, as the spot is indifferently called, situated near to its southern extremity, is the ruined church of St. Moluac, a building apparently of early First-Pointed date, internally 46 feet in length. The north wall is greatly ruinated, the others nearly entire. In the west end are two short and very narrow lancets, semicircularly arched inside as in Romanesque work; one of them in the middle of the wall, the other, of smaller size, aloft in the gable. In the east end there is one window of like kind, partly in the gable; and two, together with a flat-headed doorway west of them, in the south wall, between which, in the inside, there is a large semicircular recess on the ground.

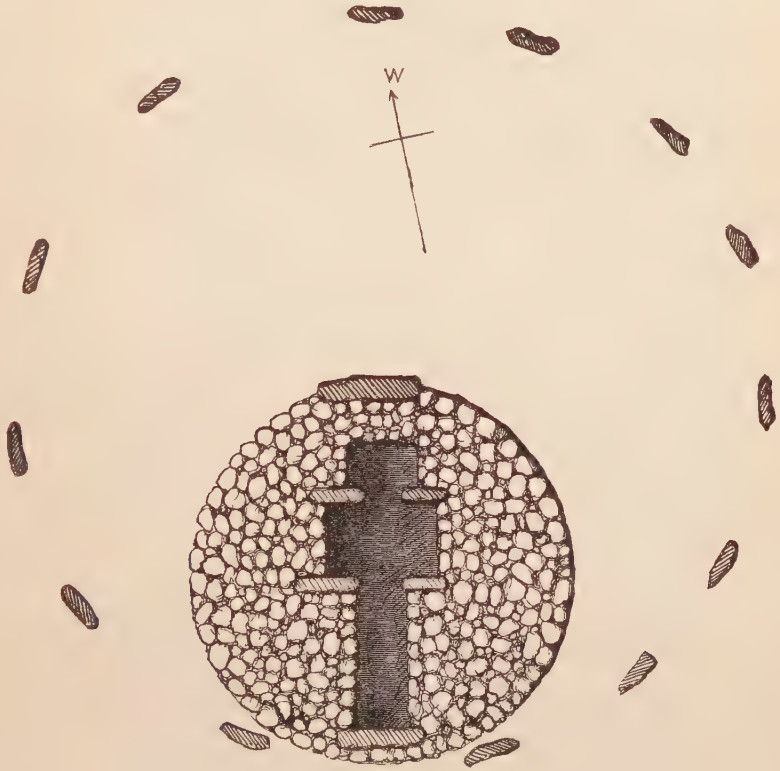
THE LONG ISLAND—The long chain of insulated spots forming the Outer Hebrides, or Long Island, is of all parts of Scotland that which is perhaps the least known to the modern tourist. In greater part not possessing any very attractive features, and throughout its whole length miserably

provided with inns, its general avoidance is only no more than what might be expected; yet, to one seriously bent on something special, and for its sake willing to put up with a little roughing, the journey from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head will be found by no means wanting in amusement and instruction. On its east side the island is in most parts rocky, and broken into innumerable creeks and sea-lochs of various lengths; in the interior, hilly, moorish, and bleak; and on the west side, level and sandy, with cultivation here and there, and here and there lengthened stretches of thin pasture, variegated and perfumed in summer-time by the wild clover, hyacinth, white daisy, butter-cup, and sweet-smelling rue. Of the various sorts of antiquities common to the western islands—cairns, stone circles, duns, underground chambers, and chapels of ancient date—specimens are to be met with more or less numerously in each of the five insulated portions of the Long Island. To any of these the short duration of my several visits did not enable me to devote much attention; accordingly, what follows must be taken as only shadowings of the archæological treasures of a region still all but entirely unexplored by the antiquaries of the present day.

Lewis.—Besides many other antiquated structures of superior age, Martin enumerates nineteen churches in the mainland of this division of the Long Island, of which now only the ruins or traces exist. One of the very few not greatly dilapidated, and that which is likely to be the first visited by the ecclesiologist, is St. Columba's, in the peninsula of Ey, east a few miles from Stornoway. It is a long narrow building of two compartments, divided by a thick wall, through which is an arched way of moderate size. The eastern compartment is, internally, 62 feet in length by 17 in width; the western one, 23 feet by 16 feet 3 inches, so that, together, they look like a nave with a well-proportioned

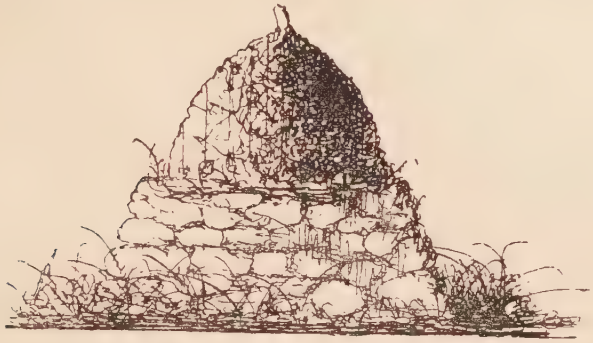
July 1855; ,, 1857; ,, 1858; ,, 1859; ,, 1860.

chancel at its wrong end. That the two had not, however, been originally constructed as such, but had been erected at different times, is evidenced by the dissimilar character of their masonry and detail, though which is the older must be matter of uncertainty. In the eastern and larger compartment the windows are merely flat-headed slits flush with the wall outside, but deeply and widely splayed within: the east one, 4 feet 4 inches in length, and 7½ inches in width; a south one, 3 feet 8 inches long, is only 3 inches wide. In the western division portions of the masonry and most of the detail are of much less primitive-looking character, and closely resemble Romanesque. The windows—one in the west end, one in the middle of the north side, and one, together with a doorway east of it, on the south side—are round-headed, flush with the wall on the outside, and widely splayed within. As the shell of this compartment is almost entire, and covered with a slated roof, it is likely that at a time not far back it was still being used as a place of worship by the people of the district. In the burying-ground—unenclosed, and horrid with rubbish and nettles—are two or three carved slabs of the Argyleshire kind, the only specimens I have met with in Lewis. At Garrabost, north-east of St. Columba's, is St. Cowstan's Well, in a steep declivity on the shore, and near to it the site of St. Cowstan's Chapel, now under crop. Excepting Columba Island, and the Shiant group, to be afterwards spoken of, there is nothing of ecclesiastical interest on the east side of Lewis between Stornoway and the frontier of Harris. At Mealastadh, on its south-west side, are traces of a small building called *Tigh nan Cailleachan Dubha*, House of the Black Old Women; and in an open, grassy, and flowery burial-ground, the foundations of a chapel, internally about 19 feet in length, and a rudely-formed font of elliptical shape. At Uig, about 8 miles north of Mealastadh, there is a well called Tobar Nec Cieres, but



CALLERNISH CIRCLE

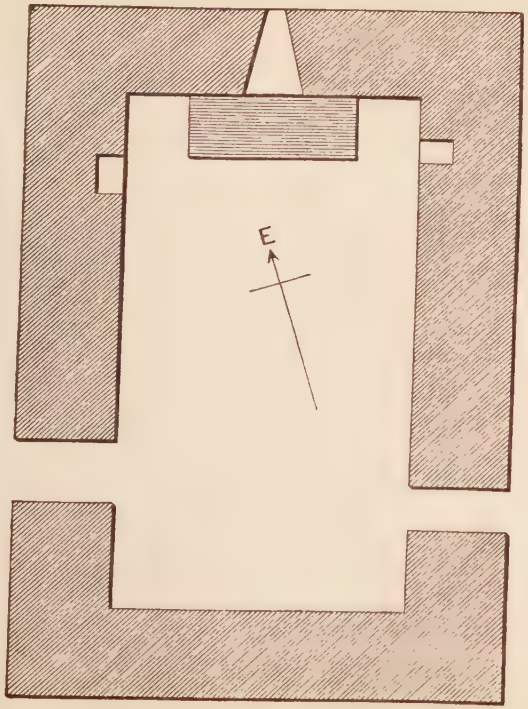
no remains of the ancient church which was dedicated to



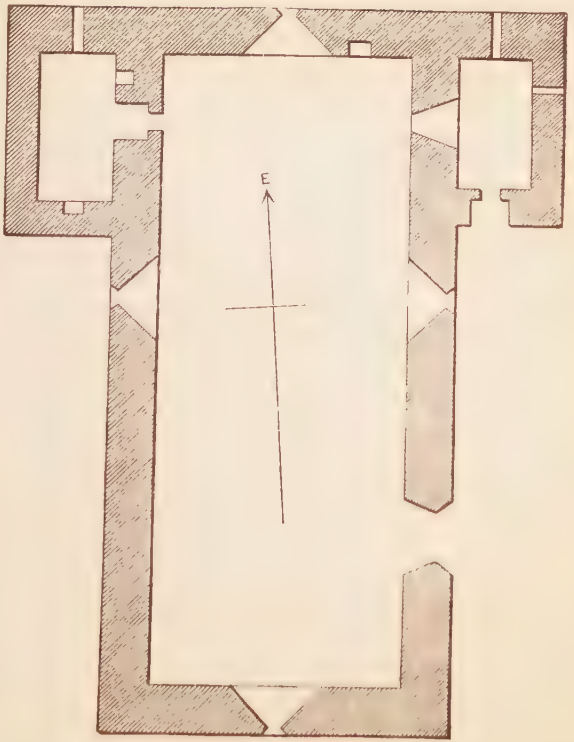
SCHOOLHOUSE, ISLEBHIG, 12TH JULY 1859.

Saint Christopher. Directly north of its site, a long rise of grassy ground, spotted with small lakes, leads to the highly-elevated peninsula of *Gob-a-Challain* or Gallon Head, the grandest sea-cliff in Lewis. Very sweetly and picturesquely situated in a small hollow, a mile or so short of its summit, is *Tigh Beannachadh*, Blessing House (Pl. V.), a not greatly dilapidated chapel, internally 18 feet 2 inches in length, with a broken east window, altar, and a doorway and a niche in each of the side walls,—the south doorway entire and flat-headed, the masonry very rude and without lime. Between Gallon Head and the Butt of Lewis, ancient monuments of one kind or another, more or less dilapidated, are to be met with, either close by the way or down a bit between it and the shore; but with the exception of the famous stone circles at Callernish (Pl. IV.), on the east side of Loch Roag, and the not greatly wasted dun at Carloway, north of them 5 or 6 miles, none are of much interest. At Valtos, in an open and flowery burying-ground, overlooking the beautiful *Traigh na Clibbe*, are the foundations of a chapel, internally 18 feet in length; at Cirabhig, at the head of Loch Carloway, a burying-ground and slight traces of St. Michael's Chapel; and at Dailmòr, down in a deep valley ending in a fine

sandy cove, the remains of an apparently not very old chapel, 60 feet in length. At South Bragair are considerable remains of a dun in a loch close by the inland side of the road, and down in a fearfully-disordered burying-ground near the shore, the church of St. John Baptist, a not much-wasted building, consisting of chancel and nave, respectively 12 feet 8 inches, and 19 feet 10 inches in length, inside, with flat-headed windows—one east and one south in the chancel, and one in the west end of the nave. The chancel-arch and a south-west doorway are broken; the former seems to have been of pointed form. At Barvas, about 6 miles north-east of Bragair, the site of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, by the shore, is covered by the drifted sand. At Upper Shader, in a field between the road and the sea, is the tall pillar mentioned by Martin, called *Clachan Truisril;* and overlooking a very rough shore at Lower Shader, the foundations of St. Peter's Chapel, internally 26 feet in length, and 10 feet 6 inches in width. At Mealabost-Borve, down in a small burying-ground less than a mile from the road, are parts of the ground-work of St. Bridget's Chapel, externally 34 feet in length. At South Galson, in an open burying-ground beautifully situated on the shore, is *Teampull na crò Naomh*, or Holy Cross, internally 18 feet 7 inches long, and 12 feet wide; the walls nearly entire, but wanting the gables. The windows are flat-headed, and placed, one in the east end, and one towards the east end of each of the side walls; the west end blank; the doorway, broken, is south-west. Down from the string of roadside villages of Suainabost, Habost, and Lionol, are Teampulls Tomas and Peader or Pheadair. Of the former, situated on a rise close by the shore, there are only slight traces; of the latter, standing in a burial-ground on the side of a stream, off from the other only a short way, there are considerable remains. Its external length is 63 feet. In the east end is a flat-headed window, 3 feet 5 inches



TIGH BEANNACHADH
GALLON HEAD.



TEAMPULL EORRAPIDH
LEWIS

high and 6 inches wide; in the south wall are five windows of much larger size, and apparently of comparatively modern date; the north side and west end are blank. Situated near to each other at Eorrapidh or Eoroby, at the Butt, are Teampulls Ronan and Mulray or Moluach. Of the former, which seems to have been about 30 feet in length, only the foundations remain. The other is still very entire, and judging from that, as also from its superior height and the somewhat refined character of its plan, is evidently much less antiquated than the other ecclesiastical remains in Lewis previously described. The plan is a simple oblong, internally 44 feet long and 17 feet 9 inches wide (Pl. V.), with a north-east sacristy, and a south-east chapel, both formerly roofed with a lean-to reaching to within 2 or 3 feet of the top of the main building. The doorway, arched semicircularly, is south-west; the east window (broken) is round in the head, the rear-arch pointed; the west window is smaller, round in the head, the rear-arch also round and resembling Romanesque. At the top of the east end of each of the side walls are two very small square windows placed nearly together, and lower down on their west, as marked in the plan, one of much larger size, their heads round and formed of one stone. The windows in the side buildings are mere slits, flat in the head.

Excepting the picturesque summer-houses or shealings of the Eorrapidh and Suainabost people at Cuidhaseadair and Dhibadail, Dun Othail, and the small roofless chapel at Gress, nothing very interesting is to be met with on the way back to Stornoway, by the east side of the island. On a narrow shelf in the face of a high precipice under Dun Othail, about 10 miles south of the Butt, is the ground-work of what seems to have been a chapel, internally 17 feet in length, and 11 feet 3 inches in width, containing the remains of a doorway facing the south-east. The walls are 4 feet thick, and in bedding the stones no cement has been used. At Tolsta,

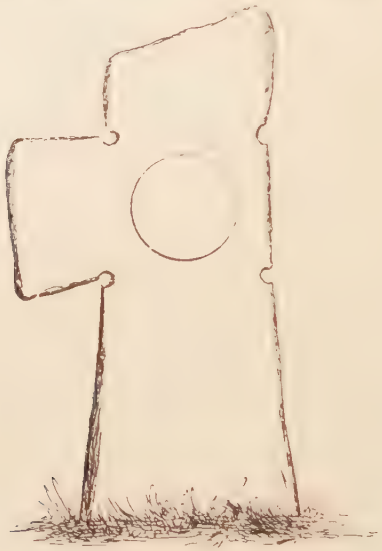
2 or 3 miles farther south, is the burying-ground of St. Michael, on a grassy slope overlooking a long stretch of smooth sandy shore, but in it are no traces of the church under that dedication mentioned by Martin. At Gress, prettily situated in a clean open burying-ground by the shore, onwards 5 miles or so more, is the but slightly dilapidated church of St. Aula, internally 18 feet 10 inches long, and 14 feet wide. In it there are only two windows, one narrow and flat-headed in the west end, and one of the same form, but wider, together with a flat-headed doorway on its east, in the south wall. Over the doorway is a stone bearing the date 1685, in which year the building probably underwent repair.

July 1854;
,, 1855;
,, 1858;
,, 1866.

Harris.—The somewhere about 24 miles of drive from Stornoway to Athan Linne, or A-Leene, as it is commonly pronounced, a mile or so short of the Harris border, is through a country only to be described as one level moorish expanse thickly dotted with shallow fresh-water lakes mostly of small size. Immediately beyond Athan Linne, the ground suddenly rises, and continues hilly and wild all the 12 miles to Tarbert, and so also thence to Losgainntir, Hagabost, and Borve, where, dipping to the sea-level, it becomes a smooth sandy meadow, here and there beautified with the many-coloured herbs peculiar to soils of this kind. At Scarista, a short way farther on, and overlooking a long reach of sandy shore, is the modern church of Harris, and close by it the ancient parochial burying-ground in which are a few old-looking gravestones, but no traces of the church which stood there, dedicated to St. Bridget. Prettily situated on a green mound on the south side of the peninsula of Toe Head, and backed by Bein Chaipabhall, 1200 feet in height, stand the considerable remains of a chapel—in all likelihood one or other of the two spoken of in the *Origines Parochiales* as having been dedicated to Saints Maelrubha and Luke. It is a very small building, the internal dimensions being only 21 feet

by 10 feet 2 inches. The windows, of which there are four —one in the east end, one in the west gable, one in the south wall, and one, together with a doorway westward of it, in the north wall—are mere flat-headed slits, the east one being only 8 inches wide. Under the east window the stone altar is still entire. At the head of the small harbour of Rodil, at the south-east corner of Harris, is the still nearly perfect church of St. Clement, in plan a narrow oblong, internally 60 feet 7 inches long and 15 feet wide, with a short transeptal chapel on each side, and a square tower of two stages, and of same breadth as the church, at the west end. Excepting the east one, which is of three trefoliated lights topped by a six-spoked wheel filling the containing arch, all the windows are pointed single lights, narrow in greater part, and cusped in the head. Of these there are, besides those in the upper stage of the tower, one on each side of the church eastward of the chapels, and four in the western division; three on the south side, and one, with the doorway on its west, on the north side. In the south chapel there are three windows—one in each wall; in the north chapel two only, the west wall being blank. Excepting some curious sculptures built into the tower (p. 274), there is nothing in the exterior of the building deserving much notice. Within there are some very interesting features, viz., the peculiarly-moulded arches and jambs of the side chapels; an armed effigy recumbent on a stone coffin in the south chapel; the upper portion of a small cruciform pillar of the Argyleshire pattern bearing the Crucifixion on one of its faces; and two sepulchral recesses in the south wall of the church, one of them eastward and the other westward of the transeptal chapel. The eastern recess contains a mailed effigy recumbent on a low tomb. Behind, the wall of the recess is composed of twelve sculptured panels, each panel forming a distinct subject, in bold relief. The recess westward of the chapel was prob-

ably adorned in a similar manner, but now the only sculpture is a crucifix, with the usual figure on each side, placed in the



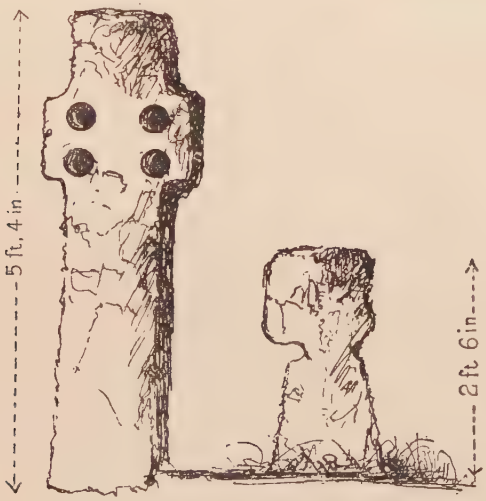
KILMORY.

spandrel of the canopy. Respecting the age of the building, it would be venturesome to say anything positively, for besides the uncertainty created by the anomalous character of some of its details, nothing at all satisfactory has been recorded touching the date of its erection. Judging from the shape of most of the windows, and the kind of *tooth* and *nail-head* ornamentation carried under the label-moulding and along the spokes and monials of the east end one, somewhere about the thirteenth century might be supposed; and very likely the greater part of the shell of the building, and the smaller windows in it, belong to that date, though certainly not the chapels, which it is just possible were not comprised in the original plan, for notwithstanding the resemblance to First-Pointed, and even in some parts to Romanesque, observable in the arches and jambs, the work

is evidently imitations only of these styles, and in all probability not earlier than the fifteenth century.

North Uist.—At various places on the north shore of this division of the Long Island—Clachan, Sgalledair (Skeller), and Ard-na-moran, the latter occupying the elevated point of a long promontory, formerly under cultivation, but now lying waste—are burying-grounds, themselves half-buried under the drifted sand; but except at Clachan there are no traces of chapels. Westward of these is the low pastoral island of Vallay, in which is an open burying-ground, in or near to which are two crosses, one of them in the burying-ground, the other forming a doorway-lintel in an outhouse, and a fragment of one of the three chapels mentioned by Martin. South-west a few miles of Vallay is Hougharry, the site of the ancient church of Kilmory or Kilmuir, of

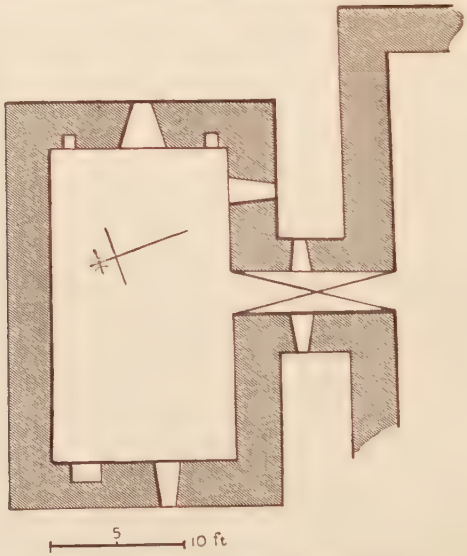
July 1855; ,, 1866.



CROSSES IN VALLAY.

which there are no remains. The burying-ground contains the modern parish church, built in 1764, some worn slabs pictured with crosses, swords, and human figures, and two

broken cruciform pillars of small size, one of them probably the *Water Cross* mentioned by Martin as having been used by the people of the place for procuring rain, of which "when they had got enough they laid it flat on the ground." At the south end of the island is Carinish, and there, on the top of a gently elevated spot bordering the intricate ford to Benbecula, is Teampull-na-Trianaide (Trinity Church), the only important ecclesiastical remain in North Uist. It consists of two not greatly dilapidated buildings of unequal size, the larger and more ruinated one internally 62 feet in length. It contains nothing that is at all interesting, and



CHAPEL ATTACHED TO TEAMPULL-NA-TRIANAIDE.

its only preserved detail is a broken round-headed doorway near to the west end of the north wall. Connected with it on that side by a low semicircularly-vaulted passage, lighted by a small flat-headed window on each side, is the other chapel, 23 feet in length. Excepting the north one, which is considerably reduced, the walls and gables are very entire. Both outside and within the building has a very antiquated

appearance, and in all likelihood is of considerable age, though in the forms and arrangements of its few simply-fashioned details there is nothing very remarkable. The windows—one in each end, and one in the south side east of the passage—are rude, short, and very narrow flat-headed apertures, scarcely 3 feet in length. To it there seems never to have been any entrance but that through the passage from the larger church, there being no appearance of a doorway in the other walls.

July 1855; July 1866.

Benbecula.—At ebb tides, and with guidance, the long mazy strand between Carinish and the north shore of this island can be taken on foot, though not without a dip to the knees in one or two places sometimes. Across, and following the road along the west side of the island for a few miles, you come to Balivanich, and beyond it a bit, Nuntown, or *Bael-nin-Killoch*, as Martin has it. At the former place, and occupying a swampy spot, formerly the bed of a lake, are the remains of what has been called a monastery, "but probably," says the *Origines Parochiales*, "a chapel belonging to the monks of Iona," externally 56 feet in length, and 19 feet in width. All the windows—of which there is one in each end, three in the south wall, and a broken one near the east end of the ruined north wall—are flat-topped and very narrow, the east one being only 5 inches wide. Of all the elevations only the east one is perfect, or nearly so, but leans so threateningly forward from the perpendicular that it may come down in a lump any day, "and when it does," says a local prediction, "by it a man will be killed." The foundations of an oblong building, about 30 feet in length, off a little west of the church, are probably the remains of a chapel. Within an enclosed burying-ground at Nuntown is the almost perfect shell of a chapel, externally 25 feet long and 16 wide. The windows—two on each side, and one in the east end—are flat-headed, short, and very narrow, the

east one only 19 inches high and 5 inches wide. The doorway—a very rude flat-headed aperture, surmounted by a square niche—is in the west end. Lying within the chapel there is a plain cross, broken into two pieces, and erect in the burying-ground there is another, comparatively modern, inscribed "Neil M'Phee" on its west face.

July 1855; July 1866.

South Uist—From Jocar, the north end of this island, to Pollachar, at its southern extremity, there are two roads, a dull moorish one through its interior, the other, the older one, along its west or *machaireach* side, which, though not so suitable for carriage-conveyance, is by far the pleasanter to the traveller on foot. On this side is most of the cultivation, and on it, too, are all the old ecclesiastical sites—Kilaulay, Kilivanan, Howmore, Ardmichael, Kildonnan, Kilpeader, etc., though only at Howmore are there any architectural remains. At this place, which is situated near the middle of the island, there is a cluster of five dilapidated buildings, two of them the churches of Saints Mary and Columba, mentioned by Martin, the others in all likelihood mortuary or votive chapels, regarding the erection of which there is apparently nothing on record. Of the larger church, which was internally 60 feet in length, only the east wall (wanting the gable), containing a long broken couplet widely splayed inside, and looking like First-Pointed, is left. The other church is internally 54 feet 4 inches in length. Of it only the east end, pierced with a narrow flat-headed window, and the altar, remain. The window, of which the annexed sketch is a representation, is 2 feet in length and 6 inches wide, extremely rude, but at the same time extremely picturesque. Of the chapels,

EAST WINDOW, HOWMORE.

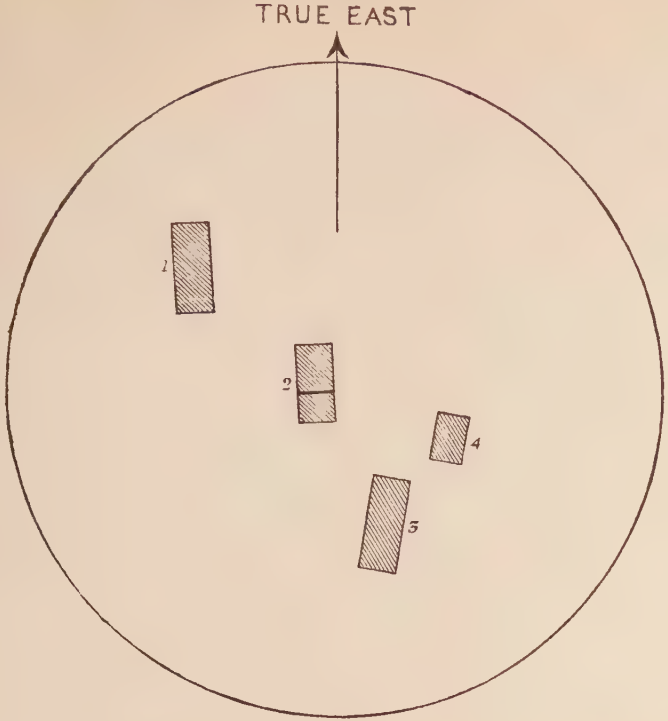
the largest is externally 20 feet in length, the side walls a good deal ruinated, the end walls with their gables nearly entire. In the east gable there is a flat-headed window of very small size, and on the south side there is one much of the same kind; on the north side are remains of a doorway; the west end blank. Connected with this chapel, on its north-west, are the remains of a building of irregular shape, but so worn down that only a small part of the plan can be traced. Of the two other chapels the larger one is externally 19 feet 4 inches in length,—the west wall, in which was the doorway, nearly down, the other walls and the altar entire; the only window, a narrow flat-topped one, is near to the east end of the south side. Since my first visit to Howmore (July 1855), the third chapel, the smallest and most characteristic of the group, has been removed to facilitate burying-ground improvements. Externally it was 17 feet 7 inches in length, and 11 feet 6 inches in width, the walls very thick and rudely built of very large stones. The doorway, with inclining jambs and flat-headed, was in the *east* end; above it, in the gable, was a flat-headed window, 14 inches long and 3 inches wide; in the west end and in the north side there was one of the same kind, the south wall blank. Together with others defaced and broken, the burying-ground contains one fine slab, carved with a sword flanked by human figures, deer, foliage, etc., and topped by a square containing a radiated circle of elegant design; and in an open sandy burying-ground at Hallan, south of Askernish 2 or 3 miles, there is another fine and very perfect slab, sculptured with a sword, foliage, and shears, which was probably taken from Howmore, as Hallan does not seem to be an ancient place of burial.

Barra.—Between Pollachar, at the south end of Uist, and Eoligary, at the north end of Barra, there is a sound about 6 miles in breadth. Up from the landing-place a bit, and July 1855; July 1866.

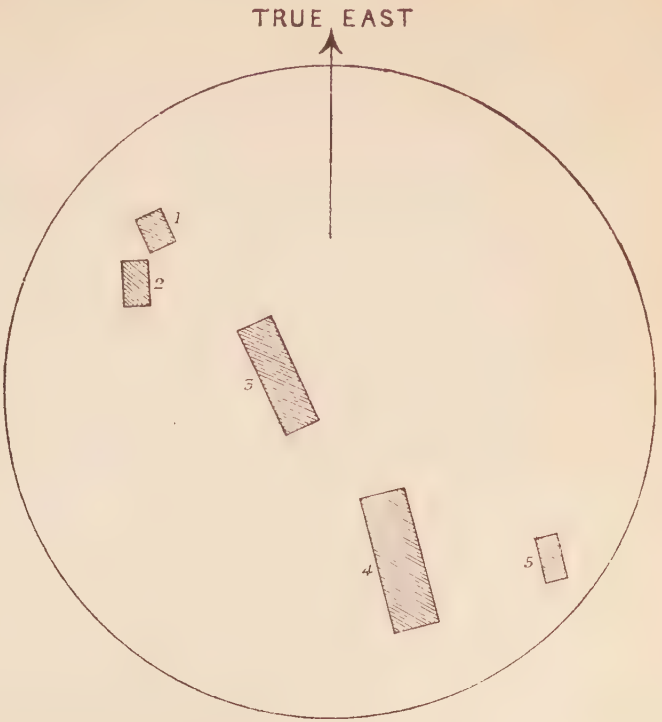
close by what was the seat of the last Celtic proprietor of the island, is the unenclosed and horrid burying-ground of Kilbar, containing three dilapidated chapels resembling very much those at Howmore. The largest (1) is externally 42 feet in length, the end walls nearly away, the north and south walls nearly entire. The north side has a rude triangular-headed doorway enclosed in a semicircular arch,

KILBAR, ST. MARY.

and a triangular-headed window on its east. In the south wall there are three windows of the same form, two of them together near its east end and one near the west end. Against the east end the altar remains almost entire. The next largest chapel (2) is externally 30 feet in length; it is divided by a dead wall into two unequal compartments, each having a flat-headed doorway on the south. The east end contains a flat-headed window, 16 inches in length and 3½ inches wide, and there are windows of like kind in the side



KILBAR, BARRA



HOGHMORE, S. UIST.

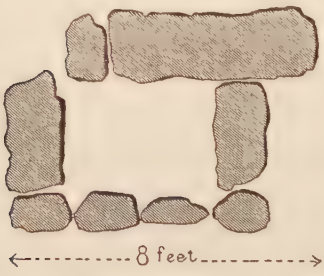
walls, the west one blank. Of the third and smallest chapel (3), externally 18 feet 3 inches in length, very little is left. At my first visit (July 1855) both ends were entire, the east one containing a small flat-topped window, the west one blank; now (July 1866) the only detail is a narrow window at the eastern extremity of the north wall, the head round and formed of one stone. Down from the burial-ground a short way, and close by the road, are the foundations of another chapel or church, externally 36 feet 6 inches in length. Whether this one or the largest of the burying-ground group was the church dedicated to St. Barr is uncertain. It was taken down not many years ago (p. 281).

The only other ecclesiastical building I know in the mainland of Barra is St. Michael's Chapel, at Borve, a sandy spot on its east side, a few miles south of Kilbar. Of it only the ground-work is extant, showing what had been chancel and nave, respectively 8 feet and 23 feet in length inside.

Bernera is a smooth grassy island about 1 sea-mile in length. From the low rocky landing-place on its north side, a continuously ascending path leads to the lighthouse, perched on the edge of a precipice over 600 feet in height, at the head of a *gio* facing the west. The lighthouse people and three native families, living precariously upon their fishings and small crops, are the only inhabitants. Excepting the precipices, which here and there in the upper parts of the island are exceedingly grand, Bernera presents nothing particularly noticeable; the only object of an artificial kind at all interesting being the remains of a cairn or dolmen near to the lighthouse, and a ponderous dun, with its massy flat-headed doorway still entire, overlooking the head of the gorge. (See also p. 254). July 1866.

Mingula.—A rough and very hilly island lying immediately north of Bernera, and apparently about double its size. July 1866.

The principal landing-place is at a smooth sandy bay on the east side, backed by a bit of cultivated ground, a village of some eighteen or twenty families, and a schoolhouse and schoolmaster's residence conjoined, standing solitarily on an eminence behind. Of the island at large my time did not permit me to see much, though that was scarcely matter of regret, for, from what the people told me, it seems to contain no architectural remains of importance. On the authority of Dean Munro, the *Origines Parochiales* says there was in his time (1594) a chapel in Mingula: regarding its site I omitted to make inquiry, but my friend Miss Oswald (of the lighthouse) wrote to me after I left:—"There is a burying-ground in Mingula. It is situated at the north side of the small river or burn that runs to the sea through the middle of the village. It is in a most ruinous condition: there has been a wall of loose stones around it, but the cows and horses are allowed to graze in it, and it is covered with weeds. There are no tombstones in it more than some rude ones at the heads of the graves, nor any trace of a church or chapel that the oldest inhabitant ever heard of; but I believe the people always meet on Sundays and Fast-days to hear prayers at one of the elder's houses. There is a burying-ground in Bernera, and one also in Pabba, both in the same ruinous state." Between the landing-place and the village there is a curious though unfortunately greatly reduced antiquity, which in all probability was set up long before any Christian temple had appeared in the place. What is left of it are the ground stones of three diminutive cells or chests, and a central heap, surrounded by a circle of loose stones about 42 feet in diameter. The village people call it



KISTVAEN, MINGULA.

"The Cross," but whence the name I could not learn. The internal aspect of the island, inasmuch as I saw of it, is not very pleasing, but all along the sea-line on the west side, and especially at a highly-elevated point straight up from behind the village, the cliff scenery is amazingly grand.

Belonging to Lewis are:—

St. Columba's Isle, a mile or thereby in length, in the mouth of Loch Erisort, 8 miles south of Stornoway. In a shockingly-conditioned burial-ground on its south-east side, and close by the shore, is a not greatly ruinated chapel, dedicated to St. Columba, externally 35 feet 6 inches in length, and 18 feet 7 inches in width, with features much resembling those of the other Long Island chapels. The east elevation, which is nearly entire, contains a flat-headed window, 4 feet by 6 inches, and in the west gable there is a smaller one of the same shape. The south side contains a narrow lanciform window, and a broken doorway on its left; the north side is down to the ground nearly, except a bit at its west end. July 11, 1855.

Shiant Isles.—Nowhere on the west side of Scotland, nor indeed on any of its sides, perhaps, are there spots which for wildness and picturesque beauty can compete with the three little islands called the Shiants, lying together about midway between the north end of Skye and Stornoway. In the Ordnance Map they are, severally, Garbh Eilean, Eilean an Tighe, and Eilean Mhuire; collectively, Eileanan Mòra or Eileanan Seunta—that is, Enchanted Islands, not "Holy Isles," as they are named in the *Origines Parochiales*. Garbh or Rough Island, the largest and most elevated of the group, is about 1 mile in length, and over 500 feet in height. Rising very steeply, and almost without a shore all around, the ascent to the summit is by no means easy or safe. Though now, like the two other islands, uninhabited, a ruined hut here and there on its undulating surface is indicative of a July 21, 1859.

former population—shepherds only, perhaps, as there are no traces of cultivation. Lying at the south end of Garbh, and joined to it by a short and narrow stripe of coarse shingle, is the somewhat longer but much narrower Eilean Tighe, or House Island. The descent to it from Garbh is exceedingly steep and rough, but at the strand, and beyond it a short way on the west side, the ground is low and level. On this level space there are traces of a burying-ground, and the foundation of what seems to have been a chapel of small size. Eilean Mhuire, lying about a mile off the east side of Garbh, is apparently what Martin calls *Island-More*. In his time there was a chapel in it dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Whether any part of it still exists I cannot say, as I did not land on the island; but as nothing named a chapel is marked in the Ordnance Map, in all probability no traces of it remain.

July 1857; July 1860. North Rona.—A small island of triangular shape, distant about 40 miles from the Butt of Lewis. In it there is a burying-ground enclosing a small chapel of primitive date and of singular shape, for particulars regarding which see *Characteristics of Old Church Architecture, etc.*, and p. 80.

July 1860. Sùla Sgeir.—A high rocky islet of very small size, lying about 10 or 12 miles to the south-west of North Rona. In it is a rude chapel, with a stone roof, called *Tigh Beannaichte* (Blessed House), internally 14 feet in length. See *Inch-Colm, Aberdour, North Rona, Sùla Sgeir; A Sketch*. 1872, and p. 96.

July 14, 15, 1858; July 13, 14, 15, 1859. Great Bernera.—A hilly island about 5 miles in length in the mouth of Loch Roag, on the west side of Lewis. In it there is a good deal of cultivation, but a large proportion of the level ground is broken up by fresh-water lakes, very numerous, though, excepting two or three, all of small size. In some places lying on or near to the sea-line there is some fine rocky scenery, and generally the island is pleasingly diversified and picturesque, but there is nothing in it of much

archæological interest. At Circabost, in its south-east end, are the remains of a stone circle, and the site of the old burying-ground and chapel of St. Macra or Macrel, mentioned by Martin. In the same neighbourhood are also some fragmentary duns of the ordinary form, the least dilapidated of which is one on an islet in Loch Bharabhat, attainable by a narrow causeway from the shore.

Little Bernera.—A rough hillocky island about 1 mile in length, lying off the north end of the greater Bernera, from which it is divided by a *caolas* only a few yards in breadth. At about its middle it is picturesquely hollowed into four or five little valleys close to each other, running north and south, the eastmost one leading over to the *Traigh Mhòr*, a lovely crooked expanse of smooth sand near the north-east point of the island. Overlooking a smaller but equally beautiful *traigh*, at the east side, there is an open burying-ground, containing a few slabs, plain, but of ancient form; and elevated on a rocky mount, close by, are some remains of the ground-work and part of the east wall of the chapel of St. Michael. Part of another chapel—that probably mentioned by Martin as having been dedicated to St. Donnan—was till not many years since standing on a lower part of the shore; of it no traces remain. July 14, 15, 1858; July 13, 14, 15, 1859.

Pabba.—In most part a low grassy island, about 1 mile in length, lying 2 miles or so off the west side of the greater Bernera, and narrowly separated at its north end from another island of diminutive size, named *Pabaidh Bheag* (Little Pabba) in the Ordnance Map. Inasmuch as I had opportunity for finding out, the only objects of interest in the larger island are the very slight remains of St. Peter's Chapel, externally 28 feet in length, overlooking a picturesque sandy cove called *Traigh na Cille*, in the east side of the island; a large dry cave in which the Loch Roag salmon-fishers find comfortable lodging through the night; and a copious fountain, July 15, 1858.

issuing from a small builded cell beautifully bedecked with lichens and moss.

July 1860. Eilean an Tighe.—A low grassy islet, about one-third of a mile in length, lying off the west shore of *Loch Ceann Thulabhig* (forming the head of Loch Roag), between Ghrimersta and Linshader. It contains nothing of interest.

July 15, 1859. Flannain Isles.—My trip to these outlying spots was from the north end of the greater Bernera, in the "Beacon," a small tidy craft I had engaged for the purpose at Stornoway. Having met with foul weather while rounding the Butt, the men on board were rather done-up on arrival; but Iain Macdonald, my Bernera pilot and host, shipping a couple of fresh hands, we proceeded at once towards our goal, which we reached at somewhere about four in the morning. The Flannains, or "Seven Hunters," as for some inexplicable reason they are sometimes called, consist of two diminutive islets—Eilean Mòr and Eilean Tighe—close to each other, and some eighteen or twenty rugged *sgiers* lying at various distances around. Eilean Mòr, the largest of the group, and the only one we visited, is about one-third of a mile in extent, and, at its most, 290 feet in height. On all sides it rises in mural precipices and very steep turfy slopes, at once from the sea; but its summit is a fine grassy plain, affording sufficient and excellent sustenance, though but indifferent shelter to Iain's little flock, which is pastured upon it all the year round. From all I could learn there is nothing particularly remarkable in any of the minor islets, but in Eilean Mòr there are some small antiquated structures of curious character deserving regard. One of these is a chapel, dedicated to Flannan, patron saint of Killaloe, in Ireland, which Martin speaks of in the following passage:—"The biggest of these islands is called Island More: it has the ruins of a Chappel, dedicated to St. Flannan, from whom the island derives its Name: when they are come within about

twenty paces of the Altar, they [the fowlers] all strip themselves of their upper garments at once, and their upper clothes being laid upon a stone, which stands there on purpose for that use, all the crew pray three times before they begin Fowling: the first day they say the first Prayer, advancing towards the Chappel upon their knees; the second Prayer is said as they go round the Chappel; the third is said hardly or at the Chappel, and this is their Morning Service. Their *Vespers* are perform'd with the like number of Prayers. Another Rule is, That it is absolutely unlawful to kill a Fowl with a Stone, for that they reckon a great Barbarity, and directly contrary to ancient Custom." Externally the chapel is a low quadrilateral building of uncemented stones, with slightly sloping walls and a stone barrel-vaulted roof rising from its spring to a height some-

WEST ELEVATION.

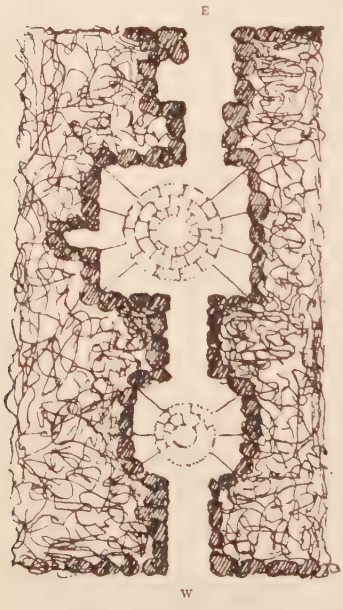
what higher than the height of the supporting walls. Outside, the measurements are:—

Length of north side, 11 feet 11 inches.
„ of south side, 12 feet 2 inches.

Width of east end, 10 feet 3 inches.
„ of west end, 9 feet 2 inches.
Height, 8 feet 10 inches.

Within, the dimensions are :—

Length, 7 feet 3 inches ; width, 4 feet 5 inches. Height from floor to the roof, which is formed of narrow slabs laid across, 5 feet 9 inches. Singularly enough, the only aperture in the building is a doorway, 3 feet in height and 1 foot 10 inches in width, in the west end. Both outside and within, the masonry is very rude, the stones being of all sizes and shapes, in greater part closely united, but in the jointings no lime has been used. The other buildings—two in number—called by Iain Macdonald *Bothien Clann Iyphail* (Bothies of Macphail's sons or kinsmen), are situated near to the edge of a high precipice at the west end of the island. The larger one is a low narrow erection, internally about 30 feet in length. It stands east and west, and consists of two apartments, the east one a square of nearly 8 feet, the west an irregular oval, 5 feet by 4 feet 6 inches. A very low and narrow passage, 5 feet in length, connects the one with the other, and there is another passage of like kind, 8 feet in length, leading into the larger apartment from the east end. Both passages are roofed with large slabs laid across, the chambers capped by a beehive kind of dome, with a small circular hole in the crown, 6 feet 10 inches from the floor.



Pabba.—A compact island, about 2 sea-miles in diameter, in the north entrance of the Sound of Harris. Except on its north-east side, where it gradually rises into a smooth conical hill, 638 feet in height, it is a low grassy plain, beautifully enamelled in summer-time with the hues of the Veronica, hyacinth, white clover, butter-cup, daisy, and sweet-smelling rue. There is only one family in the island, residing in a comfortable house up a bit from the landing-place at the south-west side, but that it was formerly more largely inhabited is attested by the ruins of a village, called Monachangrachan, at the southern base of the peak. Southward of it, and occupying the top of a rise near the shore, are the remains of a dun, and westward of it are the now dilapidated chapels mentioned by Martin as having been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Muluag. The larger one—St. Mary's, probably—is externally 40 feet 9 inches in length, and 19 feet 9 inches wide. Excepting the east one, of which only a bit at its north end remains, all the elevations are entire, or nearly so. The doorway, flat-headed, and 2 feet 2 inches wide, is in the west end. Above it, and partly in the gable, is a very narrow flat-headed window, and of like kind there is one near to the east end of each of the side walls. The other chapel is off this one about 13 feet to the west; of it only a part of the east end remains. The open grave-yard which surrounds both buildings seems now not to be used. The only noticeable object in it is a rude cruciform pillar 2 feet in height. Inside the larger church there is another one, much wasted, 5 feet in height. In the shepherd's house, which is close by, the quern is still in daily use.

St. Kilda.—My visit to this island was from Oab, in the Sound of Harris, in the "Fowey," a small trading sloop, which I had engaged for the voyage at Stornoway. Besides Kenneth Macdonald, the skipper, and John Macdonald and Alexander Mackinnon, his two men, I was accompanied by July 9, 1858.

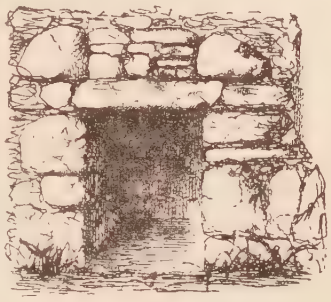
John Norman Macdonald, minister of Harris, James Stewart, parish schoolmaster, and Donald Mackinnon, the "minister's man," who, as a native of St. Kilda, was in many ways useful to us after arrival. Having put a few things wanted by the skipper on board, we started with every appearance of being able to get across in not many hours; but on making a few miles westward of Pabba, the breeze coming slack and somewhat ahead, it was midnight before we dropped anchor in the bay on the east side of the island. Of what we saw, heard, and did during the few hours of our stay in this wild place, I will not say much.[1] At daybreak the islanders, seeing us making preparations to land, came running down in a heap to the shore, whence, after witnessing with intense curiosity our purification in a neighbouring stream, they accompanied us to, and, as many as could, into a house in the village, where we purposed to breakfast. Shortly after our arrival, however, a cordial invitation brought us down to the residence of the Free Church schoolmaster and catechist, Duncan Kennedy, whose easy and kind attentions made us at once quite at home. Here, besides Kennedy, and a young female, his relative, we had the pleasure to meet Mr. Alex. Davidson, Free Church minister in Harris, and Mr. Norman Macraild, factor of St. Kilda, both of whom had come over on their annual visit only a day or two before us, one to perform his religious duties among the people, the other to take away the rents, which, either in the shape of money, or feathers, or wool, etc., they had stored for the occasion. After a little talk with our friends over the meal, we started for an ascent of the island. At first, our route was along "the street," a narrow causeway, lined on the inland side by about twenty separate cottages, each fronted by a barn, or a fuel and bird-house, both with their ends facing the shore. Into

[1] For particulars see *Characteristics of Old Church Architecture, etc.* Edinburgh, 1861.

this little township is collected the whole population of St. Kilda, now dwindled to eighty souls. Within, the huts are in most instances divided into two apartments, and in this, as generally in other respects, resemble very much the same class of buildings in the Long Island, though outwardly their forms are not nearly so picturesque. This, however, may be readily accounted for, as the whole village was rebuilt not a great many years ago, fashioned externally very unlike the older one, of which Martin (1697) says: "The inhabitants live together in a small village, carrying all the signs of an extreme poverty; the houses are of a low form, and the doors all to the north-east, to secure them from the shocks of the tempestuous south-west winds. The walls of the houses are rudely built of stone, the short couples joining at the ends of the roof, upon whose sides small ribs of wood are laid, and these covered with straw; the whole secured by ropes made of twisted heath, the extremity of which on each side is poised with stone to preserve the thatch from being blown away." At a later date (1758), the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, minister of Ardnamurchan, writes: "On the east side of the island, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the bay, lies the village. . . . Here the whole body of this little people live together, like the inhabitants of a town or city. All their houses are built in two rows, abundantly regular and facing one another, with a tolerable causeway in the middle, which they call the *street*. These habitations are made and contrived in a very uncommon manner. Every one of them is flat in the roof, or nearly so, much like the houses of some oriental nations. . . . The walls of these habitations are made of rough gritty kind of stones, huddled up together in haste, without either lime or mortar, from 8 to 9 feet high. In the heart of the walls are the beds, which are overlaid with flags, and large enough to contain three persons. In the side of every bed is an opening, by way of door, which is

much too narrow and low to answer that purpose. All their dwelling-houses are divided into two apartments by portion-walls. In the division next the door, which is much the largest, they have their cattle stalled during the whole winter season; the other serves for kitchen, hall, and bedroom." On a slope between the houses and the foot of *Conagra*, which rises very steeply to 1220 feet immediately behind, is the burying-ground, a small oval-shaped space full of nettles, but decently enclosed by a stone wall. In it we found nothing at all worthy of notice, not even a trace of the temple—"24 feet long, built of stone without any cement, and covered with thatch"—dedicated to Christ, which, from his description, seems to have been entire when the minister of Ardnamurchan was in the island only a century ago. A short way off from this, and close by the upper end of the village, there is another inclosed space, now under tillage, remembered as the site of the chapel of St. Columba; and over somewhere near to the south end of the bay—but, as out of our route, not seen by us—is the site of another entirely erased church, which was dedicated to St. Brandan. On our way to the summit of Conagra we were attended by some eight or ten of the villagers, but, parting from them after having seen one of their number lowered down the face of a tremendous precipice at the end of a rope, we descended into the fine grassy valley near the north-west end of the island called the Female Warrior's Glen. Having refreshed ourselves for a few minutes by the side of a brook which meanders in the bottom of this delightful solitude, we ascended to the grand cliffs opposite to Soa, a small islet rising closely by to the height of 1031 feet. Again descending into the glen on our way back to the village, we made another halt—this time at one of the consecrated fountains, which are not the least of the noteworthy things of St. Kilda. Of these—five in number, according to Martin—the most celebrated are Tobar

Clerich, and Tobar Childa Chalda, or Saint Kilder's, at the village, and Tobarnimbuadh (Tobar-ianadaiche-buadhan), the spring of many virtues, the last one with whose "exceeding cold, light, and diuretic" water we were qualifying Donald Mackinnon's bottle of *Usque-baughbaul* in the Female Warrior's Glen. A low square-shaped massy stone building, with a stone roof, covers the spring, which, after forming a pool in the floor of the cell, runs down the russet slope like a thread of silver to join the stream in the valley. Away from this picturesque object a few paces there is another architectural curiosity, called the House or Dairy of the Female Warrior, "an Amazon," says Macaulay, "very famous in the traditions of the island." It is a low, rude, drystone building of irregular shape, internally 11 feet by 9 feet. The roof is formed of a few turf-covered slabs laid across the converging walls, and has a vent in the centre sufficiently large to admit a person through it. At the west end of the house there is another hole, close to the ground, but so small as hardly to serve as a doorway. Within, the cell is very rough, and without features the least interesting. Standing a little to one side of the doorway there is a short rugged pillar, and there are three rectangular recesses, or *beds*, as Martin calls them, in the thickness of the walls, one of them at the east end, the others on the south side. Upon the heights, and in the Amazon's Valley, time had gone so quickly with us that the evening was well advanced ere we found ourselves again seated around the hospitable board of our friend Kennedy, the catechist. We had got our glimpse of Hirta, and now there was nothing but the barley-broth,

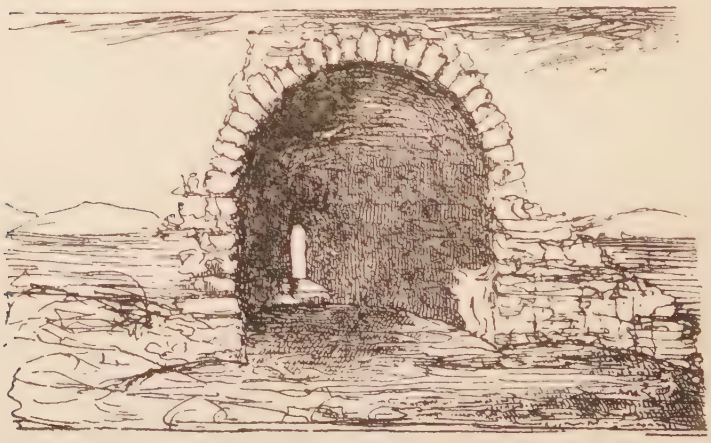


TOBARNIMBUADH.

mutton, and glass of sherry to dispose of. These and the leave-takings over, a procession of natives, each carrying something or other, went down to the boat, headed by our Donald, laden with my small purchases of kelt and cheese, and the minister's twain bottles of Tobar Childa Chalda. In a few minutes we were all snugly on board the "Foey"; up went anchor and sheet, and then—Saint Kilda, farewell!

May 1, 1855. Handa.—A small uninhabited island on the west side of Sutherlandshire. In it there is an uninclosed burying-ground, containing a few bare stones of memorial, close by the shore.

18 July 1861. July 1865. Orkney—Mainland.—The chief objects of interest in this portion of the Orcadian group are the Bookan Barrows, Brogar Circle, and the Maeshowe Tumulus at Stennes, and the Cathedral (outraged, internally, of late years) at Kirkwall—all of which have been so fully described in the pages of Messrs. Farrer, Mitchell, Pettigrew, and Neale, that nothing need be said of them here. Of minor antiquities, those I have seen



ORPHIR.

are the remains of the old churches of Paplay and Orphir, the former not particularly noteworthy, the latter an interest-

ing fragment, consisting of the semicircular apse of a Romanesque church of early date, and a small part of what had been either chancel or nave, also of circular form (p. 116).

Burra.—A circular burgh, of interesting character, and not greatly dilapidated, at its north end, is the only antiquated object I met with in this island. July 10, 1865.

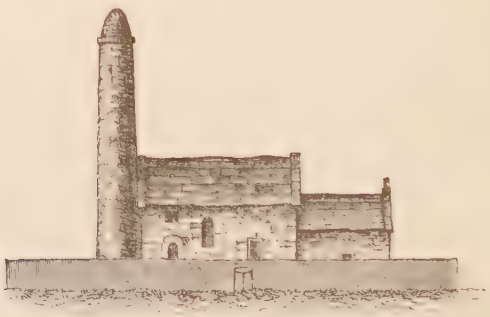
Shapinsha.—A ruinated church of apparently seventeenth century date, a rude whinstone pillar about 11 feet in height, called the *Standing Stone of Shapinsha*, and trifling remains of an ancient chapel at Linton, are the only curiosities I fell in with during my few hours' stay in this island. Of these the last named is the most attractive, though of it no more than the ground-work, a few feet in height, is left. It stands picturesquely in an inclosed space at the head of a rocky bay towards the north-east side of the island, and consists of nave, internally 19 feet 4 inches in length, and 14 feet wide, and chancel, 7 feet 10 inches by 7 feet 2 inches. The entrance is by a square-set doorway, wanting the lintel, south-west of the nave. Of the chancel-entrance from the nave, which is 3 feet 2 inches wide, only the jamb-posts and about 8 or 9 inches of the arch are preserved. In his notices of the "Ruined Churches of Orkney," Sir Henry Dryden speaks of the chancel-arch as entire and of semicircular form which is singular, as it would appear both of us had seen the building at much about the same time. July 7, 1865.

Elhardholm.—A low grassy islet, close by the south side of Shapinsha. In it are the remains of what seems to have been a chapel of small size, and a mound of earth and stones topped with a cairn. July 7, 1865.

Weir.—At the *Boo* or dwelling-place of this small island are the remains of a chapel, consisting of nave, 19 feet 6 inches in length and 13 feet 1 inch wide, and chancel, 7 feet 10 inches by 7 feet 5 inches; externally the total length is July 1861.

36 feet 3 inches. Both gables are wanting, but in other respects the building is pretty entire. In it there are only three windows—a small round-headed one south of the chancel, and two south of the nave, the heads of the latter broken and altered. The doorway, 2 feet 7 inches wide, and arched semicircularly with long slates averaging about 1 inch in thickness, is in the west end. In every way the entrance to the chancel from the nave (Pl. VII.) resembles the doorway, except that the width is 2 inches less (p. 114).

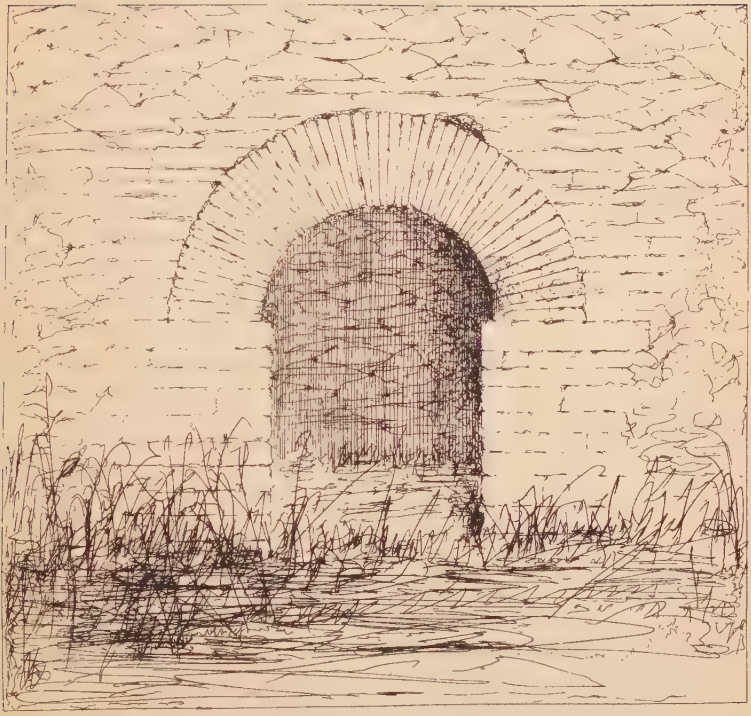
July 1861. Egilsha.—Off a short way from the north-east end of Weir. Near to its west side stands the nearly perfect shell of the church of St. Magnus—perhaps, next to the cathedral of same name at Kirkwall, the most important ecclesiastical remain in Orkney. As will be seen by the ground-plan (p. 115), it consists of chancel, internally 15 feet in length; nave, 30 feet in length; and a round tapering tower, 7 feet 8 inches



EGILSHA CHURCH. (From Hibbert's Engraving.)

in diameter at the bottom, at the west end. The chancel is a very rude cradle-vaulted cell opening without jamb-posts at once on the nave, lighted by a small round-headed window, flanked by a niche, in each of the side walls, and a narrow perforation or slit in the middle of the east end.

July 5, 6, 1865. Enhallow.—A low uninhabited island of small size



CHANCEL ARCH OF CHURCH AT WEIR.

between Mainland and Rowsa. In it are several ruined buildings, of which the only important one is a greatly dilapidated church, externally about 51 feet in length. It is divided into three compartments, the south-east one with what was probably a sacristy or a mortuary chapel on its north or north-east, and the middle one with a similar adjunct on the south-west, containing in one of its corners the remains of a stair which had led to an upper apartment, in all likelihood the abode of the priest. A fire-place and chimney in the upper part of the wall and gable of the south-eastern compartment show that a room of the same kind had also been there. I cannot offer an opinion as to what era the building belongs. Like that of most Orkney churches the masonry is very rude. The windows, of which only one or two are entire, are flat-headed, and have their jambs and heads respectively of one stone. The adits connecting the end compartments with the central one are arched, the north-western one being semicircular, the other acutely pointed (p. 252).

July 1862. July 1863.

SHETLAND — Mainland.—The long, narrow, and tortuous alley, picturesquely lining the western side of Bressa Sound, and forming in greater part the town of Lerwick, was where I first landed in Shetland. Not finding in it cause for detention, I set out soon after arrival on a run to Dunrossness, in the southern extremity of Mainland, halting here and there, as I went, and finally housing myself for a day or two at a little place called Boddam, a few miles short of Sumburgh Head. With fine weather, the trip was pleasant enough, but I did not see much that was specially interesting. Our first stop was at Burgh-Clickamin, a curious and not greatly broken specimen of the "Pictish Fort," situated in a fresh-water lake, a mile or so out of Lerwick. Some miles farther south are the remains of two other burghs; one of them, greatly reduced,

grandly placed on Brenista Ness; the other, still pretty entire, on the Hoeg or Hoga of Burghland, opposite the island of Mousa. Still further south, but away on the west side of Dunrossness, is the small peninsula called Saint Ninian's Isle, joined to the mainland by a low narrow neck of gravel. Regarding it, Martin says, "To the north-west of the *Ness* lies St. Ninian's Isle: it has a Chappel and an Altar in it, upon which some of the Inhabitants retain the ancient superstitious Custom of burning Candle." In 1822, when Dr. Hibbert visited the isle, part of the chapel was standing: of it there is now scarcely a trace. Southward a few miles from Boddam is the wide sandy bay of Quendal, at the head of which there is an old burying-ground, containing some modern stones of memorial, but nothing of the chapel, "which," says Hibbert, writing in 1822, "about half a century ago, was one of the neatest religious edifices in the country." In the same district is Jarlshof, a semi-castellated building of some size, but with no remarkable features; beyond which is the lighthouse, raised on the head some 300 feet above high-water mark. Scalloway and Tingwall, respectively west and north-west of Lerwick 6 or 8 miles; Sound, on the west side of Weesdale Voe; Valia and Melba, in Walls; Hillswick, Sandwick, and Ollaberry, in Northmaving; Lunna and Vidlan, in Lunnasting; Reawick, Culswick, and Sand, in Sandsting,—are places in the northern division of Mainland which I visited after my return from Dunrossness, but without meeting in any of them anything more interesting than the ruined castle at Scalloway, the still more ruinated chapels at Tingwall and Sand, and the burgh at Culswick Ness—a good specimen, internally about 25 feet in diameter. Of the chapel at Sand, which is said to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, only the chancel-arch, 10 feet 7 inches in height, and some small parts of the side walls of the nave, remain.

July 17, 1862. Mousa.—Opposite Sandlodge, on the east side of Dun-

rossness. Close to its western shore is Burgh-Mousa, the most perfect "Pictish" fort in Shetland (p. 124).

Bressa.—Opposite Lerwick, and divided from it by a sound about 2 miles in breadth. What I have seen in this island are the remains of a burgh and two or three tumuli at Brough; the *Standing Stone of Keldabister*, a rude monolith 10 feet in height; and the scant remains of two chapels, one of them at Gunnista, the other at Cullingsburgh, a small village at the head of a wick, in the east side of the island. Of the Gunnista chapel only the foundations are left. Of that at Cullingsburgh, about 4 feet of the west and side walls and 10 of the east one are standing. It has consisted of chancel, 12 feet in length and 8 feet 10 inches in width, and a singularly-disproportioned nave, 10 feet 7 inches long and 14 feet 9 inches wide. The only preserved window is a flat-headed one, 1 foot 9 inches in length and 1 foot 5 inches in width, in the east end. From the broken state of the walls I could not determine the position of the doorway; probably, as in some other churches of like character in Shetland and Orkney, it was in the west end (p. 134). July 16, 1862.

Noss.—Lying close to the east side of Bressa. At the low landing-place, on its west side, there are traces of a burying-ground, and fragments of what is said to have been a votive chapel, 14 feet in length. From this there is a long gradual ascent to the *Noup*, one of the grandest precipices in Shetland (p. 136). July 16, 1862.

Yell.—From Burravoe, at the south end of this island, to Cullivoe, short a few miles of its northern extremity, there is a good road, keeping for most of its length close to the east shore. The day being sunny and calm, our walk of some 18 miles between those two places was pleasant, though nothing particularly interesting was met with at any part of the way. Our first halt was at Reafirth, the kirk-town of Mid-Yell, a small cultivated spot down on the bay. The July 7, 8, 1862.

parish church is a poor modern building on a new site. In the burying-ground stands the shell of the older church, a small oblong, apparently of seventeenth century date, with a rather picturesque bell-turret over the western gable. Proceeding from Reafirth 9 or 10 miles we came to Cullivoe, in North Yell. The parish being now united to Fetlar, there is only a missionary chapel at Cullivoe. The ancient church, of which there are considerable remains, is within the burying-ground at Toft, off a couple of miles in the direction of Gloup Voe, in the extreme north end of the island. The *Kirk of Ness*, as it is called, is a very rude building, consisting of chancel, internally 13 feet in length and 11 feet 8 inches wide, and nave, 20 feet 7 inches by 15 feet 5 inches, divided by a semicircular arch, springing without imposts from the walls of the chancel. In the chancel there are three small flat-headed windows, two on the south and one on the north side, and one in the east end up in the gable. The apertures in the nave are also flat-headed, and consist of one window in each of the side walls, and two doorways, one of which is on the south-west, the other in the west end (p. 139).

July 8, 9, 10, 1862.

Unst.—A generally smooth and fertile island, 12 miles in length, lying north-east of the north end of Yell, and separated from it by a sound little more than 1 mile in breadth. My stay in it not having exceeded a couple of days, I cannot say much respecting its objects of interest. At Lind, on its south-west side, and nearly opposite Cullivoe, in Yell, there is a not greatly ruinated church—a simple oblong, externally 46 feet 3 inches in length. The east end has a small flat-headed window in the gable; in the south wall are two windows and a doorway, also flat-topped; and in the west end a round-headed doorway with inclining jambs, and a gable-window of similar form. The north wall is blank. At Sandwick, near Muness, at the south-east point of the island, is an old burial-place in which are the

remains of a chapel, a narrow oblong, 47 feet in length, with a broken doorway (the only existing detail) in the west end, and some ancient stones of memorial, one of which is a cruciform pillar, 2 feet in height. North a few miles from this place is Balliasta, the kirk-town of Unst. The parish church is a modern building; the older one, which in all likelihood stands on the foundation of one of primitive date, is in the burying-ground, a short distance off to the west. North-east a few miles from Balliasta is Haroldswick, at which there are two now nearly erased churches, one of them in the district burying-place a short way west of the village, the other—the church of the Holy Cross—a mile or so off on the north side of the wick. Of these the last would appear to have been the more esteemed in early times, and even so late as 1841 we find the minister of Unst relating that "Cross-Kirk, or St. Cruz, in the neighbourhood of Haroldswick, is still accounted a holy place, and occasional pilgrimages are made to it by some of the older inhabitants, whose minds are not yet emancipated from the Popish superstitions of their ancestors." The building has consisted of chancel and nave, respectively 10 feet and 35 feet in length outside, but of it scarcely anything is remaining, all the work being reduced to within a foot or two of the ground. North of Haroldswick, about 2 miles, is the little hamlet of Norwick, very sweetly situated on the south-west side of the bay. In the burial-ground are several small cruciform pillars, and the ground-work of a chapel, which had consisted of chancel, externally 17 feet, and nave, 25 feet, in length (p. 141).

Uyea.—Lying off a short distance from the south end of Unst. In it are considerable remains of a church, consisting of *western* chancel, externally 12 feet 8 inches, and *eastern* nave, 24 feet 6 inches, in length. In neither compartment are there any traces of windows. The entrance to the nave is July 10, 1862.

by a rude doorway in the east end, 5 feet 2 inches in height and 2 feet 2 inches wide, the head slightly curved and formed of one stone, the entrance to the chancel from the nave being much of same size and form (p. 144).

July 11, 1862. Fetlar.—A picturesque grassy island, south of Uyea. The parish church, at the head of Tresta Bay, at its south end, is modern. In the burying-ground there is nothing at all interesting. On our way to it from Urie, at the north-east side, where we landed, we made inquiry respecting the ruined chapels mentioned in the *Statistical Account*, but very little seemed to be known by the people about any of them (p. 145).

July 8, 9, 1863. Papa-Stour.—A beautiful and very romantic island of small size, lying out from Sand Ness and Melby, on the north-west side of Walls, in Mainland. From the low landing-place opposite Melby it rises in a smooth grassy slope to the north-west side, where it is bordered by precipices about equal in picturesqueness and grandeur to any I have seen. The village, or *hame-town*, as it is called, is situated up a little way from the south side of the island. It has a small modern church, but no appearance of an older foundation (p. 153).

July 11, 1863. Foula.—A narrow island about 3 miles in length, the wildest and most elevated of the Shetland group. In physical character it resembles St. Kilda more than does any other island I have seen. Like it, Foula is somewhat low on its east side; on the west side, and for nearly its whole length, it rises abruptly into a lofty ridge broken into four or five conical peaks, the highest of which is, as marked in the chart, 1369 feet above the sea-level. As the slope from this elevation to the edge of the cliff is probably not more than 200 feet, and the descent from that to the sea perfectly mural some idea may be formed of the wilderness that must there be under one's feet. Unfortunately, while in the island, the higher summits were covered with mist, so that I only could reach to the top of what is called Soberlie, a magnificent

precipice at the north end of the island. In Foula there are about 240 inhabitants, residing partly at Ham, the landing-place, about its middle, and partly at Hametown, near to the south end. At the latter place is the burying-ground, enclosed, and containing a small modern church and a few gravestones, none of which seem to be old (p. 162).

July 1, 2, 3, 1865.

Fair Isle.—Though not equal to Foula in grandeur, nor superior in smoothness to Fetlar and Papa-Stour, Fair Isle is at once the most wildly picturesque and beautifully diversified of all the Shetlands I have seen. The ordinary landing-place is at Wick, a low rocky harbour at the south end of the island. From this place to about its middle it is a cultivated hollow, rising sweetly on both sides to the edges of the precipices; but northward of that the ground is in most part coarse and hilly, and altogether devoted to pasture. All the precipices are very grand—*Malcolm Head*, *Troila*, and *Guithcum*, under the *Ward Hill*, on the west side; *Skalda Cliff*, *Sheep Craig*, and *Mouple Head*, on the east side; and *Millens Houland*, *Lother*, and the *Nosse of Screw*, at the north end, being the most remarkable. There are about forty inhabited houses in the island, with a population of some 300, all located at and near to the south end. The family names most common are Wilson, Eunson or Johnstone, Williamson, Leslie, and Stout. In accordance with ancient usage, every farmstead is a *town*, leaving a name sufficiently indicative of the country to which the island had been indebted for its earlier population. Among many others equally significant of Norse influence, there are *Taft*, *Scultus*, *Kenaby*, *Houl*, *Taing*, *Setter*, *Busta*, *Gelah*, *Leough*, *Shirra*, *Quehy*, *Pound*; and *Fridary* (Island of Peace) was, I have been told, the name of the island itself during the reign of the Vikings, though under that form it has apparently become lost to the present inhabitants. The Establishment and the Wesleyans have each a place of worship in the island, but there is no resident

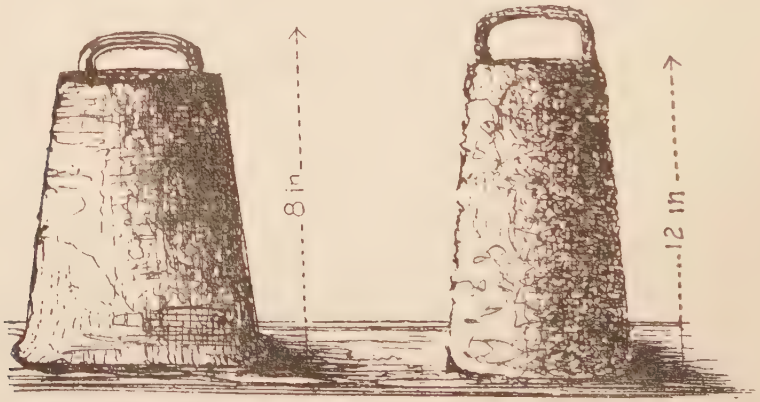
minister, and at present (July 1865) no school. Of ancient buildings Fair Isle is destitute, the only antiquity in it being a ring of loose stones, 32 feet in diameter, in the bottom of a hollow near the north end of the island (p. 249).

FRESH-WATER ISLANDS.

April 17, 1858. 1869. Inishael.—A low grassy island, near the north end of Loch Awe. In it are the remains of what is said to have been a Cistercian nunnery, internally 51 feet in length. From the few broken details here and there left, it would appear to have been a First-Pointed building. In the open burying-ground surrounding the ruins there are several carved slabs of the usual Argyleshire pattern, and a prostrate cross 6 feet in length.

March 30, 1858. Inch Cailliagh.—In the lower end of Loch Lomond. The foundations of a church, 51 feet in length.

Oct. 12, 1857. Eilean Finan.—A low grassy island in the lower end of Loch Shiel. In it are the remains of a church, externally



BELL AT EILEAN FINAN. BELL AT BIRNIE.

76 feet in length and 23 feet 4 inches wide. The only existing detail is the altar-table, a thin slab, 7 feet in length, raised on rough stones. On it is a brazen bell, 8 inches in

height, including the handle. In form its mouth is an oval flattened at the ends. Unlike some of the Irish ecclesiastical bells described by Dr. Reeves,[1] and one in the ruined church of Romanesque date at Birnie, Morayshire, which are of sheet metal, and rivetted down one or both of the sides, it has been cast pretty thickly into one piece, and from that circumstance it may be presumed to be of very ancient date. The clapper is of iron and somewhat heavy. Near to the south side of the church are the remains of two chapels, the least dilapidated one internally 11 feet in length; its only preserved features are two small flat-headed windows —one in each of the side walls—and a flat-headed doorway in the *east* end. In the burying-ground there are some carved slabs of the ordinary Argyleshire kind, on one of which is the figure of an ecclesiastic, under a crocketted canopy, and three or four rude cruciform pillars, two of them nearly 6 feet in height.

AT EILEAN FINAN.

Eilean Mòr.—In the north end of Loch Tay. In it are insignificant remains of what is said to have been an Augustinian priory, founded by Alexander I. about 1122. June 3, 1852.

St. Serf, Loch Leven, Kinrossshire.—Here are remains of a church which seems to have been originally of Romanesque character, internally 21 feet 6 inches in length and 14 feet 6 inches in width. Referring to a still older foundation which had existed in the island, March 30, 1859.

[1] See Paper read before the Royal Irish Academy on Monday, December 14, 1863.

and probably on the same spot, Dr. Reeves, in his *Culdees of the British Islands*, says: "A primitive monastery, founded on an island in Loch Leven, flourished during several centuries, and possessed a chartulary or donation book, written in Gaelic, an abstract of which, in Latin, is preserved in the register of the priory of St. Andrews. The first memorandum in the collection states that Brude, son of Dergard, the last of the Pictish kings, bestowed the island of Lochleven on God, St. Servan, and the Keledean hermits dwelling there in conventual devotion. Also, that the said Keledei made over the site of their cell to the bishop of St. Andrews, upon condition that he would provide them with food and raiment; that Ronan, monk and abbot, a man of exemplary holiness, on this occasion granted the place to Bishop Fothadh, son of Bren, who was in high repute all through Scotland. The bishop then pronounced a blessing on all who should uphold this covenant between him and the Keledei, and, *vice versa*, his curse on all bishops who should violate or retard the same." About 1145, David I. granted to the canons of St. Andrews the island of Lochleven, that they might establish canonical order there; and "Thus terminated the separate and independent existence of one of the earliest religious foundations in Scotland, which probably owed its origin to St. Serf, in the dawn of national christianisation; and after a recorded occupation by Keledean hermits from the ninth century down, was, before the middle of the eleventh, brought into close connexion with the see of St. Andrews, through the influence of one of the earliest-recorded bishops of the Scottish Church, who was probably a Céle-dé himself, and allowed to exercise a kind of episcopal superintendence over his own community of St. Andrews and the neighbouring monasteries, foreshadowing a function which afterwards developed itself in diocesan jurisdiction, and eventually became invested with metropolitan pre-eminence."

Eilean Maree.—A small island in Loch Maree. On it, and surrounded by trees, is a rough burying-ground, containing traces of a chapel, supposed to have been a cell of St. Maelrubha, two or three stones incised with crosses, and a consecrated well, which even in the present day is resorted to for the cure of insanity. Into the bole of an aged oak overshadowing the fountain have been driven pins, nails, halfpennies, horse-shoes, etc., the offerings of the suppliants and other pilgrims. June 14, 1853.

Inchmahome, Loch Monteith.—In it are considerable remains of the Augustinian monastery of St. Colmoc or Colmocus, founded by Walter Comyn, Earl of Menteith, in 1238. The ruins consist of a considerable remain of the church, chapter-house, and portions of the domestic buildings, all mostly of late First-Pointed character. The church, in which there are some interesting details, consists of choir and nave, respectively 76 feet 6 inches and 74 feet 5 inches in length—the former without aisles, the latter with three pointed arches on its north side, two of which had led to a now destroyed aisle or a chapel, the other arch forming the entrance to a square tower at the north-west corner of the building. The east window, now blocked, is of five long lanciform lights under one arch. The western doorway is pointed, and of four moulded orders, and has two acutely-pointed blank arches on each side. March 31, 1858.

UNDA, *June 1872.*

NORTH RONA.

1857 and 1860.

Before relating my own small experience of this curious spot, I will quote all that I know of what others have said of it previous to my visits in 1857 and 1860.

Donald Monro, High Dean of the Isles, writing in 1594, says, "Towards the north northeist from Lewis, three score myles of sea, lyes ane little isle callit Ronay. Within this isle there is ane Chapell, callit St. Ronay's chapell, unto quhilk chapell, as the ancients of the country alledges, they leave ane spaid and ane shuil, quhen any man dies, and upon the morrow finds the place of the grave markit with an spaid, as they alledge."

In a not much larger account given to Sir Robert Sibbald by Sir George Mackenzie, about the end of the seventeenth century, we are told that "The island of Rona hath for many generations been inhabited by five families, which seldom exceed thirty souls in all: they have a kind of commonwealth among them, in so far if any of them have more children than another, he that hath fewer taketh from the other what makes his number equal, and the excrescence of above thirty souls is sent with the summer boat to the Lewes to the Earl of Seafort their master, to whom they pay yearly some quantity of meal stitched up in sheep's skins, and feathers of sea-fowls; they have no feuel for fire upon the island, but by the special providence of God, the sea yearly casts in so much timber as serves them. Their sheep there have wool, but of a blewish colour. There is a chappel in the midst of the isle, where they meet twice or thrice a day. One of the families is hereditary Beddall, and the master of that stands at the altar and prayeth, the rest kneel upon their knees and join with him. Their religion is the Romish religion. There is always one who is chief, and commands the rest, and they are so well satisfied with their condition, that they exceed-

ingly bewail the condition of those, as supernumerary, they must send out of this island."

Martin, writing also about the same period, gives in a communication from the minister of Barvas, the following curious account of Rona and its inhabitants:—"The island of Rona is reckoned about 20 Leagues from the North-east Point of Ness in Lewis, and counted but a Mile in length and about half a Mile in breadth; it hath a Hill in the West part, and is only visible from the Lewis in a fair Summer's-day. I had an Account of this little Island, and the Custom of it from several Natives of Lewis, who had been upon the place; but more particularly from Mr. *Daniel Morison*, Minister of *Barvas*, after his return from *Rona* Island, which then belong'd to him, as part of his *Gleib*. Upon my Landing (says he) the Natives receiv'd me very affectionately; and address'd me with their usual Salutation to a Stranger, *God save you, Pilgrim, you are heartily welcome here! for we have had repeated Apparitions of your Person among us*, after the manner of the second Sight, *And we heartily congratulate your Arrival in this our remote Country.* One of the Natives would needs express his high esteem for my Person, by making a turn round about me Sun-ways, and at the same time Blessing me, and wishing me all happiness; but I bid him let alone that piece of Homage, telling him I was sensible of his good meaning towards me; but this poor Man was not a little disappointed, as were also his Neighbours; for they doubted not but this ancient Ceremony would have been very acceptable to me; and one of them told me, That this was a thing due to my Character from them, as to their Chief and Patron, and could not, nor wou'd not fail to perform it. They conducted me to the Little Village, where they dwell, and in the way thither there were three Inclosures; and as I entred each of these, the Inhabitants severally saluted me, taking me by the Hand, and saying, *Traveller, you are welcome here.*

They went along with me to the House that they had assign'd for my Lodging; where there was a bundle of Straw laid on the Floor, for a Seat to me to sit upon; After a little time was spent in general Discourse, the Inhabitants retir'd to their respective dwelling Houses; and in this interval they kill'd each Man a Sheep, being in all Five, answerable to the number of their Families. The Skins of the Sheep were entire, and flea'd off so, from the Neck to the Tail, that they were in form like a Sack: These Skins being flea'd off after this manner, were by the Inhabitants instantly fill'd with Barley-meal; and this they gave me by way of a Present, one of their number acted as Speaker for the rest, saying, *Traveller, we are very sensible of the Favour you have done us in coming so far with a Design to instruct us in our way to Happiness, and at the same time to venture yourself on the great Ocean: Pray, be pleas'd to accept of this small Present, which we humbly offer as an expression of our sincere Love to you.* This I accepted tho' in a very coarse dress, but it was given with such an Air of Hospitality and Good-will, as deserv'd Thanks: they presented my Man also with some pecks of Meal, as being likewise a Traveller; the Boat's-Crew having been in Rona before, were not reckon'd Strangers, and therefore there was no Present given them, but their daily Maintenance.

"There is a Chappel here dedicated to St. Ronan, fenc'd with a Stone Wall round it; and they take care to keep it neat and clean, and sweep it every day. There is an Altar in it on which there lies a big Plank of Wood about ten foot in length, every foot has a hole in it, and in every hole a Stone, to which the Natives ascribe several Virtues; one of them is singular, as they say, for promoting speedy delivery to a Woman in Travail.

"They repeat the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments in the Chappel every Sunday Morning. They

have Cows, Sheep, Barley, and Oats, and live a harmless Life, being perfectly ignorant of most of those Vices that abound in the World. They know nothing of Money or Gold, having no occasion for either. They neither sell nor buy, but only barter for such little things as they want; they covet no Wealth, being fully content and satisfy'd with Food and Raiment; tho' at the same time they are very precise in the matter of Property among themselves; for none of them will by any means allow his Neighbour to fish within his Property; and every one must exactly observe not to make any incroachment on his Neighbour. They have an agreeable and hospitable Temper for all Strangers: they concern not themselves about the rest of Mankind, except the inhabitants in the North part of *Lewis*. They take their Sirname from the colour of the Sky, Rainbow, and Clouds. There are only five Families in this small Island, and every Tennant hath his Dwelling-house, a Barn, a House where their best Effects are preserv'd, a House for their Cattle, and a Porch on each side of the Door to keep off the Rain or Snow. Their Houses are built with Stone, and thatched with Straw, which is kept down with Ropes of the same, pois'd with Stones. They wear the same Habit with those in *Lewis*, and speak only *Irish*. When any of them comes to the *Lewis*, which is seldom, they are astonished to see so many People. . . . . .

"About fourteen Years ago a swarm of Rats, but none knows how, came into *Rona*, and in a short time eat up all the Corn in the Island. In a few Months after some Seamen Landed there, who Robbed the poor People of their Bull. These misfortunes and the want of supply from Lewis for the space of a Year, occasioned the death of all that Ancient Race of People. The Steward of *St. Kilda* being by a Storm driven in there, told me that he found a Woman with her Child on her Breast both lying dead at the side of a Rock: Some Years after, the Minister (to whom the Island be-

longeth) sent a new Colony to this Island, with suitable Supplies. The following Year a Boat was sent to them with more supplies and Orders to receive the Rents, but the Boat being lost as it is supposed, I can give no further account of this late Plantation."

With any descriptions of Rona that may have been written between Martin's and that of Dr. Macculloch, 1811-21, I have no acquaintance, and possibly none are existing,—at any rate not in print. Of its vicissitudes, and particularly the circumstances which led to the thinning away of an, at one time, apparently well-to-do little community to the one solitary family which Macculloch found on the island, it would have been interesting to have known something; but to most of my inquiries on the subject among the people at the Butt no answer could be given. Whether it was geology alone, or *that* coupled with a longing to land upon and see a spot so far away and so little known, that took the "stone doctor" to Rona, is uncertain; but, whatever the attraction, the accomplishment of his seemingly long-cherished design appears to have afforded him no small gratification. "Years had passed in vain attempts," he says, "and still we had not reached North Rona. Nothing seemed to have been attained while that remained to be done. Like Pyrrhus, we were then to sit down to our wine and be happy. This little island appears somewhat more than a mile long, and about half a mile broad, where widest. . . . The surface is green, and everywhere covered with a beautiful compact turf, except where it is broken up for cultivation for the space of a few acres in the middle and elevated part. . . . Surely if aught on earth or sea can convey the complete feeling of solitude and desertion, it is Rona. Ten minutes were well spent in sitting alone on the highest point of this spot in the ocean, where nothing was to be seen around but sea and sky, and in indulging day dreams of abandonment and despair, such

as those of Ariadne or Alexander Selkirk. . . . It is the total seclusion of Rona from all the concerns of the world which confers on it that intense character of solitude with which it seemed to impress us all. No ship approaches in sight; seldom is land seen from it. In the most solitary lighthouse, the idea of society, of communication, is maintained by the daily occupation of feeding and trimming that guiding star which leads others to think of the hermit whose task is to tend the friendly lamp. In a ship, though alone, there is a prospect, a possibility, of return to society. Hope never leaves the vessel while yet she can float; but Rona is forgotten, unknown, for ever fixed immovable in the dreary waste ocean."

Of Kenneth MacCagie and his family, the sole occupants of the island, Macculloch says: "This tenant is, properly speaking, a cottar, as he cultivates the farm on his employer's account. There seemed to have been six or seven acres cultivated this year, in barley, oats, and potatoes. . . . The soil is good, and the produce appeared to have been abundant. The family is permitted to consume as much as they please; and it was stated that the average surplus, paid to the tacksman, amounted to eight bolls of barley. In addition to that he was bound to find an annual supply of eight stones of feathers, the produce of the gannets. Besides all this, the island maintained fifty small sheep.

"There is no peat in the island, but its place was well enough supplied by turf. . . . For water they were obliged to have recourse to pools in the rocks, which were filled occasionally by the rain; a precarious supply in any other land but this, where probably the 'rain it raineth every day.' We were amused with one trait of improvidence, quite characteristic of a Highlander. The oil of the coal-fish served for light, and a 'kindling turf' preserved the fire during the night; but had that fire been extinguished, 'but

once put out that light,' no provision was at hand for rekindling it, nor could it be restored till the Lewis boat should return: probably not even then, unless his ancient god, Bel, had descended in a meteor for that purpose. . . . MacCagie only shrugged his shoulders at the suggestion of a flint and steel; he had lived seven years without one. His family consisted of two boys, the eldest of which assisted his father in the farm, an infant, a wife, who took her share in the labour, and an aged and deaf mother. . . . Rona is accessible in one spot only, and even that with difficulty, from the long swell. . . . Such is the violence of the wind in this region, that not even the solid mass of a Highland hut can resist it. The house is therefore excavated in the earth, the wall required for the support of the roof scarcely rising two feet above the surface. The roof itself is but little raised above the level, and is covered with a great weight of turf, above which is the thatch; the whole being surrounded with turf stacks to ward off the gales. The entrance to this subterranean retreat is through a long, dark, narrow, and tortuous passage like the gallery of a mine, commencing by an aperture not three feet high, and very difficult to find. With little trouble it might be effectually concealed; nor, were the fire suppressed, could the existence of a house be suspected, the whole having the appearance of a collection of turf stacks and dunghills. . . . The interior strongly resembles that of a Kamtchatkan hut; receiving no other light than that from the smoke-hole, being covered with ashes, festooned with strings of dried fish, filled with smoke, and having scarcely an article of furniture. Such is life in North Rona; and though the women and children were half naked, they appeared to be contented, well-fed, and little concerned about what the rest of the world was doing. . . . The only desire that could be discovered, after much inquiry, was that of Kenneth MacCagie getting his two younger children christened, and for this purpose he had

resolved to visit Lewis when his period of residence was expired."

The only other account I have met with is one written by Captain Burnaby, R.E., who, I believe, conducted the Ordnance Survey of Lewis some twenty-five years ago. In his communication respecting Rona, which is dated February 3, 1852, he says, "This island is situated in the Atlantic, in latitude 59° 7′ 15″·48, and longitude 5° 48′ 50″·45 west, and forms part of the Lewis property. It lies about thirty-eight miles N.E. of the Butt of Lewis, with which and Cape Wrath it forms a triangle, which is very nearly equilateral. From its highest point, which is nearly 360 feet above the level of the sea, Cape Wrath, a considerable portion of the neighbouring shore, and some of the Lewis and Harris hills, can, on a clear day, be distinctly seen without the aid of a glass.

"In figure this island bears a strong resemblance to a long-necked glass decanter, with the neck towards the north. Its greatest length is nearly one mile, and its greatest breadth the same. At its north end there is a portion of about half a mile long, which varies in breadth from ten to twenty chains; about half of this portion is composed of stratified rock, without a particle of vegetation; this is the longest part of the island, its eastern shore sloping gently to the sea, and its western one, though rugged and broken, not more than ninety feet in altitude. The southern portion is broader and more elevated, the greater part of it being three quarters of a mile broad, and the two hills on the east and west not less than 350 feet high, that on the east being the higher of the two by about forty feet. The seaward bases of both these hills form steep precipitous cliffs, which are in many places inaccessible. The rocks around Rona are few and small, the only ones, which are more than two chains from the shore being Gouldig Beag and Gouldig Mhor, the latter about half

a mile south of the S.E. point of the island, and the other between *that* and the shore. There is another small rock, seen only at low water, near the S.W. point, which is dangerous to navigators who may attempt to cast anchor in its neighbourhood.

"The soil of Rona is good; and the pasture, though not luxuriant, is beautifully green; indeed the whole island, except about fifty acres, may be considered arable land, interspersed with a few small rocks and numerous small piles of stones. A small portion on the south side appears to have been cultivated, and has, it is said, produced excellent barley.

"It is now rented by a farmer from [in] Lewis, as a sheep farm; and it feeds about 200 sheep at present. There are five or six rude, flat-roofed, ruinous huts on it; the neatest and smallest is said to have been a church. There is also a graveyard here, in which there is a rude stone cross without any inscription.

"There are neither rats nor mice, and but very few birds in it. It has no peat moss, and not much seaweed. There is a sufficiency of spring water on the southern shore. Seals are very numerous here, but not easily killed, and cod-fish abound around its coast. The tides rise from five to ten feet, and the prevailing wind is S.W.

"The best landing-places are Poul Houtham on the south, Skildiga on the west, and Geodh Sthu on the east; the first and last being much superior to the other, both for safety and accommodation. The most favourable winds are, for Poul Houtham, a northerly or easterly wind; for Geodh Sthu, a southerly or westerly one. So well sheltered is Geodh Sthu, that three vessels have been known to cast anchor at its mouth about six years ago: they remained during one night, but it is said that such had not previously occurred, nor has it since been repeated.

"Articles of any weight may be safely landed at Rona,

provided the weather is moderate; but the small boat, which must be used on such a duty, should invariably be drawn up on the shore at night, and for this purpose ten men will be sufficient for a boat of twenty-four feet keel.

"Donald M'Leod, *King of Rona*, the last person who resided here, states that it is a well-sustained and correct tradition, that six men, with their wives and families, resided here about 200 years ago, and that the six men, when on a seal excursion, were drowned in Geodh Halhar, on the eastern shore of Rona. Their families, after remaining on the island for six months after this circumstance, were brought to the Lewis by the boats which then yearly visited Rona. The next person who inhabited it is said to have been a female, in whose favour a miracle is said to have been wrought under the following circumstances:—It being an old and well-received tradition in Lewis that 'the fire never quenched in Rona,' this dame resolved to test its truth, and, to her consternation, found it a fallacy: however, after offering up some fervent prayers, her fire was relighted by Divine agency. . . .

"Donald M'Leod, *King of Rona*, was its last human inhabitant. He resided there about six years ago, for about twelve months: he appears to have been weary of his solitude, and expresses a horror at the idea of being left there again. His residence on Rona, together with his rude, yet muscular figure, has procured him the above-mentioned title."

To the foregoing several accounts of this wildly-surrounded and now humanly-abandoned spot, I have only to add a short one of my own, descriptive of two trips to it not many years after it had been left by the Ordnance party.

The first one was from the Butt end of Lewis, in the *Ada*, a small trading sloop that had come to the place with salt for the Ness fishing-season. The weather was fine, and the wind—what there was of it—favourable; but as the *Ada* was not just

a clipper, it was well on towards evening before my pilot, Iain Mackay, and I made our landing from the sloop's boat at *Geohda à Stoth*, a low rocky creek on the east side of the island. Iain having fastened as securely as could be his warp to the shore with a big stone, we set off together up the hill and down on its other side to the ruined village, into which, some two centuries ago, the minister of Barvas was so humorously welcomed with homage and blessing. The excitement occasioned by the predicted arrival of the worthy visitant, and the punctilious observances attending his reception, must have been a pleasant sight, visions of which, as they rose before the mind's eye, contrasted mournfully with the now silent and desolated spot.

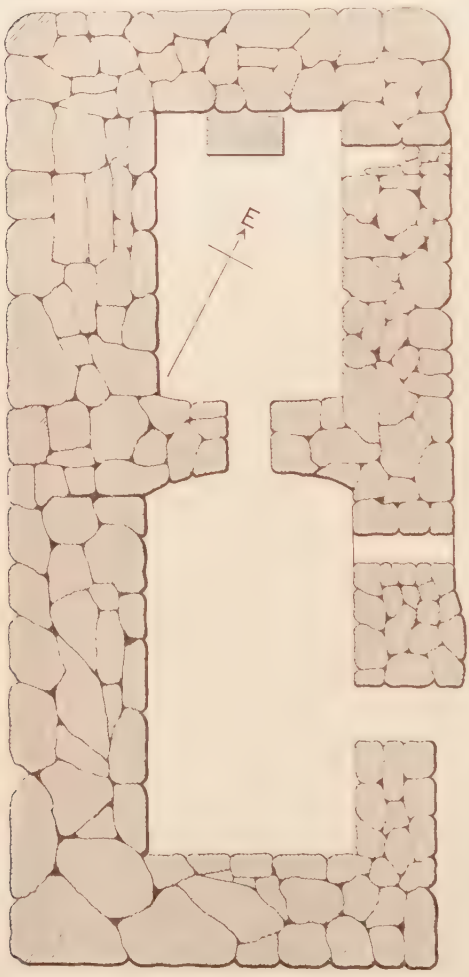
Iain, after looking uncertainly about a little while among the ruined huts for the one in which he was born, but had left whiles yet a boy, led me to what I most wanted to see, —the chapel, dedicated to St. Ronan, son of Berach, a Scot mentioned by Bede as having had disputations with Finan, bishop of Lindisfarne, regarding the true time of keeping Easter; and who, near to the close of his life, is said to have retired to the island of Rona, and there died about the end of the seventh century.

Arriving at the chapel, Iain began leisurely enough to give me a hand with the measurements, but, suddenly taking fright about the boat, hurriedly left me to finish the job the best way I could by myself. What with my companion's hurried retreat, and the coming on of night, I was put into a hurry myself; so that, after only a very imperfect inspection of my object, I ran down to the shore, where, much to my relief, I found the boat still safely moored, and Iain quietly sitting by it smoking his pipe.

Whilst looking back from the deck of the *Ada* with something like affectionate regret upon Rona, as it gradually dis-

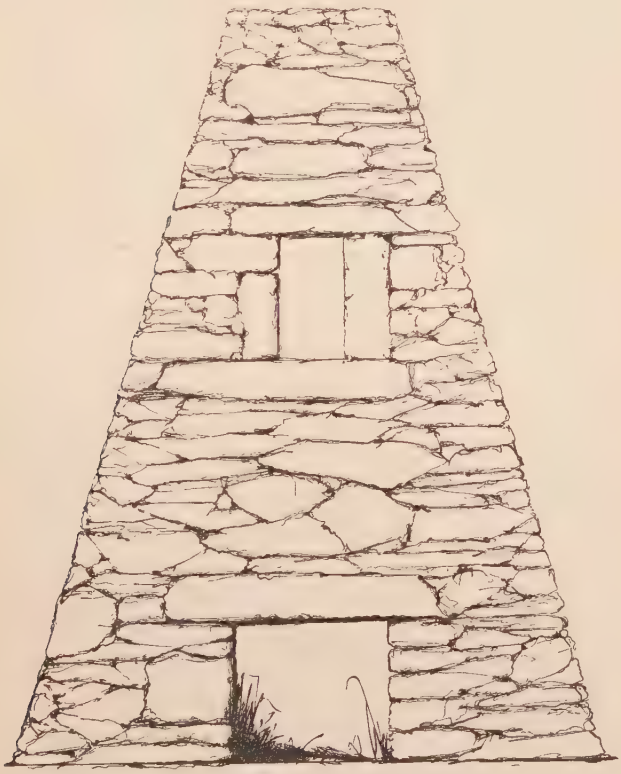
appeared in the distance and gloom, it did not occur to me that I should ever desire to see it again. Years afterwards, however, a longing to know it more perfectly than I did, took me back, conditioned for a stay longer than was that of my first flighty visit. Informed that Mr. Daniel Murray, of Dell, was preparing for his annual wool-gathering trip to the island, matters were so assorted that he and I, together, left the Butt in the *Hawk*, a nice little yacht, which had come round for us from Stornoway. On nearing the east side of the island, we descried one of Murray's two boats, which had been despatched on the expedition the evening before, lying awaiting our arrival in the Geodha à Stoth ; but as a heavy swell on the shore rendered landing at that place impossible, the boat, after working her way to the ship's side, took us round to *Sgeildige*, a hideous place on the west side of the island, where, with much circumspection while leaping singly out as the boat rose time after time to the edge of a shelf in the cliff, we all got safely on land. Attaining by a steep rocky ascent the top of the cliff, Murray went off in search of the rest of his men, and having brought them together to a low rugged spot at the south-west point of the island, marked *Caolas Lobà Sgeir* in the Ordnance map, a glowing peat fire was got up to cook the supper, and make our wild resting-place for the night look as homely as possible. Murray, in condescension to my weakness, made a bed for me with a sail ; and of another, stretched out on an oar, constructed a curtain to shelter it from any gusts which might come up from the *caolas* behind. Thus simply furnished, the place looked tidy and snug, and, if but in acknowledgment of my friend's ingenuity, I ought to have gone instantly to sleep. Not so, however ; for, in spite of every effort to drop into forgetfulness, I could but lie restfully awake, listening to the snorings around, and watching the spectre-like shapes of the rocks, which seemed to dance, go, and come, with every fall and flash of the fire.

The making of ghosts out of granite and gneiss was not, notwithstanding its ease, very agreeable occupation; but it did not last long, for at the first peep of day we were all again gathered around the kindly flame, busily going on with the matutinal repast. Well fortified with that and their sleep, Murray and his crew went across to the other side of the island to begin the sheep-shearing business, leaving me and a Stornoway schoolmaster, who had shipped himself in the yacht, to amuse ourselves the best way we could during its performance. Throughout its durance, the day was delightfully sunny and calm, and our strollings, now along the edges of the beetling precipices of the higher part of the island, and anon down among the low bristling rocks forming its northern extremity, were about the most pleasurable I have ever experienced. I do not know that either



TEAMPULL RONA.

I or my companion knew much of geology ; but be that as it may, after looking, not very scientifically, at some long lineal grooves or scratches running closely together down the face of a rock, off a bit from our bivouac, which we thought might have been the effects of a glacial action, we separated



TEAMPULL RONA, INTERIOR—WEST END ELEVATION.

for a while, he to take a shot at the puffins, and I to revisit the chapel of St. Ronan—an object for which Pædagogus seemed to have no special affection.

Of this rude and diminutive building not much can be said. On the outside, it is in most part a rounded heap of loose stones, roofed over with turf.

Within, you find it a roughly-built cell, 9 ft. 3 in. in height, and at the floor 11 ft. 6 in. long and 7 ft. 6 in. wide. The end walls lean inwardly a little, the side ones so greatly that, where they meet the flat slab-formed roof, they are scarcely two feet apart. Beyond the singularity of its shape, there is nothing remarkable in the building, its only minute features being a square doorway in the west end, so low that

CROSS AT WEST END OF TEAMPULL, RONA.

you have to creep through it on your elbows and knees; a flat-headed window, without splay on either side, 19 in. long and 8 in. wide, set over the doorway; another window of like form and length, but an inch or two wider, near the east end of the south wall; and the altar-stone, 3 ft. in length, lying close to the east end.

Attached as a nave to the west end of the cell, and externally coextensive with it in breadth, are the remains of

another chapel, internally 14 ft. 8 in. in length, and 8ft. 3 in. in width. Except the north one, which is considerably broken down, all the elevations are nearly entire, the west one retaining a part of the gable. A rude flat-headed doorway, 3 ft. 5 in. in height, and 2 ft. 3 in. wide, in the south wall, and a small window of the same shape, eastward of it, are the only details.

At what time either of these buildings was put up it is impossible to say. Both are alike rude in their masonry, and between them there is scarcely a difference in the character of their few inartistic details; but, be the age of the larger one what it may, the cell, which may be termed the chancel of the structure at large, is certainly by many hundred years the older erection, and in all probability the work of the eighth or ninth century.

In the burying-ground, which is fenced by a low wall, with a doorway on the south-west, there are several truncated plain stone crosses, the tallest one only 2 ft. 6 in. in height. At the intersection of the arms it is pierced with a triangular group of three small round holes, touching which, as also the pillar itself, there is a variously-told tradition among those of the Butt. Of St. Ronan, too, and of the teampull he raised in the midst of his solitary retreat, a deal of legendary story is still afloat among the "idle-headed eld" at the north end of Lewis. Most of what I have listened to while wandering there is now but vaguely remembered; but in answer to request, my friend Daniel Murray has sent me the following, which, whatever may be thought of its worth, is better than the little we have of the Eorrapidh saint from the Venerable Bede, or from others who, like him, have scarcely recorded more of the saint than his name. "There is residing in North Dell," says my informant, "an old man of the name of Angus Gunn, who was in Rona as assistant to Finlay Mackay, Iain's father. He says there was a man living near Eorrapidh,

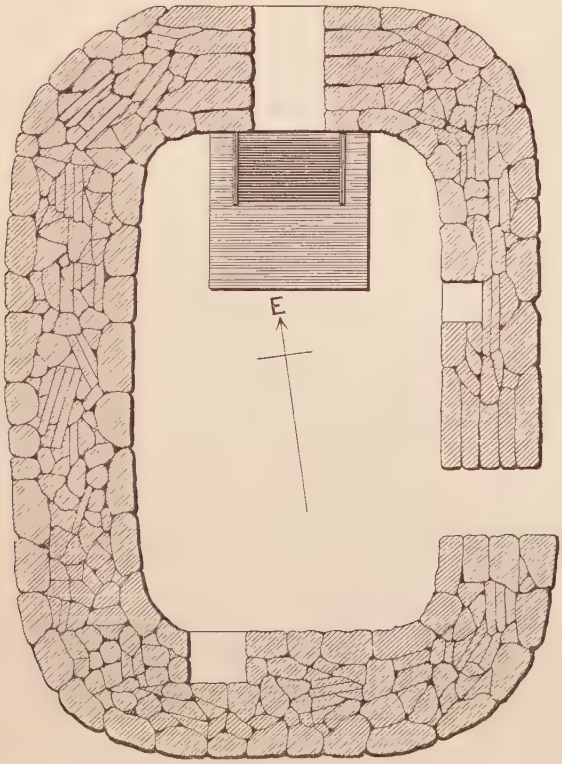
at a place still called *Teampull Rona*, whose name was Ronan. He was a God-fearing man; consequently, on always hearing the Eorrapidh women scolding and quarrelling, he was grieved, and prayed God to take him to some place where he could not hear them; and his prayer was answered, for early on the following morning he heard a voice telling him to go down to the sea-shore, which he did, when, behold! there was waiting a large whale, and getting upon her back, she landed him on *Sròn an Teinntein* (the Fire-Place Point) in Rona. On coming ashore, Ronan found that the place was inhabited by wild beasts, like dogs: but they all backed out before the man Ronan, and were drowned in the sea. On going down they scratched the rock, which is marked on the map *Leac na Sgròb*, but we call it *Sgròban nam Bèist* (the Beasts' Scratches). It was this Ronan that built the east end of the present teampull, or the part that still stands of it. After him, Roman Catholics occupied the island, and they built another teampull which was called *Teampull nam Manach*. It was outside the graveyard, and about 15 yards from the east end of the present teampull, with an altar in the middle 4 feet square by 3 feet high, and having a round gray stone on the top. The roof and part of the wall was pulled down four hundred years since, but the altar and part of the wall (3 feet in height) were standing when Angus Gunn was on the island fifty years ago."

The ground-work of Teampull Rona, Eorrapidh, mentioned above as the original residence of St. Ronan, is still existing on a *cnoc*, about half a mile north-east of the village (p. 43).

SÙLA SGEIR.

The sun was setting in splendour as the *Hawk* crept round the north end of Rona. It was a beautiful sight, but we could have exchanged it for a little more of our breeze, which

was so light that it was five of the morning ere the voyage of only ten miles came to an end at *Geodha Phuill Bhàin* (White Pool Cave), a wild rocky recess in the east side of Sùla Sgeir. Ascending by a precipitous path to a sheltered nook in the face of the rock, we boiled up the kettle, and, cheered by the



TEAMPULL SULA SGEIR.

again risen sun shining serenely in front, breakfasted comfortably on what remained in the barrel.

With a long day before us, and not much caring when we should be back to the Butt, we took our full of the Sgeir very deliberately ; and indeed so might we have done almost under any circumstances, for it is only a narrow stripe, little

more than one-third of a mile in length. Rising in most parts abruptly to a considerable height, and everywhere ruggedly indented by gloomy chasms and creeks, it presents a very naked and repulsive appearance. Its summit, also, is very uneven and bald, but withal exceedingly picturesque. Northward of the point where we landed, which is at about its middle, the Sgeir is nothing but bare torn rock: southward, where, like Rona, it is at its highest, it is, in part, grassy, but in most hillocky and coarse.

TEAMPULL SULA SGEIR, SOUTH SIDE.

Occupying a slope at the east side of the southern end of the islet, there are five or six stone bothies, quaintly-fashioned things of the ordinary Lewis type, which have been put up as shelters to the fowlers while there killing the birds. Near to these, on a small semi-insulated spot, closely surrounded by rocks, marked *Sgeir an Teampuill* in the Ordnance map, there is a low rugged building with rounded corners and curved roof, called *Tigh Beannaichte* (Blessed House), internally 14 feet long, and 8 feet wide at the middle, and 6 feet 4 inches at the ends. Within, the walls, rising with a curve towards each other, are roofed with heavy slabs

laid horizontally across. Outside, also, the walls and roof are curved, and covered over with loose stones and turf. The doorway, a rude flat-headed aperture with inclining jambs, 3 ft. 5 in. in height, 16 in. wide at top, and 22 in. at bottom, is on the south-west. Eastward of it there is a small square-shaped niche, and near to the north end of the west wall there is another of the same form. The only window is a small one in the east end, under which is the altar stone, 2 ft. 8 in. in length, raised on a low dais or foot-pace flanked by thin slabs set upon edge (p. 56).

CAITHNESS AND PART OF ORKNEY.

KIRKWALL.—Here I am, newly over from my eight days' ramble in Caithness, and comfortable in the house of a worthy couple of my own name, up by the Cathedral. By hurrying a little at Wick, I might have been ready for the steamer; but after a minute's thinking over it, made choice of the circuitous route by Thurso and Scrabster, as much, perhaps, for the sake of eating my breakfast leisurely, as from a wish to look at the magnificent cliff scenery on the west side of Hoy, and the town of Stromness, neither of which I had seen on my former visit to Orkney. July 13, 1861.

Hoy Head, and the scarcely less majestic *Old Man*, standing out from the precipice as though he were intending a dive into the sea, we saw to great advantage, as our skipper brought us close under them. Want of time, however, hindered us from knowing anything of Stromness. The road thence to Kirkwall is a rather dreary stretch of fifteen miles, with no objects immediately adjoining it much worth looking at the whole way. At the burying-grounds of the now united parishes of Stenness and Firth we halted, though to no effect, in the hope of falling in with some things interesting, and again at Turmiston, to take a sort of bird's-eye

view into the Maeshow tumulus, which had been opened only a day or two before, and was creating a deal of curiosity and commotion among the country folks around.

From Maeshow to the great stone circle of Stenness, it is but a mile or two, so that we soon ran over to it. Some single pillars which you pass on the way struck us much from their picturesqueness, massiveness, and height; but the

RUBBING FROM MAESHOW TUMULUS.

circle itself, after all I had heard and imagined of it, greatly disappointed me. Although smaller in compass, many of the south-country circles are much finer things, and with that at Callernish, in Lewis, Stenness cannot stand a moment's comparison. Of course, I am speaking of Stenness, not as it possibly once was, but as it is now—a mere fragmentary round of not more than some thirty pillars, of which eight or

nine are lying down, and four or five are slender stumps rising only a foot or two above the ground. The characteristic *cromlech*, too, is a feature we greatly miss from the circle, though a small heap of stones near to the accustomed site would seem to indicate its recent existence.

Much of the interest of Stenness is derived from the barrows or earthen tumuli lying around. Some of these have been lately opened, but without discoveries of importance being made, I believe; though, considering how richly Maeshow has rewarded the excavator, there seems to be every inducement to expect that, through persevering and liberally-conducted research, even more valuable features than any as yet brought to light could be met with, not only amongst the Stenness group, but also amongst the whole of this class of structures, wheresoever located.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Farrer, to whom so much is owing for what has been accomplished, will be inclined to continue inquiry; but whether or not, his example ought to rouse emulation and a sense of duty in those to whom the business of exploration more properly belongs. In a letter to the *Orcadian*, Mr. Farrer says: "After a careful examination of the two great tumuli on the east and west sides of the stones at Stenness, I have come to the conclusion that it is not expedient to continue the excavations at present. I say *at present*, because it is just *possible* that the Runic inscriptions at Turmiston may throw some fresh light upon the subject. Perhaps some of your numerous readers may like to know my reason for discontinuing the works; and should the opinions [?] provoke criticism, they may, at the same time, be the means of eliciting information from those who are better able to handle the subject than I am."

Mr. Farrer's language is somewhat vague, but it may be taken to mean—*Having done this much for these handless Scotsmen in the way of helping them to a knowledge of their*

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own antiquities, I will now wait for a time to see whether they cannot be moved into the doing of as much more for themselves.

How long Mr. Farrer may have to wait no one can tell; but it may be readily foreseen that, unless somewhat cleverer in excavating mind than matter, he is likely to meet, in the course of his dealings with Scotch character, peculiarities more difficult to move than were many of the stones he took out of Turmiston. But I am too far ahead.

I cannot say that I was much pleased with Caithness. Of its physical tameness and sameness, indeed, I had been frequently told, and for that much of it, therefore, I was fully prepared; but, from having been led to think more favourably of its antiquities, the general scarcity of churches, sculptured memorials, and even castles of more than very ordinary appearance, quite took me by surprise. Duns, Circles, Picts'-houses, and such like, also are seldom met with except in a state of extreme dilapidation, though of these it is just possible I may have overlooked some notable specimens, as they were not exactly the description of things I was in quest of.

Directly after arriving at Wick, I left it for Lybster—on the coast, some fifteen miles south—where I slept. A low circular barrow surmounted by a cairn, and a small burying-ground containing traces of a chapel, at Thrumster—a tall standing stone at a place called Gansclet—part of the church of St. Martin, and the sculptured pillar figured in the Spalding Collection, in the burial-ground at Ulbster,[1] and the ruins

[1] The larger of the two crosses carved on this pillar belongs to a type of which only one other specimen has ever come in my way—that, namely, on the boulder near Monymusk, Aberdeenshire. Though greatly decayed, the Ulbster pillar, pictorially considered, is the more excellent of the two, inasmuch as it is sculptured, and that profusely, on both faces; but humanly regarded, that at Monymusk is by far the more lovable, because, as *the wayside cross*, looking out upon you, as it were, from the green hedge, it is the more *living* thing. Green hedges are rather scarce in Caithness, certainly,

of a small oblong chapel, fronted by a rude whinstone pillar bearing a short incised cross on its west face, in the burying-ground at East Clyth—were the only objects of interest we saw by the way.

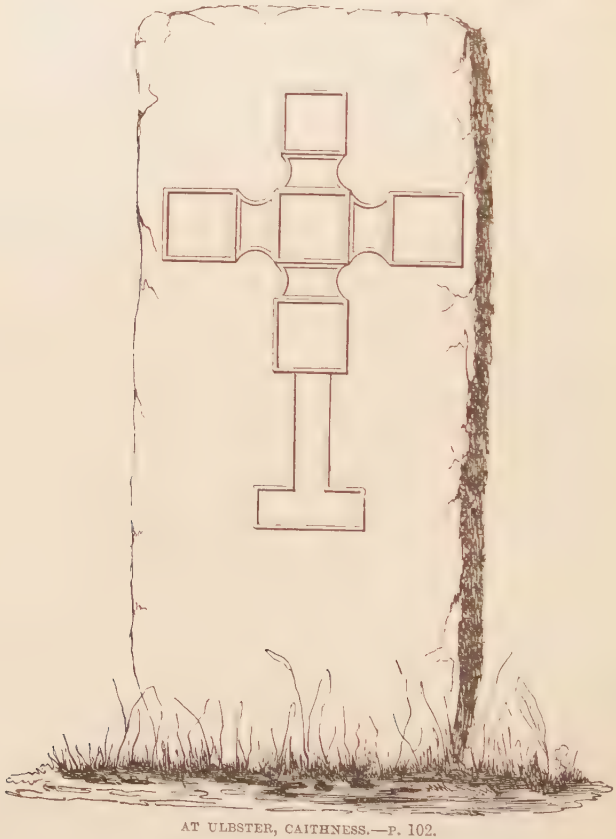
The following morning we went on to Forse, thence to Latheron, and there, leaving the coast, betook ourselves into the heart of the county as far as Halkirk, which was our next resting-place. Like that of the day before, the journey turned out a very profitless affair. The burying-ground of Latheron contains a fragment of the ancient church, with features resembling First-Pointed, but no sepulchral slabs, or memorials of any kind, but what are modern. The church of St. Magnus, at Spittal, about twelve miles north of Latheron, is a long narrow building, evidently of some standing; but the details are too wasted and wanting in character to admit of any guess of any precise age.

Leaving the high road at Spittal, and taking aslant the country in a south-westerly direction, by Achkeepster and Dale, we came next to Dirlot, a rather secluded spot on a romantic bend of the river Thurso, a few miles below its effusion from Loch Mòr. Here we sought out the burying-

but surely a characteristic spot of some kind could be easily found to give to the Ulbster memorial an abode more seemly than that on which it is now lying uprooted and going to waste. "The beautiful stone at Ulbster owes its rescue from destruction to the active research of my friend, A. H. Rhind, Esq., younger of Sibster. This cross had been used as a grave-stone in the ancient burial-ground at Ulbster; but, within the memory of old people in the neighbourhood, it stood erect in a corner of the enclosure. From its position, it was exposed to the frequent treading of feet, and its upper surface had become almost obliterated, until the cautious [!] operations of Mr. Rhind restored it sufficiently to enable us to understand all its arrangements."—*The Sculptured Stones of Scotland.*

The foregoing significant passage in a valuable work concocted and edited by a gentleman well known from his zeal and laborious endeavours for the promotion of archæological research, I have quoted, not, I hope it will be believed, to bring censure upon him or upon any one in particular, but simply to shew what, in general, is held to be *restoration* in Scotland, and how useless it seems ever to expect better at the hands of the mere antiquary, or any other such-like your "living dead man."

ground of the district, in expectation of finding the chapel of St. Columba, which I had heard of as still existing; but not seeing any traces of it, we quickly departed for Olgrinbeg, a sweet grassy place, watered by a tributary of the Thurso, distant about three miles to the north-west. This Olgrinbeg

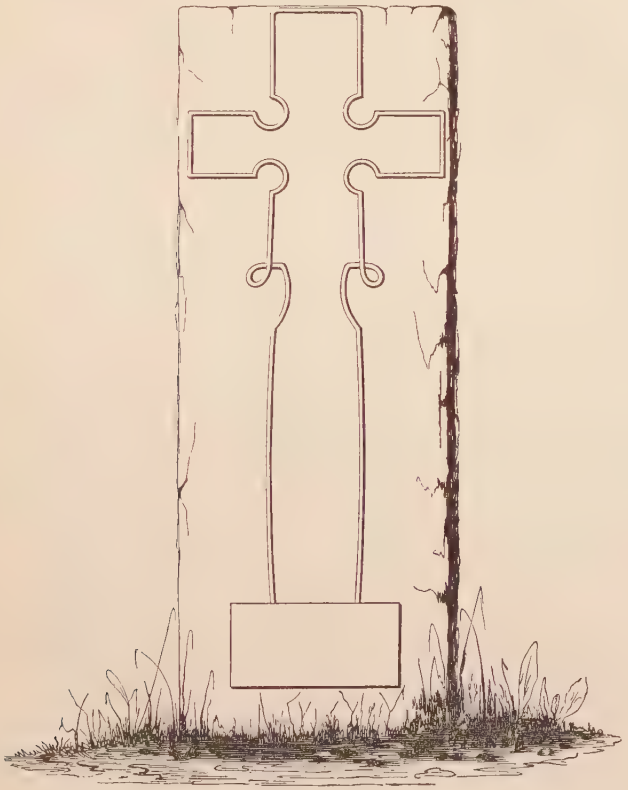


AT ULBSTER, CAITHNESS.—P. 102.

had a chapel, dedicated to St. Peter, slight remains of which are still standing in a burial-ground close by the rivulet. Its plan seems to have been a simple oblong, measuring only some twenty-five feet or so in length.

Next morning, not meeting with any objects to occupy

us in the churchyard of Halkirk, and not much caring to see through the old castle of Braal, which stands hard by it on the opposite side of the river, we went on to Reay—halting during the travel only at Skinnet, and the old burying-ground of St. Drostan, at a place called Westfield,



AT SKINNET, CAITHNESS.

about six miles eastward of Reay. Nothing cast up, except nettles, to keep us at St. Drostan, but Skinnet unexpectedly furnished us with a couple of hours' work in examining the remains of the church—of St. Thomas, I believe—and digging out, cleansing, and—though not quite so successfully, as you see—limning a carved pillar, which I found sunk to

its middle at the west end of the building. Besides our task of clearing away the rubbish which fastened it tightly below, we had nearly the whole length of the pillar to relieve from the grasp of the wall of the church, in the rearing of which the pillar seems to have been used as a stone of construction.

Though assisted by men from the neighbouring farm, the work of sufficiently disclosing the stone took a good deal of time, as, from fear of hurting the sculptures, the instruments had to be used with great caution and delicacy. There was, to be sure, some tugging now and then, but I do not think we injured anything in the slightest: and on leaving I engaged the men to an instant replacement of the stone, as well also to an evermore watchful care of it, *as it was one of the greatest wonders in all Caithness, and an honour to their neighbourhood!*

Were I sent into Caithness to live, and with leave in the choice of my station, I would fix upon Reay. Berriedale, deeply nestled in the midst of wild silvan scenery, would, no doubt, be more poetical; but there is a fine, sweet, open, tidy, home character about Reay, which pleases much, and which, after all, is perhaps more the right sort of aspect for everyday use, than that we get into a ten minutes' rapture with among valleys and mountains.

In other respects, however—those, I mean, which were specially the objects of my visit—I found Reay not a whit more estimable than the worst of the places I saw during the whole round of the shire; for, of antiquities, I couldn't meet with a scrap—not a morsel, worn, or torn, or in any condition. In the burying-ground there was nothing to be seen but nettles; and of the parish kirk, to which, in my extremity, I was driven to look for a ray of consolation, I couldn't make else than a big plastered building standing nakedly and uninclosed by the way, with big shuttered

windows in one of its sides, and something resembling a tower at one of its ends.

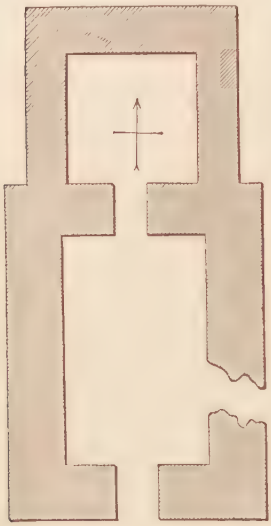
Nevertheless, I didn't fall into a pet with the place. Reay, although it has lost all that old time may have given to it, has, through the operation of man's modern affections, gained—over and above the amenities already set forth—that which antiquity rarely, if ever, gave to any place—a good inn.

You needn't stare! Is a good inn so common a thing, even in this our own perfect day? and do travellers live upon nothing but the picturesque? I know very well that your excursionist is a romantically-disposed *party*, and would go through water and fire to look—if so bidden—at a mountain or lake; but just let me hear how much of his registered opinion of either you think has not been inspired by the quality of the attentions he received from the waiter, the dinner he ate, and the bed he afterwards tumbled into to sleep off the glut!

Departing from Reay, our course was now along the northern skirt of the county. Towards evening we came to Dunnet, and there took up-putting for the night in a small inn, exteriorly not over-promising, but comfortable enough withal.

On the way to it, our first stop was at Lybster (in Reay), where I got an hour's employment with the old church of St. Mary, which stands in a decently-enclosed burial-ground close by the shore. It is a rudely-constructed but very characteristic building, consisting of chancel and nave, the dimensions of which you will learn from the plan on next page. The nave has a flat-headed doorway with inclining jambs, 3 feet 5 inches in height, in the west end, and there seems to have been another door near to the western extremity of the south wall; but, what struck me as singular, there are nowhere traces of windows, although all the elevations except the east one, which is broken down to a little below the

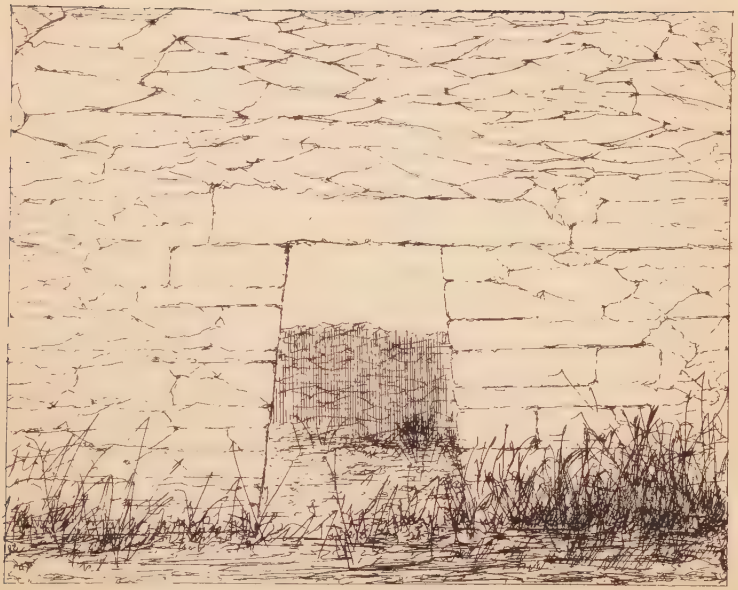
gable line, remain nearly entire. The form and constructional character of the western doorway I have endeavoured to delineate in the accompanying free-handed etching, and most probably you should have been favoured with another similar specimen of my artistical skill, in the depiction of the chancel entrance-way also, had it anywise differed in form from the door; but, except in some trifle of size, the two are so entirely alike that what you have got as the one will do very well as the other (Pl. VIII.)



LYBSTER S. MARY.

With regard to even the *probable* age of the building, I would not like to venture an opinion. The diversified shapes and sizes of the stones, and the primitive form and smallness of the entrances to the nave and chancel, would suggest extreme earliness of date; whilst, on the other hand, the refined character of the ground-plan would indicate a period of time not more remote than the twelfth century. But, be the date of erection what it may, it is certainly a delightfully antiquated-looking little thing, prettily situated, and all the more interesting from its being apparently the only ecclesiastical remain in Caithness at all worth much noticing. On a gentle rise just outside the enclosure, there are fragments of a castle or burg of some kind, and on a slope of the bay, not much further apart, there is a small water-spring, locally esteemed for its salubrity and sweetness, called *St. Mary's Well.*

Brims, pleasantly sited, like Lybster, away down on the shore, was our next place; but, not seeing much to interest us in its old castle and greatly-dilapidated chapel, we



DOORWAY IN WEST END OF CHURCH AT LYLSTER.

presently took to the road again, and went straight on to Thurso.

Thurso is rather a smart little town, and agreeably situated, though neither the town nor its neighbourhood came quite up to what I had been told to expect. In the newer part of the town the streets are spacious and clean, and the houses are comfortable-looking and neat; but there are no public buildings of note, and none, such as they are, aiming very much at distinction, except the parish church, which is a large, conspicuously-placed, modern building, with an assuming tower stuck to it in the ordinary show-front fashion of the day. The burial-ground—situated in the older part of the town, closely surrounded by the dwellings of the less well-to-do classes, and itself in a wofully-abandoned condition—contains the shell of the earlier church. It is a pretty large, high-walled, cruciform building, belonging apparently to about the end of the sixteenth century, with tall three and five-light windows, containing plain intersecting tracery, rising from square mullions, doubly transomed, the window-heads of pointed form, scarcely moulded, and without hoods.

Out of Thurso we came by and by to Olrig, without observing anything noticeable on the road. Here, also, the parish kirk has—to use *statistical account* phraseology—been *removed* to a new site; but the burial-ground retains the walls of the old church, which seems to have been originally of First-Pointed date. Among the modern grave-stones lying around it we saw the socketed plinth of what, in all likelihood, was an ancient churchyard cross; also a cylindrical font twenty inches in length, conically caved in both ends—a form which I do not remember to have met with before.

Leaving Olrig, one short bit of leisurely wayfaring, first down to and through the village of Castletown, and then along a capacious bend of smooth sandy shore, brought us

to Dunnet, and the end of our fourth day's experience of Caithness.

Next morning, not finding anything in the parish church, or in the ground around it, to take up our time, we made an early start for Canisbay, taking, however, Dunnet Head in our way, to have a look at the lighthouse. The tower is of considerable height, and stands grandly on the edge of a tremendous precipice forming the northernmost point of the mainland of Scotland. On the road to it, at a place called Ham, there are some low tumuli containing Picts' houses. One of them, into which I dropped myself through a hole in the roof, I found to be a very roughly constructed chamber of irregular oblong shape, rounded off at the east end corners, fourteen feet in length, and about five feet in height. The width at the floor is, at the greatest, five-and-a-half feet, but the walls lean so much inwardly towards each other that, at the roof, they are not more than thirty inches apart. The ground entrance-way to the chamber is through a long, low, narrow passage at the west end, covered, like the chamber itself, with large slabs, and having an inlet from the slope of the tumulus some two feet or so square.

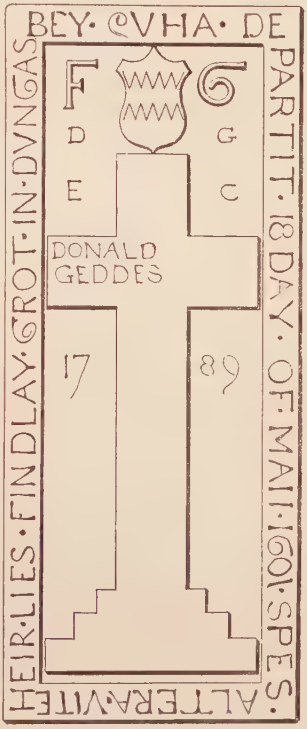
* * * * *

Well, here's another! First Latheron, then Halkirk, then Reay, then Thurso, then Olrig, then Dunnet, and now, *this* Canisbay! If there be, anywhere under the sun, such another set of parishes, they must be between Dan and Beersheba!

So did I grumble as I came out of the churchyard of Canisbay. It was only a spurt; there were yet a parish or two more to look hopefully forward to. Moreover, I had, after all, actually found work for my pencil, as you will see by the following figure, which, though not quite up to what you have at Meigle and Nigg, yet shines forth from *this* Canisbay like a star of the first magnitude, or, to speak

it more poetically, like Portia's "*good deed in a naughty world.*"

Who this Findlay Grot was, or this Donald Geddes, who has so *cannily* crept into Findlay's symbol of hope, I could not fall in with any one able to tell me, though very likely both were descendants of the famous *Johnny*, whose house stands, or stood, as every one knows, a short way off, between Huna and Duncansby Head.



CANISBAY.

Our next morning's start was from Keiss, a wayside village on Sinclair Bay, where we had passed the night. The nine or ten miles from it to Bower lay through a very tame country, relieved only here and there by short strips of hawthorn and wildrose-bush hedging—a description of enclosure I wonder the landholders don't generally cultivate, instead of that eye-sore of slates set on edge, which the traveller sees almost everywhere marring the aspect of the country. It seems that hawthorn hedges don't thrive in Caithness. Perhaps they don't, quite so well as do those in the Lothians; yet, what I saw about Watten and Bower were luxuriant and stately, and apparently wanted only trimming to bring them to an equality with any I have seen in the south. But slate is abundant in Caithness, and easily planted, and that is the reason quick-set hedges don't thrive!

The parish church of Bower is quite a modern building,

and stands on a new site. The shell of the older church yet remains in the burying-ground, but has no features worth regarding, and seems to be of no age.

The church of Watten, to which we passed directly from Bower, has been, within the last few years, almost wholly rebuilt. It is rather an elegantly-designed building, with a fine high-pitched roof, lanciform windows, and a wheel-cross over the eastern gable. The surrounding burial-ground, also, is tidy and decently enclosed, and, altogether, both form a very pleasing and creditable contrast to what one meets with elsewhere in Caithness, a county which certainly ranks the very lowest in Scotland in the matter of burial-places and places of worship.

The country immediately around Watten is perhaps the pleasantest of any in the interior of Caithness, but presents no objects of much interest. At a place called Stonehoan, a short way to the west of Watten kirk, there is a heap of large stones which seems to be the remains of a cromlech. It is by no means a remarkable specimen, and would not probably be thought so much of by the people around, but for some small circular basins which are sunk into two of the larger boulders, and which, from some mystery connected with their origin, are always found to contain water, be the weather ever so dry!

The day of our visit happened to be wet, and, sure enough, though, as might have been expected, the basins were full; *but no! what I saw into them wasn't that day's rain-water at all, but water that, somehow or other, dry day or wet, would always be there, and which, empty it out as oft as you pleased, was sure in no time to be back there again, in spite of your teeth!* Such is the kind of belief that still lingers within and around the black hamlet of Stonehoan; and not there only, for stories of equally marvellous conceptions of water were told me as being inherent in some basins which I saw

in the burial-grounds at Skinnet and Westfield, and which were, undeniably, full to the brim, although no rain had fallen for a fortnight before.

I must now hurry my Caithness sketch to a close.

Retracing our way back to Watten kirk, and thence passing onward through the small lively-looking homestead of Achingale, we came once more to Achkeepster, where we stopped out the rest of the day. From Achkeepster we went forward on the morning following to Leosak, and thence across the moor to a wild outlying spot called Dorery, where are some fragments of a chapel surrounded by an old burying-ground. In the evening we went on to Wick, taking Acker-gill in our route, for the purpose of visiting the site of St. Tears' church, on the farm of Shorelands. Not a vestige of the building remains, and the ground on which it stood is now smooth sward. Of Wick I have little to mention; St. Fergus's Well, and part of an apparently not very old church in the burial-ground, being the only objects I at all interested myself with during my short stay in the town.

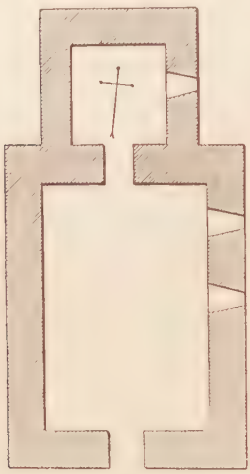
* * * * *

July 18, 1861.

STONEHAVEN.—I am here resting for a few hours in the course of my homeward journey from the north, and have just turned in for the night after my stroll back from Dunottar. The situation of the castle is remarkably grand—much more so than it appears to be as seen from the sea; but the castle itself I did not think much of. With the exception of the landward defences, and a tower of no magnitude, the buildings are of comparatively modern date, and present no features which are in the least interesting. The chapel—a plain oblong building, internally fifty-eight feet in length, with a pointed doorway, and a window over it in the west end—seems to belong to the Second-Pointed period. In the east end there is a large semicircular recess with a niche on the north side, the meaning of which I could not make out.

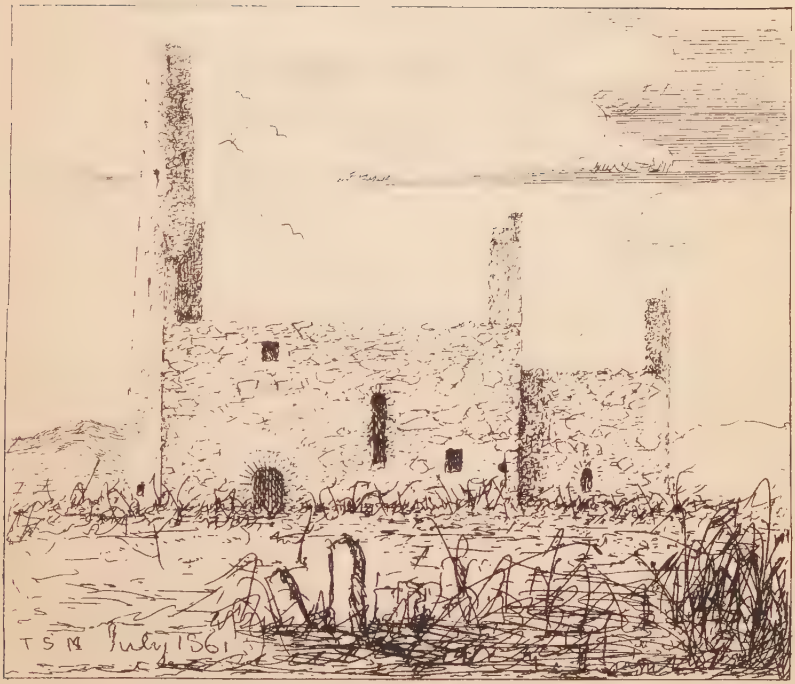
With what I saw of Orkney after my arrival at Kirkwall I was very well pleased, but my time was too limited to allow of more than a mere glimpse of the mainland, and a run to the two small islands of Weir and Egilsha.

Weir, on which we first landed, has a small church of interesting character, and not greatly dilapidated, situated on its north-east side. The plan is nave and architecturally-distinguished chancel, respectively 19 feet 6 inches and 7 feet 10 inches within the walls. Except the gables, which are entirely wanting, all the elevations are perfect, but the details are few and of the rudest description. On the south side, the chancel is pierced with a small square-edged window topped semicircularly, and there are two windows—the tops of them broken and altered—in the same side of the nave. The doorway is in the west end—narrow and low, square-edged, and arched semicircularly with long slates averaging about an inch in thickness. In every respect the entrance to the chancel (see Pl. VII.) resembles the doorway, only it is smaller in size. Excepting that at Lybster, in Caithness, already described, it is the most diminutive entrance to a chancel, not of primitive date, I have ever seen, the total height being only four feet. In plan, size, and general expression, Weir and Lybster are remarkably alike, and in all probability both buildings are the work of the same period, though Lybster is perhaps fully the older of the two.



WEIR.

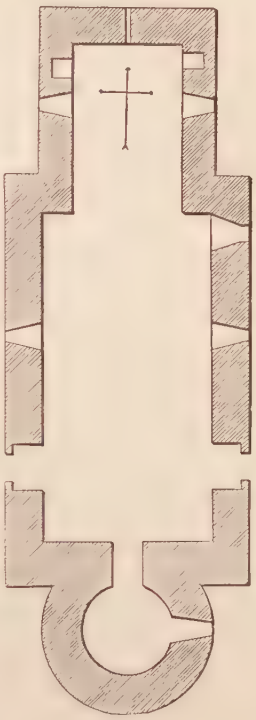
A some two or three miles' voyage from Weir brings you to a rough creek in the north-west side of Egilsha, up a short way from which stands, surrounded by a burial-



St MAGNUS, EGILSHA, ORKNEY, SOUTH ELEVATION.

ground, the venerable and much venerated church of St. Magnus.

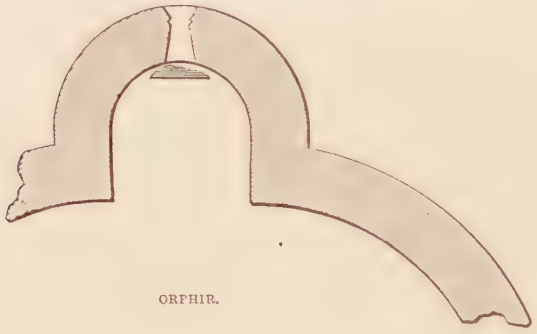
The plan, as will be seen by the woodcut, is chancel, internally 15 feet by 9 feet 6 inches; nave, 30 feet by 15 feet 8 inches; and a round western tower of tapering form, 7 feet 8 inches in diameter at the base, and apparently about 45 or 50 feet in height. The chancel is a very rude, low, semi-circularly-vaulted cell, opening to its full width at once from the nave, with a diminutive round-headed window, flanked by a niche, in each of the side walls, and a very small perforation in the middle of the east end, which must have been intended for an air-hole rather than a window. The details of the nave consist of two rude round-headed doorways, two rather long round or slightly lanciform-headed windows, and two smaller ones of square shape, the positions of which will be seen from the plan and the elevation.[1] In both compartments of the church the external roof is wanting, and so is also the lower or inner one of the nave, which must have been a ceiling of timber. The gable-spaces between the roofs, which were entered by a doorway through the tower, were probably domestic apartments, an arrangement which seems to have been common in early times, and of which there is a very similar instance in the curious church of St. Carmaig, on Eilean Mòr, Sound of Jura (pp. 19 and 198).



EGILSHA S. MAGNUS.

[1] The elevation (Pl. IX.) is, I should mention, a mere eye-sketch, consequently the proportions are not to be depended upon.

The only ecclesiastical building besides the Cathedral,[1] which I had the opportunity of visiting on the mainland, was Orphir, situated on Scapa Flow, opposite to the north-east side of Hoy Island. All that remains of it is the east end, consisting of what has been either the chancel or apse of an apparently early Norman church, and a fragment of the compartment which lay contiguously to the west of it. It will be seen from the ground-plan that the former is semi-circular, and that the latter is, so far as it goes, nearly also the same; but whether it so terminated, or formed a com-



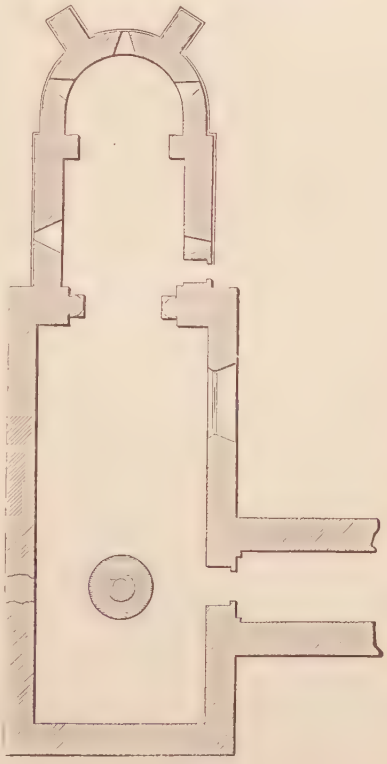
ORPHIR.

plete round, is a question not likely to be answered until the foundations shall have been subjected to examination. As Mr. Farrer is now, I believe, interesting himself with this class of antiquities, I should hope there is some chance of this being done; for in the fragmentary superstructure we have indications of a form which, be it what it may, must be quite dissimilar to any hitherto met with among the ancient churches of Scotland. One tithe, if not much less, of the labour which Mr. Farrer has bestowed upon Maeshow would

[1] When I first saw the cathedral it was open from end to end; since then, the choir and presbytery have been shut off from the nave, pewed and galleried for parish use. How the interior of the church looks now, it may be easily imagined.

suffice to trench the ground around Orphir: let us ask him to do it!

The chancel is an extremely rude concha-vaulted building, 7 feet 7 inches in height, 7 feet 4 inches in depth, and 7 feet 2 inches wide at the entrance. The only window is one in the east end, 3 feet 6 inches in height, semicircularly headed, and splayed externally, as well as within. Outside, the roof is dome-shaped, and being thickly clothed with turf, grasses, and wild flowers, adds greatly to the generally picturesque aspect of the building (p. 66).



OLD BEWICK.

Of all the apsidal terminations to Romanesque churches in the mainland of Scotland, Bunkle, in Berwickshire, is the only one that comes in any way near to Orphir in rudeness of construction.[1] Judging from appearances, Orphir

[1] Besides Bunkle, the south-eastern district of Scotland has five Norman churches with semicircular east ends, but wholly presenting, in the refined character of their detail, indications of well-advanced date. The same lateness is also observable in specimens situated in the extreme north of England, as, for example, Old Bewick Church, near Wooler, the chapel in Bamborough Castle, and the transeptal chapels flanking the entrance to the choir of the priory church of Lindisfarn, in Holy Island. Old Bewick, which may be a trifle older than the others, is, though greatly dilapidated, a very interesting remain, and yet retains in position its fine massive font raised on a high

should be the older building, but the difference between them, if there be any, cannot be great.

From Orphir I proceeded to Stromness, intending to devote the evening to a stroll out to the old burial-ground, in which, I believe, part of the earlier church is still extant. This anticipated easy and pleasant wind-up of my Orkney investigations, however, was fated never to be realised; for finding, after reaching the town, that my jottings of travel had been either lost or taken back in the gig to Kirkwall, I was obliged to return thither with speed, to see to their recovery. I found them all right. Had the antiquaries got hold of them, how they would have been bothered with my *Runic* way of setting down things!

On getting back to Stromness, I found I was just barely in time for the steamer, which leaves (I may tell you for your guidance) every morning, *to a moment*, at five. Almost directly after arriving at Thurso, I went forward, without intermission, to this place. Between Latheron and Brora the country was new to me, but I saw nothing during my way through it that particularly struck me. Whilst halting for our half-hour at Golspie, I was told of some old sites in the Gleanmòr district of Latheron which I had skipped, and of others at Helmsdale which I might have seen from the top of the coach had I been at all on the look-out; but I was so out of temper with the tedium of the journey, that long before my reaching that place, I had almost altogether given up looking at anything but the tails of the horses!

ponderous plinth formed of one stone. The vaulting of the apse, like that in the apses at Bunkle, Edinburgh Castle, Lindisfarn, and Orphir, is quite plain.

It is somewhat curious that, although remains of Romanesque churches exist in almost every quarter of Scotland, none with a semicircular apse, or, indeed, with an apse extending eastward of the chancel of any kind, should be met with anywhere but in Fife, Berwick, and Lothian.

SHETLAND.

BODDAM.—Yet once more I have been spending my holiday in quaint places, and once more I am to tell you its curt story. Only, you must not, I fear, expect anything about the Lizard and the Land's End, for—to the dispraise of my constancy and singleness of eye be it spoken—although it was Cornwall, all over, not much further back than a fortnight ago, here, somehow or other, I am sitting in Shetland. July 18, 1862.

How it happened that, with my head full of *Rounds*, and *Pounds*, and *Logan-Stones*, and *Rock-Basins*, I went off to a quarter so utterly void of such things, I cannot well explain. Perhaps I had been coquetting loosely with both directions, and so, peradventure, had no particular preference for either: but, anyhow, being at the last put to the push, I gave the matter—south or north?—a toss-up in my mind, and north took it!

So far as I am myself concerned, I see no cause to lament the decision that was come to in this, after all, not momentous affair; yet, as I look over my gatherings of travel, and contemplate their paucity, I feel uncertain whether it would not have been more to *your* advantage had the other side of the penny turned uppermost. Shetland is a poor country—much poorer, and even more naked, than Orkney. Away from the patches of cultivation that here and there border the voes, and the occasionally grand and grandly-animated aspect of the ocean shore, the eye has seldom aught to rest upon but formless and colourless sterility. The ruffling blast of Eolus, too, and the soaking descents of Pluvius Jove, are infelicities of its climate, with which the traveller has frequently to contend, and to which, to the discomfiture of his scheme, he may sometimes be compelled to succumb. Not that I was, even in one instance, stayed by the weather.

Notwithstanding the ungenial summer we have had everywhere this year, I was fortunate as usual: but, considering the material I have had to deal with, and particularly the somewhat straitened nature of my employments whilst abroad —for, as you are aware, I am neither geologically, piscatorially, nor photographically inclined—I leave you to guess how much there is likely to be in the following pages calculated to yield you either instruction or amusement. "Well," you will say, "but the habitations of our rustic sires, and their rude oratories, of which you are evermore in quest —of these at all events, I may expect to hear something I suppose?" Alas! as well may you expect to hear something of the *nemorum murmur* at Harfra, or anywhere else in this disconsolate country; for these, although plenteous in former times, as I read, are seldom enough to be met with now-a-days. Needy tenants, wanting stones for their steadings, and irreverent lairds, more concerned for the sanctity of their purses than the preservation of the ancient landmarks which their fathers set up, have alike contributed to their decay. It would appear that a vast deal of this pitiable waste has been done in quite recent times, for at many of the old sites I was told that the chapel, or what else it was I sought, had been taken down by Mr. So-and-so, the new farmer, to *build the house and the dykes I saw yonder*. What, then, after such a catalogue of negatives, is there remaining for you to listen to? What? in recompense for the *Notus* that is even yet in my ear.

This Boddam that I date from is a few houses at the head of a voe—Boddam Pool, I think they call it—in the east side of mainland Shetland, and not much distant from its southern extremity. I came to it a day ago to take a look of the place and a short rest from the fatigue of my jolt in the islands. Out of Lerwick there are no inns, strictly so called, but, as was the case in other parts I came to, I am well accommodated

in the house of the district *merchant*—in this instance a fine motherly woman, who is keeping me everyway tidy and comfortable. To-day I have been visiting spots in the neighbourhood—Quendal Bay, Jarlshof, and the lighthouse on Sumburgh-Head; and as it rained and blew nearly all the time I was out, you must picture me now rectifying myself with the goodly peat-fire, and the bland[1] and the *parritch*, which my thoughtful landlady had provided against my return. There are eggs, too, and tea I might have had, but *that* I refused as inimical to slumber.

Sumburgh-Head is a fine specimen of bold cliff scenery, and is well worth seeing; but it is only through their associations that Jarlshof and Quendal are at all interesting. Jarlshof is a plain, ruinated, semi-castellated building of some size, in which once dwelt a gloomy and taciturn old gentleman, with whose doings, and those of a certain Triptolemus, his neighbour, you and most readers of romance are, I should suppose, well acquainted.

At Quendal you have only a bleak sandy bay, flanked by a long lofty ridge terminating in the gigantic precipices of Fitful-Head, and a lonely farmhouse, in which I was fain to recognise the *hof* that sheltered the unfortunate Medina after his disaster at the Fair Isle. On a sandy knoll at the head of the bay there is a nearly-buried burial-ground, yet retaining erect one or two stones of memorial, profusely covered with the coarse symbolisms and stale flatteries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but of the church, a part of which was standing when Hibbert wrote (1822), not a vestige is remaining.

Shetland roads—I should have rated them along with the wind and the rain—are execrable, so much so that, whereas in even the wildest recesses of the Highlands of

[1] Bland is a thin sourish whey, much used as a dinner and supper drink. I have heard it facetiously called Shetland cider!

Scotland, you are never done "blessing General Wade," here it is nothing all day long but—*that accursed contractor!*

Yet, after all, what else should be expected of a country in which roads of any kind are, so to speak, an institution only of yesterday. Just imagine, with our same things almost gone out of fashion, some nearly two score thousand kinsmen and neighbours contentedly living up to the middle of the nineteenth century without means of through-land communication with each other, and *then* getting it only by the merest of accidents.[1] Several with whom I talked on the subject complained a good deal, but not so much of the original quality of the roads themselves, as of the apathy and negligence of those to whom was intrusted the keeping of them in repair. A statute-labour Act would, of course, be the only method of remedying the evil, and to the procuring it most of those engaged in mercantile pursuits seem inclined, though it is likely that, amongst a people for the most part very poor, and inveterately given to the habit of looking to the sea as their proper pathway on all transit occasions, it is just doubtful whether such a remedy would not be regarded, generally, as more objectionable than the disease. And it is probably in some such-like condition of popular feeling that already sufficiently-burdened ratepayers find a plea for their indifference; for although the roads, bad as they are, ought to be useful in some manner or other, they do not appear to be turned to much account. Out early and late, as constantly I was, except now and then a drove of women and ponies laden with their *casies* of peats, I scarcely ever met a soul travelling upon them. Even the cottages—which with us seem instinctively to cling to the track of the wayfarer—

[1] See *Report to the Board for Relief of Destitution in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, for an interesting account of the Shetland roads, and the circumstances which led to their construction, published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons in 1852.

OLD ROADSIDE COUNTRY MILL, CUNNINGSBURGH.

stand all aloof, away up on the moss, or down, as hidden as may be, in some nook of the voe.

But to be done with the land-service, and come to the sea. I wish you could but behold it for a moment or so in this *Thule*, when Eolus is emptying his bags!—*how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore!* Yesterday, however, it was so invitingly tranquil, that, on reaching Sand-lodge in my way hither, I employed a fishing-boat to carry me over to Mousa, a small island lying only a mile or two out. You know the love I have of small insulated places—of those little quiet gem-like worlds "set in the silver sea,"—and therefore *I'd have this island. I'd build a house, make a good landing-place, have a garden, and vines, and all sort of trees.* All sort of trees!—Well, I am *here* out a little I must own. In Inchkeith they might thrive, as the grand Doctor seems to have thought, but in Shetland to "have" them would not be quite so easy. Yet how do you know that, in *this* instance, I went over to plant houses and trees, *and honeysuckles, and daffodils, and rosemary flowers, and flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures*, or only—which, in truth, would be nearer the mark—to look at a Picts' castle? Yet not that I cared very much about that either—having seen plenty of them aforetimes in the course of my travels—but being so near to the place, I thought the antiquaries would worry me if I went home without having along with me somewhat about it.

Have you ever seen a Pict's castle? I should suppose not. As that interesting people never penetrated very far south, there are not likely to be traces of them on your Severn and Thames. This, however, at a venture; for although I have been lately reading up a deal to get to their history, who these Picts were, and what they were, and to what precise part of the world they originally belonged, I have utterly failed to find out; although, undoubtedly, they were a people prepared to live easily *anywhere*, if one may so judge

from the sort of things they built, and are said to have housed themselves in, in Shetland. A very common opinion, however, is that these castles, or burghs, or duns, as they are variously denominated, were erected, not for residence, but only for occasional resort in times of danger and assault; and, indeed, to look at them, one can scarcely imagine that they could have been serviceable to any greater extent. Still, there is the question—Where, if not in these burghs, did these Picts dwell during periods of safety and peace? Notwithstanding the decay of every species of buildings of ancient date, it is curious that, of those that remain we have naught better to give to this people than a roofless cylinder, or a crampt, damp, and dark underground cell, more fitted for reptiles and rats than for human creatures. What necessity is there for supposing that they lived either in the one or the other? Might they not have squatted in wigwams, or the like, when happily the gate of their war-temple was shut? Or, did they live in houses of any kind, in those days, when probably our climate was warmer? But I am abroad in search only of facts and fresh air, so I shall, after briefly describing the burgh, leave what more can be made of it to you, who, like other deep-thoughted friends, love to sit over a theme with your eyes in the coals.

In the north and north-western districts of Scotland,—in Lewis, for instance, where remains of them are numerous,—you find the Picts' castle in most cases occupying a small, either naturally or artificially formed islet in the middle of a shallow lake, and approachable by means of a row of stepping-stones from the shore. In Mousa, as in some other places, it stands not thus insulated, but on a slightly elevated spot close to the sea, where, in the winter time, it must be well flapdragon'd in the wave, I should think. But wheresoever the situation, the form and general arrangements of the building are invariably the same—a tapering Round, rudely constructed of dry masonry, inclosing a court, roofless; but

MOUSA FROM BURGHLAND.

whether so originally or not no one can tell. Did the internal wall-plane follow the inclination without, as we see it sometimes doing in small erections of primitive date, there might be reason for supposing that, like them, these infinitely more ponderous structures had been covered by large slabs laid horizontally across; but as the inner wall is in all cases quite perpendicular, the roof, if ever there was one, must have been formed of timber, padded over with straw or turf.

Perhaps the best view of Burgh-Mousa anywhere obtainable is that which you have from the narrow channel that divides the island whereon it stands from the Cunningsburgh shore. From this point of sight it is rather a striking and interesting object, though, neither by itself nor in combination with its accessories, is it, in my opinion, so characteristic as some other burghs I have seen—Clickamin, out a little way from Lerwick, for example, and Bharabhat in the bigger Bernera Island, Lewis. Dun-Carloway, too, another Lewis specimen, though broken down completly on one side, is, as seen from the Barvas and Callernish road, a greatly more picturesque object than is Mousa, in spite of its less advantageous situation. If I have remembered correctly, what is standing of Carloway is higher than Mousa, and differs somewhat from it in the form of its vertical contour—the upper part of the latter being slightly concave, whilst Carloway is throughout like a flower-pot turned upside down, a half tun or hogshead, or—what you may have more frequently fallen in with and noted—one of those quaint old-fashioned pigeon-houses which still pretty numerously exist in our Lothians. The height of Carloway I was unable to determine, as, from the blocked state of the passages, I could not get to the top. That of Mousa, from the point I could best measure it, is 39 feet; at its highest it should be a foot or two more. The external circumference, at a foot or so from the ground, is 158 feet; the thickness of the walls, taken through the

entrance, is 16 feet, and 6 ft. 5 in. at the summit, where also the total diameter of the tower is a trifle short of 40 feet. The only aperture in the outside of the building is the entrance-way to the interior—a very rude square-headed hole with sloping jambs, 6 ft. 5 in. in height, fronting the west. To the internal detail—mainly consisting of an oblong pit or basin in the middle of the floor, some small and low-roofed recesses in the walls, and the entrance to the intermural passage spirally ascending to the summit—I paid little attention.

Such is Burgh-Mousa: at anyrate such is all that I could make of it, even after the repair it lately received from the antiquaries. What a thing, you will say, to make a business about, with so much lying unrepaired nearer home! Still, it is *something—a beginning;* let us hope that better will follow anon!

I should mention that some apparently not insignificant remains of another building, similar to that I have been describing, stand, surrounded by, I was told, several small circular underground chambers, on the shore of a place called the Hoga of Burraland, directly opposite Mousa. As it would not have taken us much out of our way, the lad in the boat proposed that we should row over to see it; but this I declined, as my time was already more than used up. And on the whole it was as well that I did so, for on reaching the height where I had left my man, I found him anxiously looking out for me in a sort of belief that I was lost—drowned, or something of the kind. *What had kept me?—had anything happened? Nothing, Claud, that I can imagine, except a good rest to the horse and, it may be, a drop out of the bottle!* Claud held the flask up in front of his nose, and—not a doubt of it—it was wonderfully down. But then *there were these two friends of his, who had come to share in his misgiving; and, moreover, the one had given him a hand to screw up the*

gig, and the other had also done something.—All which, Claud, is right to a hair, so just whip off the rest at once, and be done with it, for time it is we were back to our jolting.

The screw-up which Claud's friend gave to the vehicle on the hill above Sandlodge was not, after all, so very expensively purchased; for, indeed, the some seven or eight miles between that place and Bigton, on the opposite coast, were about as hilly and productive of shaking as any of equal extent I had ever encountered. Bigton, however, once you are to it, is a pretty and picturesque spot, with a farmhouse larger, better kept, and altogether more comfortable-looking than most I had seen in Shetland. The cultivation around, too, is extensive, and from its appearance seems to be ably conducted, so that, when the proprietor resumes possession into his own hands, which I was informed he intended shortly to do, he will have as desirable a residence as any I could well fancy in this sorrowful country.

However, it was not the house and its amenities that I went thither to see, but only a small spot of ground in an all but altogether insulated *out-field* appendage, called Saint Ninian's Island. Yet, neither was it that in this I expected to see much, for of its objective barrenness I had already been warned by my reading of Hibbert. "Very far south," says he, "lies the peninsulated eminence of St. Ronan's, joined to the mainland by a low sandbank, which, in high tides or gales, is occasionally overflown. The foundations appear of an old chapel dedicated to St. Ninian, commonly named Ronan, from the Irish appellation given to the saint Ringan. * * * Little now remains of St. Ronan's chapel, although it is still used as a burying-place. The lower story of the kirk may be distinctly traced, which, having been once vaulted, is supposed to have served for a burying-place." Even these slight traces of the chapel are now wholly removed, and as the site itself is being gradually disused as a

place of sepulture, it seems likely that, in the course of a very few years more, every vestige of the sacred character of the spot will have become obliterated.

Who was that Ninian, whose apparently now only memorial in this northern region is the houseless island I went over those seven rough miles to see, in my way to Boddam? Need I tell you?—the earliest apostle of those very Picts of whom I have been just speaking—the great Cumbrian evangelist, who, although now fourteen centuries out of the body, yet liveth throughout Scotland in some here and there old place of burial, or village, or farm, or chapel, or well. In every district between his *Candida Casa* and Duncansby Head, you find that Ninian, under one or other of the forms of his name, holding on to something, and giving to it an indelible interest. On the western side of our country, however, it is much less frequently met with than the three more venerated names of Kiaran, Columba, and Brigid.[1] In Orkney, where I have travelled but little, I have not found it at all, and in Shetland, over which I have gone more, I have been unable to discover it elsewhere than at Bigton. Nevertheless, it is but reasonable to suppose that in these groups of islands, Saint Ninian was extensively commemorated through the dedications of the numerous chapels which seem to have been erected in early times in both. "St. Ninian," says the venerable minister of Tingwall, "is said to have introduced Christianity into Shetland. * * * After King Harold was slain at Stamford Bridge, in 1066, his son visited Shetland, etc., and with the consent of Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen established bishops in these islands." In the various consecrations of places of worship, that would therefore

[1] "The contrast," says Dr. Reeves, "between the parochial nomenclature on the east and west sides of Scotland is very striking. On the east, the names are for the most part secular, and derived from the Pictish age; on the west, they are generally ecclesiastical in their origin, combining with the prefix *kil* the name of some commemorated Irish saint."

follow, he, who in old time had been zealously *preparing the way*, was not likely to have been forgotten. I confess I should like to establish my point, but not being much qualified to dip into matters of this kind, I leave it to be made out, if so it can be, by our learned Professor of History, and the no less acute Vicar of Lusk, in the course of their inquiries into a locality which seems to have but little attracted the notice of the ecclesiastical antiquary.

* * * * *

I believe I was done with St. Ringan, but possibly would have added a word or two more, anent his well and the flora around, and the bright shingly strand that leads you into the island, and the pebbles I gathered whilst musing thereon, had not my landlady's son come in *to suppose I might be wanting to see the caves in the voe, as the evening was fine.* So, *adieu* for a while! To-morrow I shall be all the better prepared for our trip into the north.

* * * * *

You know my horror of seafaring, and yet how, contrive as I will, I can never steer clear of it.

On board ship is, of course, very much the same sort of thing everywhere; but I don't know where it is less easily borne than between Granton and Lerwick. To say nothing of the peculiar and peculiarly-disagreeable jumble to which the North Sea is subject, even in favourable weather, the look-out all the way is so objectless, and in every respect so utterly the reverse of what you have along the west-coast line, that you could willingly sleep out your eight-and-forty hours, if sleeping were by any means a possibility on board of a steamer. I should, however, mention a somewhat elongated range of very beautiful sea-cliffs we came pretty close to, somewhere about Bervie and Katerline, on the Kincardineshire shore, and which I jotted down for future inspection, and Fair Isle, about midway between Orkney and

Shetland, than which, with the exception of Foula, there is nothing nearly so grand on the north-eastern side of Scotland.

Lerwick is a small compactly-built town, consisting, like Stromness, in Orkney, principally of one long, narrow, and tortuous street, closely lining the shore, and at every few paces intersected by steep lanes leading up to the modern suburbs, and the two or three roads into the country behind. As all the business of the place is carried on in this street, its aspect is very lively, especially when taken, as every now and then it may be, through the shore-lanes, along with that of the shipping, native and foreign, lying outside. As a whole, the shops which line both sides of this *Commercial Street*, are of very respectable appearance, although I did not observe amongst them any so showily got up as many you meet with now-a-days in almost every little town, or even village, in the south. Three or four in the grocery, drapery, and bookselling trade, and perhaps about the same number dealing in delicately-knitted shawls and hosiery of native manufacture, were about as many as seemed to aim at anything like display. Out of a population numbering nearly 3400, somewhere about 130 are employed in the several callings of merchants and general dealers, grocers, tailors and clothiers, hosiers and shawl-manufactures, ship and boat carpenters, etc.; and to judge from the facilities provided for the carrying on their affairs, a deal of wealth must be circulated among them, for there are no less than seventeen bank and insurance agencies in the place, all doing well I was told.

In greater part the street houses are commodious and comfortable looking, and those away up in the suburbs are here and there large, and nicely situated in gardens, surrounded by shelterings of ash, willow, sycamore, etc., which appear to thrive very well, where themselves surrounded by a sheltering of wall; but with the exception of a large and rather handsomely designed school, recently erected, the public

FOULA FROM BETWEEN LERWICK & SCALLOWAY.

buildings are all of the meanest description. The parish church is quite modern, and stands a little way off from the burial-ground, in which I found nothing but nettles. Near to the church are the equally plain places of worship belonging to the Independent, Free, United Presbyterian, and Methodist bodies; as also an old building, in the upper apartment of which is being accommodated a small congregation of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, until their contemplated place of worship is carried into effect.

The day following my arrival in Lerwick being fine, sunny, and calm, I spent it agreeably in a five or six miles' walk across the country to Scalloway, which, though now a small quiet village, was, little more than a century ago, the chief township of Shetland. The place is prettily situated at the head of a shallow haven or wick, with a deal of cultivated ground behind; but I saw nothing anywhere around that particularly took my attention. On the east side of the bay, and occupying a ness jutting towards the island of Trondra, is the ruined castle of Scalloway, built in 1600 by the tyrannic Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney. It is a building of no size, and with but little of castellated character, being merely an irregular square tower with gabled elevations, corner turrets, large grated windows, and others of those semi-domesticated features that came into use at the passing away of the feudal régime.

Before reaching this place I should have mentioned two objects which you see from the way over from Lerwick, each greatly more attractive than Earl Patrick's yet poorly although arbitrarily-builded stronghold. One of these is the high and magnificently-wild island of Foula, lying some twenty-five miles off; the other the burgh or Pictish fort at Clickamin, near Lerwick, to which I have already alluded. I regret extremely that the time at my disposal was not sufficient to enable me to take in either Foula or Fair Isle, as I believe,

even from what I distantly saw of them, they must be infinitely more interesting than all the rest of Shetland put together. *Begin* with these, therefore, I advise, should you ever come to this country, and leave other places to be taken or left according to circumstances. That is what I ought to have done, had I put a little more of forethought into my scheme: but *omittance is no quittance!* What do you say to our going together?

After what I have told you of Mousa, it will not be necessary to say much of Burgh-Clickamin, as, excepting some trifling differences in the detail, it is every way a building of the same kind. Like most Lewis specimens, it stands on a fresh-water island, into which you get easily by a long line of stepping-stones extending from the shore. Outwardly, the burgh seems nearly circular; but from the walls within being formed into stages, each of an unequal thickness, the area is an irregular oval, the east and west, and north and south diameters of which are 26 feet and 20 feet respectively. At the summit, where the outermost stratum of the walls stands clear, the opening or sky-space is a circle, 33 feet 6 inches in diameter; so that here, as in some other instances, you have the *flower-pot* inverted, or upside down, on the outside, but maintaining its proper position within. The total height of the building is now only 16 feet 6 inches. At the ground, the thickness of the walls, as measured through the entrance, is 26 feet 5 inches, and at the summit, 11 feet 3 inches. The interior opening of the entrance, which, as at Mousa, is square-topped, and facing the west, is 4 feet 9 inches, by 2 feet 8 inches; but for more than half-way inwardly from the outside, the passage is, both ways, of still more contracted dimensions. As in all other instances, the passages to the top of the tower are in the heart of the walls, and entered from the interior by (in this instance) two square holes—one on the north side, the other on the south—

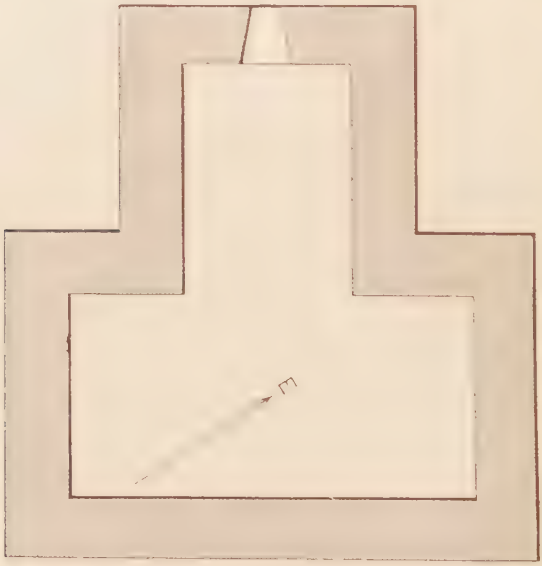
THE BURGH OF CLICKAMIN, NEAR LERWICK, SHETLAND.

at the top of the lowermost story. Besides these holes, there are two of the same form entering on small chambers close to the ground; also a tier of four more, directly over the doorway, the internal construction of which I did not ascertain. Laid up against the wall, on the south side, is a stone heap resembling an altar, and in the middle of the area is a slab which may be the covering of a grave or an underground apartment. I don't remember whether I had observed it elsewhere, but in this instance the burgh has been, at a few paces off, surrounded by a very strong curtain or circumvallation, a considerable part of which is still standing on the south side; and at the end of the stepping-stones is a kind of portal or barbican, under which you pass on entering the island; but whether this last is coeval with the burgh, is a question I had no means of deciding.

Lying opposite to Lerwick, and divided from it by a sound of some two miles in breadth, is the island of Bressa; and over against the east side of Bressa, and separated from it by a channel so narrow that three or four minutes take you across, is the much smaller island of Noss. Of either I had no more than a glimpse, my object being to visit only two or three spots, whereat I hoped to find remains of ecclesiastical buildings, burghs, and the like. I got some pleasant strolling between Gardie, where I first landed, and the majestic Head, or *Noup*, of Noss, rising as plumb as the walls of your house, 577 feet out of the sea; but in the shape of antiquities, I fell in with none that came up to my expectation—and *that* wasn't by any means inordinate.

Starting straight across Bressa in a north-easterly direction from Gardie, and passing the *Standing-Stone of Keldabister*—a rude monolith ten feet in height, on the top of a hillock—I came, first to Gunnista, and secondly to Cullingsburgh, the latter a small village at the head of a wick in the east side of the island. In the burial-ground at the former place are the

foundations of an ancient chapel, upon which a modern mausoleum has been erected. In the burying-ground at Cullingsburgh, the remains of the church are more considerable, the western wall and the two side ones being, nearly throughout, still about four feet over the ground, and the eastern one ten feet. The building has consisted of chancel and nave, both very small, and singularly disproportioned, as you will observe from the accompanying ground-plan. In



CULLINGSBURGH.

consequence of the here and there broken state of the nave walls, I could not fix the position of the doorway; but judging from its place in other churches of same type, both in Shetland and Orkney, most probably it was in the west end.

Passing onward in a southerly direction, we came next to Brough, another small village, where are remains of a burgh, and two or three reduced tumuli. Brough is, I may mention, a name often met with in Shetland—in Dunrossness, Nesting,

Whalsay, Yell, Unst, Fetlar, etc.—and manifestly indicates an originally Pictish station, around which, in course of time, would be gathered a township, bearing subsequently the nominative of the fortress itself, in one or other of its varieties of *Burgh* and *Borg*, or *Brough*, as it is generally written and pronounced in these islands.

Throughout Scotland, the Celtic *Dun* is the appellative, either of the Pictish castle, or of the place where it formerly existed,—as, for example, Dunrobin, Duntulm, Dunvegan, Dunolly, Dunnotar, Dunkeld, etc., in the north; and, besides many others scattered over the southern counties, there are Dunfermline and Dunbar, almost in our own vicinity, and *Auld Reekie* itself is, as I presume you know, *Dunedin*, if you take the Highlandman's word for it. It is curious, however, to see that whilst in the southern counties, the local nomenclature is a nearly equally-proportioned mixture of Saxon, Celtic, and Norse, in Skye and Lewis, for instance, where Gaelic is the mother-tongue, the local names are as commonly Norse as they are in Shetland. Thus, the Lewis *Shader*[1] is but the slightly-altered Gaelic form of the Norse *Soetr*, or *Setter*, signifying a seat, dwelling, or farm.—*Bost*,[2] the equivalent for the Norse *Busta*, or *Bustad*, also a residence, or dwelling, though perhaps in the more extended sense of a dwelling-place, or *holm* or *ham* or *hame*, as we have it in the Border Counties.[3]—Bhag[4] (*pron.* Vaag or Vig), the Gaelic

[1] *Shader—Setter.* Of the former, we find in Lewis,—Shader, Carashader, Grimashader, Linshader, Ungashader; and in Shetland,—of the latter, Setter, Colvasetter, Greemsetter, Hogsetter, Kurksetter, Odsetter, Vatsetter, etc.

[2] *Bost—Busta.* In Lewis,—Habost, Melbost, Suainabost, Garrabost, Tolsta, Ghrimersta, Mealasta, Croulasta, Mangursta. In Skye,—Carbost, Colbost, Orbost, Skeabost. In Shetland,—Busta, Baliasta, Girlsta, Greemista, Gunnista, Hoversta, Ringista, Trista, etc.

[3] As Denholm, Langholm, Norham, Hexham, Durham, Bellingham, Whittingham, Tyninghame.

[4] *Bhag—Wick.* In Lewis,—Cirrabhag, Islebhag, Miabhag, Nasabhag, Sandwick. In Shetland,—Sandwick, Tangwick, Traewick, Haroldswick, Norwick, Hillswick, etc.

correlative of the Norse Vik or Wick, strictly a bay, haven, or not very deep circular recess of the sea, though in Lewis the *Vig* is more usually a long, narrow, and often tortuous inlet, terminating in some inland spot away out of sight of its entrance in the ocean shore.—And, to end my comparisons, *Bhat*[1] (*pron.* Vat), for the Norse Vatn, a lake, is, as a termination, of constant occurrence in Lewis, as might be expected in a country the surface of which is as much water as land.

Noss-Head, or *the Noup*, as it is familiarly called, as well as generally all the eastern seaboard of Noss, is remarkably fine, and well repays the labour of the long and undiversified ascent to it from the opposite side. But from all I could hear, there is nothing throughout the island much to interest the archæologist; the only antiquity in it being, as I was told, the fragment of a chapel, surrounded by a barely visible burying-ground, which you see just above your landing over from Bressa.

Of the history of this building I could get no one to tell me anything more than that it was the thank-offering of a bestormed seaman who, in his extremity, had vowed "an altar unto the Lord," wheresoever he might find a shore. Popular story is not, of course, to be implicitly received, yet it is very probable that many out of the numerous chapels which appear to have existed in Shetland, and of which there are still more or less tangible traces, either of themselves or of their sepulchral inclosures, were votive erections, originating in circumstances similar to what is related in this Noss tradition. "The parish of Yell," says Dr. Hibbert, "boasted twenty chapels, when only two or three are used at the present day. Many of these buildings may be attributed to wealthy udallers, who generally had a private oratory contiguous to

[1] *Bhat—Wat.* In Lewis,—Grunnabhat, Langabhat, Shanndabhat, Marabhat, etc. In Skye,—Vattan. In Shetland,—Brownatwat, Gairmatwat, etc.

NOSS HEAD FROM ABOVE SANDLODGE.

their dwellings; others were erected by foreign seamen, in fulfilment of their vows to some tutelar saint, who had been miraculously preserved on these dreaded shores from shipwreck or from death. They were variously dedicated to Our Lady, to St. Ola, to St. Magnus, to St. Lawrence, to St. John, to St. Paul, or to St. Suneva."[1]

And now you have got all, I believe, that I am able to tell of a long and pleasurably-spent day in Bressa and Noss, where, as all over Shetland at this time of the year, there is no coming darkness to hurry you into thought of the night. On our reaching the shore fronting Lerwick, I searched about the modern burial-ground for the curiously-figured pillar, depicted in the Spalding Club's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, with notification that it "was exhibited at a Meeting of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain, held at Newcastle in 1852, and has again been returned to Bressay, in the churchyard of which it now is." After a deal of interrogatory conversation with the people around, none of whom seemed to know anything of it, I discovered at last that it was still lying boxed, just as it came back from the south, in some inscrutable corner of the manse! The minister kindly offered, however, to get it unpacked, if I would again come across before leaving the country; *that*, I told him, my time would hardly permit, though, whether or not, I thought it might be worth while to set the stone up in some open spot—the churchyard—his garden—*any* place where it could be seen,—a suggestion which I hope will be favourably considered for the benefit of future inquirers.

From Lerwick to Mossbank, nearly opposite to the south end of Yell, there are nine-and-twenty miles, through a country more irksome than any I should think you have travelled. In a fine day, such as was the one we fortunately had, the prospect, all the way, is sufficiently dreary: what it

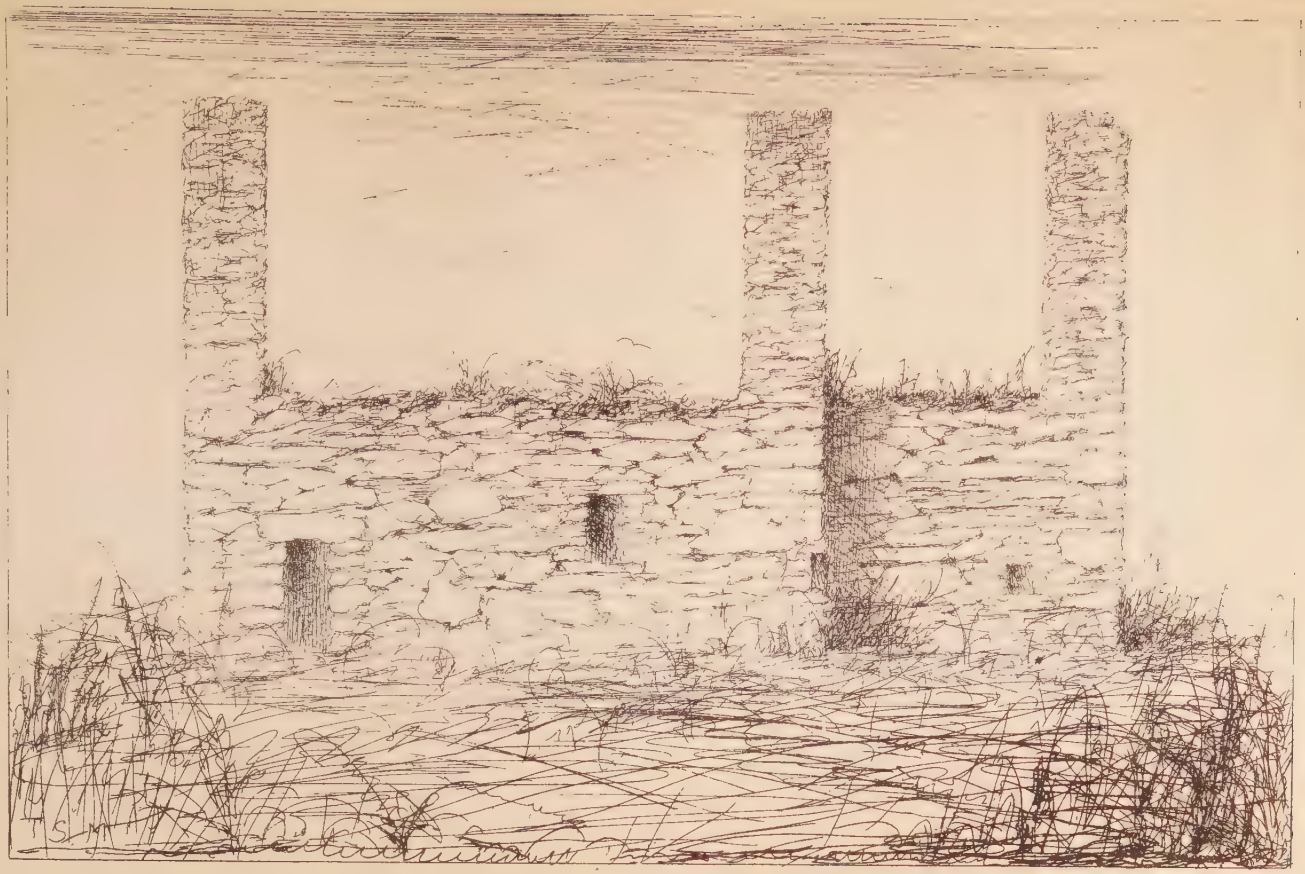
[1] *Description of the Shetland Islands*, p. 530.

must be in one foul, or even but indifferently bad, I can scarcely imagine. Our first break of the journey was at Tingwall,—the *Law-Ting*, or seat of the ancient Supreme Judicature of Shetland,—where I halted merely to take a look through the burial-ground, and observe what might still be existing of the once old steepled kirk mentioned by Hibbert. All that remains of it is a fragment of the east wall, about six feet in height; and very probably, to judge from the Doctor's account, this is as much as was standing at the time of his visit, forty years ago.

Our next spot was at Catfirth, in Nesting, a little way north of the very picturesque harbour of Wadbister Voe. There leaving the pony to rest, we struck across the moss to an old burial-place called Gart, or Garths, near to Benston and Brough; but, not finding anything in it remarkable, returned immediately to Catfirth, and proceeding thence to Mossbank, got readily across the sound to Burravoe, in the south-east corner of Yell, and there rested till morning.

Equally, or nearly so, with what I have here in Boddam, I had good accommodation in a cottage attached to a Methodist chapel, nicely situated at the top of the voe, and backed by a soft grassy strip leading down to a shore more beautifully diversified and grand than any I have seen elsewhere in Shetland. My landlady not being much in the way of entertaining travellers, our supper was a little scant: but the fire we got up on the hearth to eat it by, made all things even, for in *it* there was no penury, Yell being scarcely aught else than one unfathomable peat-moss from its one extremity to its other.[1]

[1] "The soil throughout Yell partakes, more or less, of the quality of moss, mixed either with clay or particles of the decayed rock on which it rests; and in no instance is it found to be sandy, unless where sand has been thrown up by the violence of the sea during winter, and carried over it by the action of the winds. Such is the depth of the peat moss in the interior of Yell, that, if equally distributed over the surface thereof, it would afford a covering of not less than three feet in thickness to the whole island."—*Stat. Account of Shetland.*



KIRK OF NESS YELL, SOUTH ELEVATION.

Early next morning we started a-foot on our eighteen miles' journey to Cullivoe, close to the north end of the island. For about half the way the road keeps pretty near to the eastern shore, so that now and then you have a lively seaward look-out, but afterwards, in rounding the heads of Reafirth and Bastavoe, takes so considerably inland, that you find yourself shut out on all hands from sight of everything but long undulating stretches of haggard morass. Reafirth is the kirk-town of Mid-Yell. The parish church is a plain modern building on a new site, but the burying-ground contains the shell of the older building—a small oblong, apparently of seventeenth century date, with a rather characteristic bell-cot over its western gable.

Proceeding onward in our northerly course from Reafirth, some nine or ten miles more of the road brought us to Cullivoe, and there, hiring a boat, we got over to a place called Lind, or Lund, in the south-west corner of Unst.

The parish of North Yell being now incorporated with Fetlar, there is only a small missionary chapel at Cullivoe, built about thirty years ago. The ancient church, of which there are still considerable remains, is within the burial-ground at Toft, two miles or so, off in the direction of Gloup Voe, in the extreme north end of the island. The *Kirk of Ness*—which is all the name I could get for this apparently very old building—consists of chancel, interiorly 13 ft. by 11 ft. 8 in., and nave, 20 ft. 7 in. by 15 ft. 6 in., divided by a lofty semicircular arch springing, without either imposts or jambs, out of the chancel walls—a description of arrangement I do not remember to have met with in any other church. The chancel has three small flat-headed windows in the two side walls—two on the south and one on the north, and one away up in the east gable, a curious round-headed recess, nearly five feet in height, on the south side, and a small rectangular niche, nearly opposite to it, on the north. All the openings in

the nave are, like those in the chancel, flat-headed, and consist of one window in each of the side walls, and two doorways—one on the south-west, and the other in the west end. Generally, the aspect of the whole building is very antiquated, though to what age it belongs, I could not venture to say more positively than that it may be referred to about the twelfth century—when the early undivided cell or diminutive chapel was being superseded by structures with their ends separated from each other, either by a wall pierced by a low narrow doorway-like aperture, such as we find in some of the Caithness and Orkney churches, or—though at a somewhat later period—by an elevated arch, such as that which we have in the instance before us.

As the Kirk of Ness is one of the very few ancient ecclesiastical buildings remaining in Shetland, and by far the least dilapidated of any I have seen, I hope the foregoing short description of it will be interesting to you. The pictures, besides being, as I hope, pretty correct representations of the south and the east elevations, will give you an idea of the general complexion of Shetland masonry. Of course you will excuse their roughness. Not having a Moses Griffith[1] with me to do this kind of work, I must just do it myself the best way I can.

Although the most northerly, Unst is spoken of generally as the fairest and most fertile island of the Shetland group. "In Agricultural conditions and capabilities," we are informed by Mr. W. R. Duncan, in his useful *Zetland Directory and Guide*, "the island is superior to that of almost all the other isles, the soil being generally strong, and even without the advantage of trenching, draining, and enclosing, rendering fine crops of white and black oats, bear, potatoes, turnips, hay, etc., of great luxuriance and extent in favourable seasons; while the pasture lands produce rich grass, even on

[1] Pennant's draughtsman.

KIRK OF NESS, EAST ELEVATION.

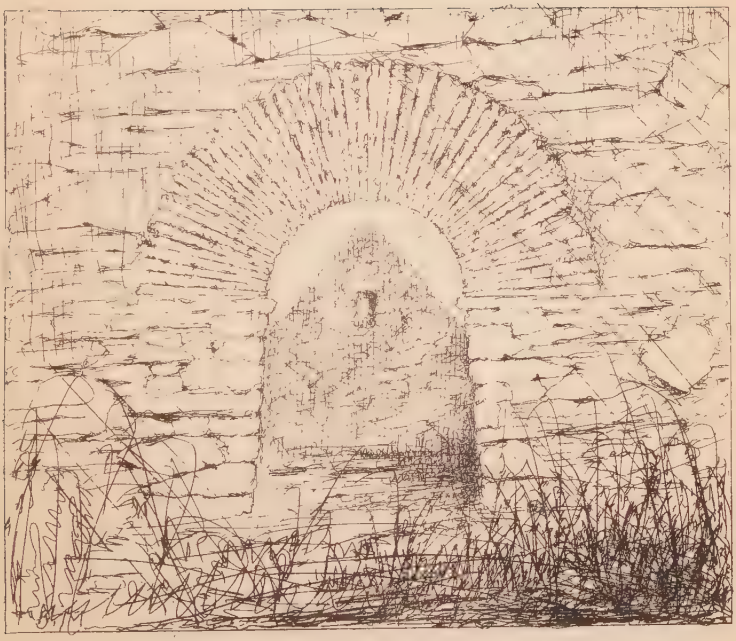
what appears to be unfavourable localities." And, what to me as a mere vagrant was even more gratifying to learn, "a considerable proportion of its surface," says the *Statistical Account* of the parish minister, "is dry and level, when compared with many other parts of Zetland; and although it has not yet the advantage of roads, one can ride from one end of it to the other without meeting any obstruction." My only little more than two days in Uyeasound did not, however, enable me to go over much of the ground. A short way distant from Lind, where I landed, we saw the not much dilapidated shell of an old church—a simple oblong, outwardly 46 feet in length. As is usual with all remotely-situated chapels, the work is coarsely though very characteristically compacted of stones of all shapes and sizes, some of them of most extraordinary bulk; the detail also being extremely rude, and so inartificially fashioned that no opinion can be formed of its date. The east elevation has a small flat-headed window up in the gable; the south wall has two windows and a doorway, also flat-headed; and the west end contains a round-headed doorway, with inclined jambs, four feet in height, surmounted by a gable-window, nearly of the same form. On the north side the building is blank—a by no means unusual condition in chapels, both in the northern and western islands of Scotland, when found in situations wildly exposed.

In old time Unst, though much smaller, seems to have been fully equal to Yell in the number of its ecclesiastical foundations. "No fewer than twenty-four," we are told in the *Statistical Account*, "at some remote period have been standing in this parish." Of these there are now, so far as I could discover, traces of six only, viz. at Lind, Sandwick, Balliasta, Haroldswick, and Norwick; and as old church architecture was especially my object of travel, to these ancient sites was devoted all the time I had to spare on the

island. A round of some twenty miles a-foot, in a country without roads, and during an almost ceaseless downpour of rain, may look dolorous diversion: but what with the dry firm ground under us, the long light, and that peculiar buoyancy of heart which always accompanies a determinate business in hand, we got on very nicely in spite of the fag and the ducking. Fortified by a plentiful breakfast of tea, eggs, and pancakes, we set out from Uyeasound for the places named above, taking them in the order they are set down. Lind having been already visited, our first place was Sandwick, near Munness, on the south-east point of Unst. Here, the church has been a very narrow oblong, internally 47 feet in length; throughout, the walls still more or less extant, but nowhere higher than about seven feet; the doorway, the only existing detail, and of which but little remains, is in the west end. The burial-ground is yet used, I believe, but, as usual, shockingly bewildered with rubbish and nettles. Searching perseveringly through it, however, we discovered one or two ancient grave-slabs, longitudinally high-ribbed at their middle, and a cruciform head-stone, shaped like what you have here, two feet in height.

AT SANDWICK.

Taking northerly from this place, and passing the head of Balta Sound, we came next to Balliasta, the kirk-town of



DOORWAY · LIND, UNST.

Unst, situated nearly in the centre of the island. The parish kirk is a modern structure on a new spot; the older one, the scarcely dilapidated shell of which is in the burial-place, is also evidently of no age, and probably stands on the foundation of a primitive chapel.[1]

Proceeding eastward from Balliasta, a mile or two, and then passing over a smooth and gently inclined eminence called *the Heogs*, we descended upon Haroldswick, "celebrated," Dr. Hibbert tells, "for being the place to which Harold Harfagr sailed after he had touched at Funzie, in the Isle of Fetlar." Of late years the place has been rendered commercially important by the working of the mines of Hydromagnesite, or chromate of iron, in the neighbourhood, some of which we passed near to the brow of the hill, on our way over from Vallafield.

Haroldswick is the site of two ancient, but now almost entirely erased churches—one of them in the burying-ground of the district, a short way westward of the village, the other —the church of the Holy Cross—a mile or so off on the north side of the wick. Of these, the last appears to have been the more esteemed in early times, and even so late as 1841 we find the minister of Unst relating that "Cross-Kirk, or St. Cruz, in the neighbourhood of Haroldswick, is still accounted a holy place, and occasional pilgrimages are made to it by some of the older inhabitants, whose minds are not yet emancipated from the Popish superstitions of their ancestors." On what special grounds, if any more than veneration for the name, St. Cruz had acquired this superior popularity, I cannot tell, as no one of whom I made inquiry seemed to know its history, or anything of that "Popish" regard spoken of by the worthy incumbent as existing among the people of his time. The building has consisted of chancel

[1] Since writing the above, I have seen it stated in the old *Statistical Account of Scotland* that this church was built in 1764.

and nave, respectively 10 feet and 35 feet in length; but scarcely anything of it is remaining, all the work being reduced to within a foot or two of the ground.

AT NORWICK.

Again making a start, a two miles' peragration still farther to the north brought us to Norwick, a small homestead more snugly and sweetly situated than any I had yet come to in the course of my whole journey. The burial-ground is on the south-west of the bay. In it we found traces of a chapel, which had consisted of chancel and nave, 17 feet and 25 feet respectively, and several memorial crosses of very small size, the tallest not being over three feet in height.

The day after that of our return from the north, I spent mostly in the small island of Uyea, lying out a very short distance from the south end of Unst. Here we fell in with a not greatly ruinated church, comprehending chancel and nave, the dimensions of which you will see by looking at the accompanying plan (p. 146). Singularly enough, the chancel (if chancel it is) is *westward* of the nave—a position I never saw it occupying before. The entrance to the nave is by a rudely-arched doorway, 5 feet in height, with slightly-inclined jambs, in the *east* end; that leading from the nave into the chancel being of the same form and dimensions. The eastern gable of the nave, which is mostly broken down, probably

UYEA, NORTH ELEVATION.

contained a window, as there were seemingly no windows in the side walls. The side elevations of the chancel are dilapidated, and so is partly the western gable, consequently the number and situation of the lights formerly in that compartment of the building cannot be determined.

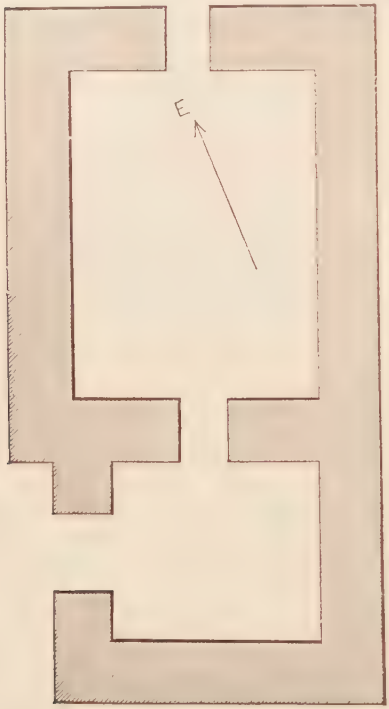
AT NORWICK.

Lying about five or six miles off the southern extremity of Unst is the nicely diversified island of Fetlar, through which we went in our way back to Yell, though to no purpose, so far as our archæological amusements were concerned. Leaving our boat at Urie, where we landed, and proceeding thence to the head of the deeply-recessed bay of Tresta,[1] in the south side of the island, where the parish kirk and the burying-ground are situated, we made inquiry respecting the old ecclesiastical sites named in the *Statistical Account*:[2]

[1] In our way through a lap of the island, we passed a country mill—one of those primitive economic contrivances of the people, which are still pretty numerous in Shetland. In this, as in other instances, it is a small rudely though very picturesquely constructed hut, consisting of two apartments, one over the other. The undermost chamber contains a small horizontally-turned waterwheel, with a spindle, which, passing through the roof, revolves the uppermost stone in the grinding chamber above. Mills of precisely similar construction, but exteriorly much more quaintly designed, are common in Lewis, but nowhere else, I believe, in Scotland. (See Pl. X.)

[2] The writer of "Fetlar and North Yell," in the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, mentions "St. Hilary's kirk above Feal, old kirk at Fetchie Burn, Roman Catholic chapels at Oddsta, Urie, Rossiter, Gruting, Strand, Hubie, Funzie, and North Dale;" but of these there are now, I was told, scarcely any remains.

but finding that they were now utterly devoid of interest, we returned to Urie, somewhat disappointed with the result of our tramp, as you may suppose. From Urie, another five or six miles' voyage brought us to Reafirth, and, proceeding thence on foot to South Yell, we again took up our night's quarters in our old lodging alongside the Wesleyan chapel at Burravoe. On the morning following, we got pleasantly over to Mossbank, in the Mainland, and there regaining our pony and gig, went northerly on to Ollaberry—where there is an old burying-ground, but no remains of the church—and from that to Hillswick, in Northmavine, where I was handsomely lodged and entertained in the house of the principal merchant.



UYEA.

Hillswick is rather prettily situated on a narrow neck of pasture or meadow ground, partly under culture, between the bays of Urie and Sandwick, with a sea-line of particularly grand character. The church of Hillswick was dedicated to St. Magnus; its site, surrounded by a burial-ground, is now occupied by the parish kirk, erected in 1733.

The day after my arrival being Sunday, I was invited by my kind host to a seat in the family pew; and on my going thither, found a much larger congregation than I could have

expected for such an outlying place. The day being, however, extremely fine, the ordinary assembly was somewhat thickened by the presence of a good many who had come over from distant parts of the parish, on foot and in boats. Altogether, I was much gratified with the devout attention of the people, and particularly so with the quiet earnestness and sweetness of their singing. What rather oddly—though by no means disagreeably—struck me, was the blunt business-like way in which the offertory was collected. During the singing of the last psalm, long-handled wooden ladles were put into motion, and after every one had contributed, these were swung down from the gallery into the hands of the elders below, so soon as their own share of the work was over among the audience on the ground floor.

SHETLAND REVISITED.

LERWICK.—Thoughts of a district which I skirted when on my ramble last year, but did not enter, have taken me back to Shetland. The district I mean is that portion of North-Western Mainland embracing the parishes of Walls, Sandness, Sandsting, and Aithsting, and the two singularly-romantic off-lying islands of Foula and Papa-Stour. July 20, 1863.

From my expedition through that quarter, I have just returned to this place, pleased above measure with the cliff-scenery, certainly,—though, I am sorry to say, not more, but on the whole rather less, satisfied than I was last trip with the result of my antiquarian researches. I fear, therefore, that I shall have but little to describe on this occasion; at least I infer so from the aspect of my jottings, in the which, now that I look deliberately over them, I cannot see much that is likely to interest you. Nevertheless, I will endeavour to tell you as extensively as needs be, something or other, tame, or the reverse, as it may happen, were it but to be even

with the *ready writer* sitting beside me—a fair fellow lodger, who, although only this morning off her voyage from the south, is already through with pages of adventure. If so much is to be spun out of deck-walking, I think you ought to have a Penelope's web, at the smallest, out of a peregrination.

Soon after my arrival at Lerwick, everything—gig-and-pony, six bottles of beer, and Johnny the driver—was in readiness for the north; but before starting thither, I went south for a day, to see two or three places that I had passed last year when on my way to Sumburgh and Boddam. These—all situate between the road and the sound of Bressa—are Gulberwick, Brenista, or, locally, Brenister, or, according to Dr. Edmonston, "Brindaseter, the dwelling of Brinda," Cunningsburgh, and the Hoga[1] (head or height, probably) of Burghland, or *Borcland*, as occupiers of the neighbouring hamlet have it.

Gulberwick and Cunningsburgh might again have been skipped, for all that I could see within or around them of what I was specially in quest of; and at Brenista and the Hoga I found only in each a very ruinated burgh or Pictish castle—one of those rude, bald, oddly-fashioned, and incomprehensibly-purposed erections which, notwithstanding the wanton dilapidation they have all been subjected to through the apathy of their owners, still give a human interest to many of the dipping shores and grandly-elevated *heads* of rugged Thule.

Burgh Brenista is now little more than a heap of rubbish, but it should be visited for the sake of its site, and the prospect you have from it. The Hoga burgh—which is, as mentioned in my last, directly opposite to Mousa—is in a less reduced

[1] Besides another *Hoga*, in Delting, I find *Hogan*, Hoganess, and Hogaland, in Northmaven, Bressa, Whiteness, Unst, Burra, Trondra, etc. In our dictionaries, *hogh* is *a high place:* in the Dutch, *high* is *hoog.*

BURGH HOGA.

condition, the whole round nearly being yet some ten or fifteen feet high; though, except traces here and there of intermural passages, in no part of it could I discover a doorway, window, or other detail. Like Brenista, Hoga is finely situated, and, as in the case of Clickamin, near Lerwick, it has been surrounded by a curtain or *vallum*, between which and the tower there are, on the south and south-west, several small irregularly round and oval under-ground chambers, now roofless and filled with rubbish.

* * * * *

The weather was fine, so that Johnny and I made a pleasant job of the journey to Walls. Jack—a nice, willing, wiry creature, with plenty of wind—did the ups and downs featly, and, as he deserved, should have been to his rest sooner, but for the tear-and-wear of the road, which now and then brought his drag to a halt to get something-or-other put right—a trace, spring, or the like, which the jolting had damaged.

Beyond Tingwall, of which I spoke aforetime, our route lay through a country much better-looking than, from my previous experience of Shetland, I was prepared to expect. The prettiness of Whiteness, Binnaness, and Weisdale, particularly, took me quite by surprise. Over and above amenity of prospect, however, there was nothing to excite our attention. The church of Whiteness, now, together, with Weisdale, incorporated with Tingwall, was St. Olaf, or Olave. Of it nothing, I believe, is extant. Neither is there any part remaining of the more famous church of Our Lady, of Weisdale—"the Loretto of Shetland"—that stood in the burial-ground at Sound, on the west side of the voe. Respecting this building, Dr. Hibbert, who saw it in its ultimate state, says: "Adjoining Mr. Ross's house is Our Lady's Kirk, which, for a century after the abolition of Popery, was, even while in ruins, still visited by the vulgar. * * * Even at the

present day (1822), when the building is almost razed to the ground, the anxious fisherman still occasionally drops a pecuniary offering among its loose fragments." And the present incumbent of the united parishes, writing in 1841, with reference to the votive origin of the church, tells us that "there is a tradition regarding the building of it still firmly believed by the superstitious of the islanders. Two wealthy ladies, sisters, having encountered a storm off the coast of Shetland, vowed to Our Lady that if she would bring them safe to land, they would erect a church to her on the first spot they reached. They landed at Weisdale, and immediately commenced building the church. And each morning, when the masons came to work, they found as many stones ready quarried as they required during the day. One of the elders of the church, who lately lived in that neighbourhood, used regularly to gather up the offerings, which he put into the poors' box."

From the man—or rather, gentleman, as I should call him, for he had seen better days—who, while Johnny and his charge were rounding the voe, was ferrying me across, I could learn nothing more definite than the above, although he remembered the church when yet some bits of the walls were standing. The time, also, when these were taking down to do something with, he had in mind; but what seemed to stick most to his memory was the time when he—the doctor's Mr. Ross—was a full-handed man with a family all like to do well; but now childless, friendless, and back in the world!

Alack for pity! I saw it all in the old man's faded dwelling standing by, with its boarded windows, broken walls and roofs, and in the small untended grove—once, no doubt, a thing to boast of—by which it was still precariously surrounded.

From Sound we went forward to Tresta on Bixsetter Voe,

and thence, after a while, straight on to our night's lodging at Springfield, the kirktown of Walls, situate rather pleasantly at the head of Valia Sound. Of course, Springfield is, like many other names of the same class which of late years have been finding their way into Shetland, quite modern; but what the older name was, I could not learn from any of whom I inquired.[1]

At what time the church was erected I do not know, but it is a building of no age. It stands somewhat nakedly in a small decently-enclosed burial-ground, which is probably many generations old, though, in whole, the few memorials that are in it belong to the present day.

Not hearing of anything sufficiently interesting to keep me longer at Springfield, I set out on the morrow in a northerly direction, on my six miles' tramp athwart the moss for Melby, in Sandness, leaving little Johnny to jog the way back to Lerwick the best way he could by himself. The weather still keeping sunny, the ground was delightfully springy and dry, so that Jessy and Andrew, my two bare-footed juveniles, cleared the heights and hollows with their burdens at once easily and expeditely.

Though not marked by any grand, or even by any very picturesque features, Melby is about as pretty a spot as any I have come to in Shetland. For this I was in some measure prepared by the name; Melby being, I had concluded, a compound derived from the Anglo-Saxon root of our *mellow* and the Scandinavian *by*, a farm, or village. As confirmatory of my conjecture, I may—without citing our southern Melvich, Melness, Meldrum, Melton, Melbourne, Melrose, and various

[1] I find in the *Zetland Directory* not a few of these new-fangled names, the silliness of which is strangely in contrast with the simple expressiveness of the fine old Norse ones enlisted along with them. *Clemintinafield*, *Maryfield*, *Viewfield*, *Greenfield*, *Funnyfield*, etc., are, as we can at once perceive, only tasteful selections from the maudlinisms of our suburban nomenclature; but whence such oddities as *Tumbletown*, *Guzzletown*, *Poverty*, *Purgatory*, and so forth?

Melvilles, which, from the now generally cultivated condition of the country around them, have lost much of their distinctive character—instance Melbost, Mealabost, and Mealasta, soft flowery spots in the outer Hebrides, on which the wearied eye of the traveller rests gratefully after its trail through the roughness around.

Pardon this bit of etymological display! I am just giving you what chances to come uppermost. If you will refer to that extremely serviceable guide to the traveller in Shetland, Captain Thomas's chart, you will find this Melby near to the westernmost point of the Mainland, and looking straight across a narrow sound to the Island of Papa-Stour. Having been very comfortably lodged in the mansion-house, I spent three or four days agreeably in the place, dividing my time pretty equally between it and Papa. Constantly, however, as I was moving and looking around, I don't know that I ever fell in with anything you would much care about having largely described. Melby Wick, a few minutes' walk from where I resided, is a fine sweet-lying sandy bay, quite *cut out* to your mind—when the gods are at peace—for dreamy ambulation; and there is great beauty in the long smooth flowery plat which directly ascends from its eastern cusp to the wild and greatly-elevated lookout from what is called Norby Nip or Noop—a spot you will find on the chart a little way short of Snarra and West-Burrafirth Voes. But deeply interesting as the scene presented is, you greatly miss in it the human element; and consequently, bound as we are by kindly sympathies, we feel that for only the feeblest traces of man and his devices belonging to times past, we could willingly give up much of this ever-during Nature so wondrously and abundantly made. Ancient buildings, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, in whatever number they may have formerly existed, are now very rarely to be met with in Shetland, and nowhere in it, perhaps, are they more scant than in the districts

of which I am now speaking. The primitive burgh, or rather, in most instances, its débris, or site, is indeed of frequent occurrence; but the mediæval castle and church, fragmentary or otherwise, are objects you seldom encounter. Sandness Church, situate a short way above Melby Wick, is a poor modern structure—built on, I believe, an old foundation. Not distant from it are the remains of two burghs,—one of them near to Snarra Voe, which I did not see; the other, which I found merely a mound of loose stones, on a lake at Huckster, a mile or two westward of Melby House.

I incline much to believe that if, in the course of my travel, I had peradventure fallen into favour with some wealthy udaller—some Thulian "duke," with Papa to spare—I could have made up my mind to sit down within it for the rest of my life, maugre its privation of foul smells, coarse sounds, and other like conveniences I am supposed to *enjoy* at my "home" in *Limbus Patrum*. Certainly, so far as I have seen, Papa-Stour is the gem of our northern archipelago, and were you to bid me discourse more amply than it is my purpose to do thereanent, I could fill your ear to overflowing with its varied enchantments.

The island is, as you will see, of very moderate size, and therefore, according to my notions, the more to be esteemed before others in which all idea, or *feeling*, of insularity is lost in the incomprehensibleness of their extent. In ordinary weather its round may be leisurely accomplished in a few hours; but so greatly is it torn into widely-sundered parts by *voes* and *gios*, that, taking the sinuosities, a tour of the sea-line would in all probability be the work of little less than a whole summer-day.

In a spot so outlying and rudely fashioned by Ocean one might expect coarseness and sterility; but Papa, with all its wild borderings, is, within, a fine smooth sloping plane, clothed even to the verge of the highest precipices with the richest

verdure. But it is not this softness and sweetness alone that makes Papa attractive, but *this*, along with the rugged grandeur with which it is harmoniously combined. On the south-east side, opposite to Melby, the island is, for the most part low and destitute of remarkable features; but on going round, either by the one hand or the other, you find the shore gradually becoming bold, and still bolder, as it approaches the north-west side, and there then running up into mural precipices which almost make you tremble to look down. To get, in a calm sunny day, the prospect from the high side of Papa, would, of itself, be worth your coming to Shetland. The not very lengthened stretch of shore, especially, comprising Bordie Head (Pl. XX.), West Wick, Acres Gio (Pl. XXI.), and the Horn—a singularly-shaped rock out-shotten from the face of the cliff, and forming the loftiest point of the island—is about the finest of any, of equal extent, that I remember ever to have seen. For me to attempt a minute, and in anywise a truthfully-coloured description of it would be needless; nor do I think that it could be done by any one, with ever so much cudgelling! So, leaving it alone, let me lead you down from Parnassus—from the exalted Horn, Bordie, and the *Little Horn*, another curious protuberance of smaller size, which, after pouring a libation upon it, I so named—to the prosaic region of the island, and thence to my uncertain on-waiting at Melby for a chance over to Foula.

The population of Papa amounts to, I was told, about 360 souls, dwelling in greater part in a small village, or *hame-town*, situated a short way up from the southern shore.[1] Compared

[1] *Stour* is merely the affix *big* or *great* given to the Papa above talked of, to distinguish it from two smaller Papas—one lying at the mouth of Aith Voe, in Aithsting, the other a short distance south-west of Scalloway. As I have ventured to find a root for "Melby," I may here quote for your readier acceptance what a great authority has written incidentally regarding these Papas.

My extract is from a book which should be carefully read by all who feel interested in the political and social history of our northern islands—The

BORDIE HEAD PAPA STOUR.

with what you see generally throughout Shetland, the people are decently lodged, and what with their patches of oats, bear or big (a kind of coarse barley), potatoes, turnips and cabbages, and "the fishing," they seem to be, on the whole, not uncomfortable. Bad seasons—boisterousness, coldness, and wet—however, not unfrequently make sad deductions, which *their* sort of comfort at least is ill fitted to bear; and of these I

Story of Burnt Njal, recently from the Icelandic of the Njals Saga, by George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. "The men who colonised Iceland towards the end of the ninth century of the Christian era were of no savage or servile race. They fled from the overbearing power of the king, from that new and strange doctrine of government put forth by Harold Fairhair, 860-933. * * * If we look at the early history of the island we shall find that it had been visited long before the Norwegian sea-rovers ever sought its shores. Already in the eighth century of the Christian era it was well known to a class of men who have left their traces in almost every one of the outlying islands of the west. These were the Culdee anchorites, who sought those solitudes for the purposes of prayer and religious exercises, a class not likely to spread, since they were no lovers of women, but who left traces behind them in their cells and church furniture which were recognised by the early Icelanders themselves as having been the handiwork of Christian men. But besides these Icelandic traditions we have positive evidence of the fact. Dicuilus, an Irish monk, who, in the year 825, wrote a work, *De Mensurâ Orbis*, relates that, at least thirty years before, he had seen and spoken with several monks who had visited the island of Thile, as they called it. Besides other particulars, the story is accompanied with a calculation of the duration of the seasons, and the length of the days at different times of the year, which shows clearly that Iceland, and Iceland alone, could have been the island visited by these anchorites.

"The common name for all these anchorites among the Northmen was Papar. Under this name we find them in Orkney and Shetland, in the Faroe Islands, and in Iceland, and to this day the name of 'Papey,' in all those localities, denotes the fact that the same pious monks who had followed St. Columba to Iona, and who had filled the cells at Enhallow, and Egilsha, and Papa in the Orkneys, were those who, according to the account of Dicuil, had sought Thile, or Iceland, that they might pray to God in peace.

"The first settlers in Iceland, then, were Irishmen and Christian priests; the next, more than half a century after, were Northmen and priests also, but heathen priests, the first article of whose creed was work rather than prayer."

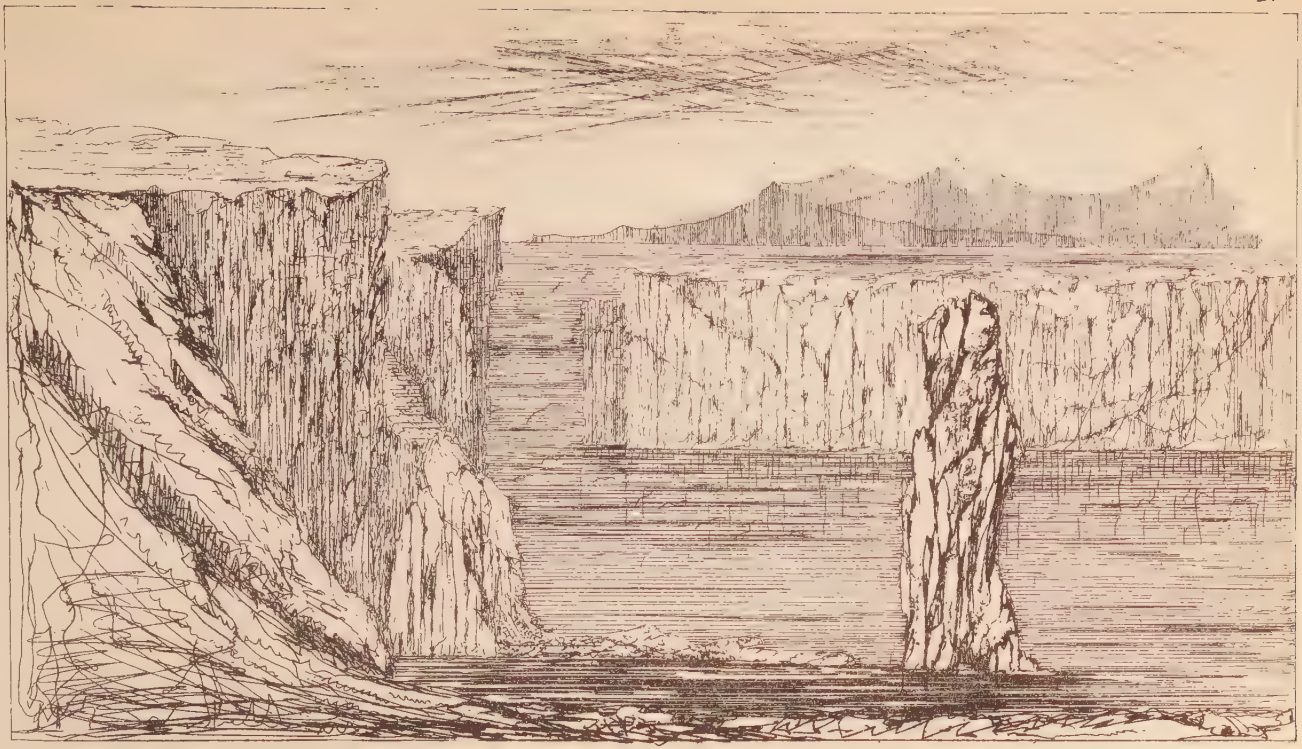
As historically associated with these northern Papas, I should mention some of the smaller Western Islands bearing the same name though in the Celtic form of Pabaidh, or Pabba,—one lying some three miles out from Broadford in Skye, another in the mouth of Loch Roag, on the west side of Lewis, and the third in the sound between Harris and Uist. Singularly enough, all these, like Papa-Stour, are soft grassy islands, and contain ecclesiastical remains of ancient date, called *teampulls* by the present-day Highlanders.

have heard them complain. But what touches them more constantly, and almost as nearly, is the want of fuel, which is not adequately to be had in the island, neither is to be obtained from the Mainland, except at enormous labour and expense. In many of the islands—Yell particularly—and in almost every district of the Mainland, peat is abundant; but of it there is not a particle in Papa. Unavoidably, therefore, the people, unaided by those who, even for their own sake, should perceive the emergency, are driven to the barbarous expedient of flaying the soil,—an operation which, if continued, and at the rate I saw it being carried forward, bids fair in the course of a very few years not only to convert the verdant Papa into a gravelly wild, but also to render it unfit for the occupation of man. Touched, but not so much for the fate of the poor crofters—who, of course, when it comes to the worst, will be able, I hope, to shift for themselves—as by the sight of

——"beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse,"

I could not but feel sorrowfully-indignant with men who, rather than be put to the trouble of providing a simple remedy, will let their property be systematically turned into flame!

To mental wants insufficiently supplied, I did not hear the Papa folks make any allusion. There is a *Society's School*, with a resident master, supported by the Church of Scotland, I believe, at which an elementary education is given; but of spiritual instruction there is rather a lack. The church—a small modern building, surrounded by a burial-yard, properly inclosed—is, architecturally, a prominent object near to the hamlet, but, and particularly during the winter, its door is more frequently shut than open on Sundays, as, what with his other charges, and impassable weather, the clergyman is unable to visit the island for weeks together. This imperfect supply on the part of the *Establishment* has, as may be readily



ACRES GIO, PAPA STOUR FOULA IN THE DISTANCE.

supposed, made an ample opening for other denominations, and accordingly there are Wesleyans, Congregationalists, and Frees, all labouring more or less in the place; but as these are equally beset by the same difficulties, and cannot be maintained in residence by their adherents, their ministrations are fully as irregular and far between.

* * * * *

It was in the evening of a calm sunny day, spent delightfully in Papa, that while nearing the Melby shore, I saw lying at anchor one of those small trading smacks which the bigger sort of the Shetland merchants keep going to and from their business stations—a nice tidy-looking craft, complemented by a couple of hands, and David Christie the master. David having got through his work, I took him in tow, and then finding out, over a glass of whisky, that, like Autolycus, he was "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles,"—though *per* permission, of course, and after a more righteous fashion,—we, without much ado, closed for a run to Foula, and thence across to his headquarters at Skelda Voe, in the south side of Sandsting.

Before the sudden cast-up of the *Vandervelde* in front of my dwelling, there seemed to be very small prospect of my getting to Foula, as, from the wind being steadily, though by no means strongly ahead, I could not prevail upon any of the fishermen to venture the voyage, even with one of their large six-oar boats, manned ever so fully. Though it holds not always that what does for the goose should do for the gander, yet, in the present case, it looked to me that weather which seemed to please David very well ought to have been quite good enough for the other man and his crew,—had, after all, the weather been, in reality, the thing that from first to last was being boggled at. No doubt that, in the heat of their busiest season, any employment that might cause the loss of a good day's fishing would have been a valid objection; but as

that was anticipated at the very outset of our treatings by my offering to make good the utmost that could possibly be suffered in that way, I could only solve their continued hesitation to engage *practically* with the job, by referring it to some of the old superstitions of the country, which, in spite of their now-a-day generally improved modes of thinking, still largely influence the actions of the seafaring population of Shetland.[1]

[1] "The peasantry of Zetland," says Dr. Edmonston, writing in 1809, "are very superstitious in necromancy. * * * On no subject are they more superstitious than in what relates to fishing. * * * When they go to the fishing, they carefully avoid meeting any person, unless it be one who has long enjoyed the reputation of being lucky; nor, when the boat has been floated, is it deemed safe to turn it but with the sun. If a man tread on the tongs in the morning, or be asked where he is going, he need not go to the fishing that day. When at sea, the fishermen employ a nomenclature peculiar to the occasion, and scarcely a single thing then retains its usual name. * * * Certain names must not be mentioned while they are setting their lines, especially the minister and the cat." And, at a still later date (1841), the Rev. John Bryden, in his interesting account of the united parishes of Sandsting and Aithsting, tells that "A considerable number of the people believe in and practise many superstitious rites. The fishermen, when about to proceed to the fishing, think they would have bad luck, if they were to row the boat 'withershins' about, they always consider it necessary to turn her with the sun. Neither do they give the name to most of the things in the boat, and to several on shore, by which they are usually known."

After our readings of these accounts of the present-day Shetlanders, it is curious to find how exactly they tally with what old Martin has related of habits current among his Hebudian countrymen at the end of the seventeenth century. "Several of the common people," he says, speaking (in 1703) of a celebrated fountain in Skye, "oblige themselves by a vow to come to this well and make the ordinary tour about it, called *Dessil* [Deiseil, *i.e.* towards the south or to the right hand; consequently from east to west—in short, the Celtic *strophe*], which is performed thus; they move thrice round the well proceeding sunways, from east to west, and soon after drinking of the water." And again: "The Lewis fishermen hold it absolutely unlawful to call the island of St. Kilda by its proper Irish name Hirt, but only the High country. They must not so much as once name the islands in which they are fowling, by the ordinary name Flannan, but only the Country. There are several other things that must not be called by their common names: *e.g.* Uisk [*uisge*], which in the language of the natives signifies Water, they call Burn: a Rock, which in their language is Creg, must here be called Cruey [*cruaidh*], *i.e.* hard: Shore, in their language exprest by Claddach, must here be called Uah [*uamh*], *i.e.* a Cave: and several other things to this purpose."

These reverential attentions to the great luminary and its motions, as

That we did not reach Ham, the capital of Foula, sooner than six in the morning, was not in any way the fault of the *Vandervelde*, neither of David, our captain, and his two hard-working hands.

By means of a little of ordinary manœuvring with the scarce wind we had on leaving Melby, we made the mouth of the sound, but there getting perfectly becalmed, we lay almost motionless until about midnight, when, what with a slight breeze which then sprung up, and a now-and-then shove by the tide, the rest of the distance was accomplished as quickly as there was necessity for. David was very kind, and having made a spread for me on deck of the softest of what was lying about, I slept longer and sounder, I believe, than I ever did before in a ship.

Early as it was when we entered the diminutive, and not very much sheltered, harbour of Ham, the sight of our sail making straight for the island, had put all the people agog. They had been anxiously looking out for more than a week for the *Vandervelde* with their periodical supplies ; and grievous, therefore, was the disappointment when they discovered that, instead of meal, tea, sugar, and tobacco, of which, and especially the last, they were all but entirely run out, there was only a vagabond voyager, who, in all likelihood, would be as much in want of supplies as themselves! Luckily, however, besides enough for my own wants, I had a small stock of tea, sugar, and tobacco—things I always take with me into outlying places—and these I parcelled among the poorer folks in the course of my walk,—much to their content, as I knew it would be, under any circumstances, as all

being consonant with what, in one form or another, has held among all peoples and in all times, we can in some measure appreciate and understand, but the aversion to call common things by their common names is an intricacy not so solvable. Yet, how alike is it to that affected phraseology which has got into usage among certain of ourselves, to the utter confusion, corruption, and scandal of our pure mother-tongue !

over Shetland tea is a favourite luxury; and of tobacco Foula is proverbially voracious.[1]

But dependent as it is upon the *Vaudwelde* and other external sources for many needful commodities, Foula is in itself by no means more destitute than other portions of Shetland of the ordinary conveniences and petty comforts of life. Besides the raising of barley, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and a few oats, for their own use, the people do a deal of small export business with or through their merchant at Reawick, in Sandsting, in cattle, sheep, wool, fish, eggs, and calf-skins, of which they have always stored up more or less in readiness for every opportunity out of the island.

After their release from the field-work, which here, as in other parts of Shetland, is consigned mainly to the weaker vessels of the community, the women industriously employ themselves in spinning and knitting; and as none of the men are tradesmen by profession, every one is his own weaver, tailor, and shoemaker, during the non-fishing seasons. The cloths they make are of various textures, and, like the Hebudian kelt, which they closely resemble, are generally left in the natural colour of the wool, though sometimes, when intended for holiday attire, these, as well as stockings, are dyed warmly with a decoction of the orange and dark purple-coloured lichens, which are scraped from the rocks in some particular part or parts of the island. "Their working clothes," says the Rev. L. Fraser of Sand, "are chiefly their own manufacture from native wool, which all the women can put into thread, and the men weave into cloth. The looms, too, are made by themselves. The white wools form their bed and underclothing; the coloured are worn either as grown or dyed as the weaver chooses, there being black, brown, and

[1] In his *General Observations on the County of Shetland*, Dr. Laurence Edmonston states that "about 40,000 pounds of tea are consumed annually, the value of which would, perhaps, exceed the whole gross rental of the islands."

red dyes on the island. Bark is first applied to make the colours adhere permanently. The black dye is a mineral clay from the earth, and to be found in few spots only; the red and brown grow on the stones like pimples, gray in colour, and known by a red speck, and brown in the centre. The red is called *curkie*,[1] the brown *stanedera*."[2]

As *outfitters*, the Foula folks are to be highly extolled. I saw, even on children, jackets and trousers as well made as most, and much better than many, you meet with in the streets of our towns. But in the matter of shoes, Saint Crispin

[1] *Lecanora Tartarea:* "A very common alpine species, growing on boulders and rocks in highland districts and on highland mountains. * * * The plant is very abundant in alpine districts throughout Britain, and might surely be collected for the London market at a cheaper rate than the same article from Sweden and Norway. * * * This lichen has been much used by the peasantry of various parts of Britain and Scandinavia in the preparation of domestic dyes. * * * This lichen is the 'Cork' or 'Korkir' of many parts of the highlands. In Shetland, along with the pigment prepared therefrom, it is called 'Korkalett'; there it is always collected in May or June, or early in the spring or summer, as it is then richest in colorific principles. The Swedes prepare from it a red dye, which they call Bœttelet, and the Welsh peasantry use it in a similar way."—*Popular History of British Lichens*, by W. Lauder Lindsay, M.D., London, 1856.

[2] *Parmelia Saxatilis:* "A very common lichen, not only, as its name implies, on rocks and stones, but also on trees, in lowland and subalpine, and alpine districts. * * * It has been for ages used by the peasantry of Scandinavia, Scotland, and other countries of Northern Europe, to yield a brownish or brownish-red dye for thread, yarn, stockings, nightcaps, and similar goods for home manufacture. In Scotland it is one of the most familiar 'crottles,' and is also known under the name of 'Stane-raw' or 'Staney-rag.' Not only do the peasantry use it in the way we have mentioned, but it would appear, upon the evidence of the border ballads, that the border fairies were sometimes habited in tunics dyed with this lichen. In Shetland this lichen, in common with the dye prepared from it, is called 'Scrottyie;' it is there found common on argillaceous, but rarely on magnesian rocks, and is always collected in August or autumn, because at this period richest in colouring matter. The Norwegian and Swedish peasantry use it to dye their home-made garments, sometimes adding *Parmelia parietina*, or alder bark. In Scandinavia it appears always to have been reckoned most honourable for the inhabitants to weave their own clothes, to make and dye their own vestments. * * * This lichen was once used in medicine as an astringent; by the ancients it appears to have enjoyed a celebrity as a sovereign remedy for epilepsy and the plague; and even Hippocrates is said to have prescribed it in the diseases of women." —*Lindsay: Ibid.*

would have utterly disowned and denounced them as bungling interlopers into the mystery of clothing the feet! For within-door wear, things made of undressed skins, undefended by what *we*, at any rate, call soles, may do them very well; but for out-door usage, it is impossible to conceive of what good they can be. Not, however, that I didn't see among the people shoes of *our* make; yet for coarse work-ing-day purposes not requiring lengthened walking about,—with what advantage, it struck me, might not these even have been exchanged for the rather comical, no doubt, still durable, thoroughly waterproof, and comparatively expenseless Dutch *klompen*, which you hear constantly clattering along the narrow pavement under your window in Lerwick!

A PAIR OF DUTCH KLOMPEN.

The size of Foula has never been, I believe, accurately computed; but to judge by the eye, it should be nearly three miles in length, by about one-half of that in breadth. It contains forty-two houses, and somewhere about 240 souls, resident, in greater part, in the village of *Hametown*, at the south end of the island.[1] Hametown, or Southtown, as the place is indifferently named, is pre-eminently the pastoral and agricultural district, there being, besides extensive grazings, nearly seventy acres of arable ground lying around it. *Ham*, however, at the middle of the island, and on its east side, is what may be called the commercial and educational seat, a distinction it has acquired, not so much from its centrality, as from its being the only spot along the whole line of coast which

[1] "The population has never been below 230, and never above 240, during the past forty years."—*Lecture on Foula*, by Rev. L. Fraser of Sand, Lerwick, 1863.

laden craft larger than their open fishing boats can enter, or even safely come near. With this advantage, Ham is rather a busy bustling little place during fishing operations; though, as in all other places of the sort, whether Shetlandish or Highland, you find, on such occasions, a pretty large proportion of the stir going for nothing in mere lubbering about and choking the storekeeper's door. To jostle your way into the core of the merchant's repository is no easy job, but once having got there, it is worth the hanging on for your pennyworth awhile, the glimpse you will get of the *real* business that is being carried on, in spite of the hubbub and pressure behind. The transactors are almost invariably women, in from the neighbouring districts, each laden with a straw-woven basket, or pannier, called a *casie*, kept close to the back by a straw rope looped round the chest. At first, it can only be conjectured what, in whole, these panniers contain; but as the uppermost layer is generally eggs, you feel pretty assured that whatever is under must be, like them, the gatherings of their little farms, together with perhaps a trifle of wool and woollen-made stuffs which, after no one knows how much of home toil and wearisome wayfaring, have been brought for disposal to the only market they have within reach. Strictly, however, it is not as a seller, but rather as a

A FOULA CASIE.

buyer, that the casie-bearer comes into her mart. She has tea, sugar, tobacco, soap, soda, salt, needles, knitting-wires, and the rest, to take home; and if the coin she has with her to pay for the things is not just so handy as that in my lady's *portemonnaie*, it is at anyrate quite as current, in the place, and as exactly defined in its value. So many ounces of tea are desiderated, for example, very well, the tea having been nicely weighed out and delivered, so many *ora* are as nicely counted out of the casie and handed over as payment of *it*. This piece of business concluded, next follows a demand for something or other else, and the thing having been, as before, punctually told, measured, or weighed, down goes a goose or a couple of hens in quittance for *that*. And so on, in like piecemeal fashion, till the purse is brought to a state of collapse, when off trudges the good housewife with her exchanges, to make the most of them at home. Poor creature! the chances are she has sold cheap and bought dear; but what else could she have expected, when those she must deal with have everything—the making of tariffs, and the rest of it—all their own way!

Regarding the educational state of the island, I did not learn much that was anyway satisfactory. The schoolhouse and master's residence combined is situated a short way up from the head of the creek, but my various engagements prevented me from paying it a visit. The church—a quaint old-fashioned building of uncertain date, though surely of no great age—stands in a small burying-ground near to the village of Hametoun. As belonging to his parish, it ought to be served once a year by the minister of Walls, but from occasional obstructions (one of them not his cat I should hope!) he does not come to it so often. Like Papa-Stour, however, Foula is not wholly dependent upon its parochial supplies of religious instruction. "There are," says the Rev. L. Fraser, in his *Lectures*, from which I have already quoted, "three religious

FOULA CHURCH, EAST ELEVATION.

sects in the island, the Established, the Free, and the Congregational. The Established did not count above twenty members, and the Frees not more than twelve, in 1855." And the Rev. Peter Paterson, writing in August 1861, states that "the parish church, which the proprietor of the island, Dr. Scott of Melby, is obliged to keep up in proper repair, has been occupied, I was told, only two Sundays during the last five years. A minister of the Free Church, for the most part, spends a Sunday each year on the island. The members of the Established and Free Churches put together, I was informed, would not number twenty individuals. The Congregational Church consists now of upwards of fifty members. * * * The population has somewhat decreased since the census of 1851. This is chiefly owing to the circumstance that many of the young men now leave the island to seek their bread in Australia and other parts of the world. It is partly owing also to the fact that they are not so fond of matrimony as the Irish. It was noticed sometime ago that for seven previous years there had been no marriages in the island. * * * Although without the aid of medical treatment, the people are remarkably healthy, and many of them live to extreme old age.[1] There is litttle intercourse between Foula and the mainland, unless in the spring and summer months, and even then there is no regular communication."[2]

Of the physical character of the island I cannot say much. By warming up, you might make *something* of Papa-Stour, but without a muse of fire there could be no turning Foula into aught apprehensible. I would not, however, call Foula a pleasant island either to look at or to travel. For softness and beauty it cannot be compared to Papa, the

[1] Mr. Fraser, on the contrary, says: "I could not call them a very healthy people, as want of health is not uncommon, but they are generally long-lived. The ordinary rate of mortality is less than two per cent, but sometimes for two years no deaths occur."—*Lectures.*

[2] The population has again increased, as the numbers were 257 in 1871, and 267 in 1881.

Shiants, and North Rona; but in the altitude and grandeur of its precipices, it infinitely surpasses not only these but also all others of the same sort which I have seen—the Flannans, Sula-Sgeir, and St. Kilda, to wit. Somewhat like the island last named, Foula is low on the east side, with only here and there rocks of moderate height. On the west side, and nearly in whole length, it rises abruptly into a lofty hill, broken into four or five conical heads, the highest of which is, as marked on the chart, 1369 feet above the sea-level. As the slope from the brow of this elevation to the edge of the cliff is only perhaps little more than two hundred feet, and the descent from that to the sea perfectly mural, some idea may be formed of the wild magnificence that is there under your feet.

At the extreme north end of the island the graduated cliffs, which terminate the mountain range in that direction, are also very grand; and though less exalted, are, I believe, quite as fine in their character as the others I have been speaking of. I say I believe, for, unfortunately, during my stay in Foula the most elevated summits were covered with a dense mist, the penetrating of which would have been only labour thrown away. Of course this was a great disappointment, yet I could not but feel abundantly satisfied with only what in the circumstances there was to be seen; for the prospects I had from the several stages or steps in this northern steep were something beyond what in my flightiest imaginings I could have conceived. No doubt that much of the ever-varying beauty and splendour I witnessed was to be attributed to the peculiar atmosphere, for the mist that darkened everything aloft was here, in its rarefied and shifting state, magically working on rock and on sea effects more exquisite than the golden sun in any of his goings could have produced.

As also a notability of the north end of the island, I should mention a group of magnificent stacks, near to a low part of the shore, collectively called the *Friars' Rocks*, but

individually bearing names which, except one, I have not remembered. *Gadda*, the tallest, is somewhat like our straddling Scott Monument, raised over three lofty arches, sufficiently wide for boats to get through, though the passage is by no means a safe one when the swell is in force. On the top of another one, nearer the land, and of a form more climbable, is a ruinated burgh, which is, I believe, the only antiquity existing in Foula.

As in all other outlying islands where sea-birds are numerous, the people were at one time much addicted to fowling; "but now," says my informant,[1] "the practice is nearly extinct, and no marvel. Besides the danger, it is the most laborious and straining of jobs I know of, while it may be said to be unremunerative, except the persons engaged in it were either starving or could do nothing else. * * * The greatest number of birds I can recollect taken at one time was 200 to each man. During the present century no accident has happened to life or limb in fowling. During the past century, when fowling was almost a calling with many of them, two deaths occurred. One was an old man who missed his footing after leaving the rope; the other a younger man, who lost his life by the rope breaking. * * * I am not aware of anything in Foula to attract the antiquary. The Norse has been long extinct, except in the names of places, and perhaps a few words or phrases. I recollect one or two old people who used to assuage their wrath in Norse, thereby preventing their bitter words being known and remembered against them, but otherwise I never heard it, nor were these inclined to speak it at other times."

* * * * *

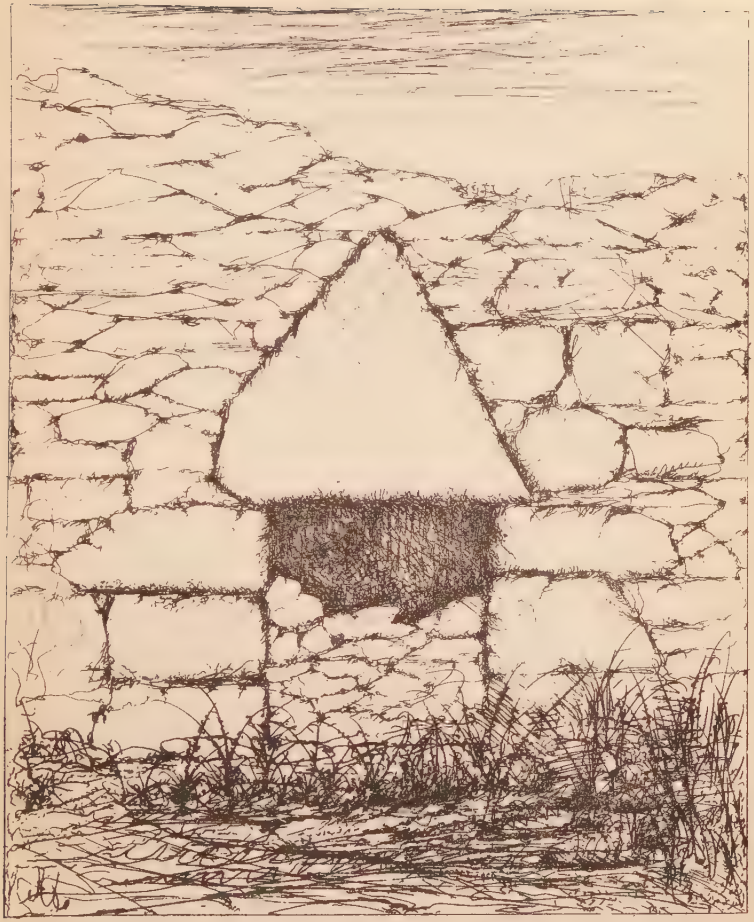
Favoured with a smart westerly breeze, interrupted only once by a temporary calm, the *Vandervelde* made her passage to Skelda Voe in very quick time—some four hours, or

[1] Rev. L. Fraser—*Lecture on Foula.*

thereby, if I remember correctly. From that place I had a short walk over to Reawick, near the mouth of Seli or Garderhouse Voe, and there meeting with a cordial reception at one of the chief houses, I spent a few days pleasantly in looking through the country around. Reawick itself is rather a picturesque and well-cultivated spot, and as much nearly may be said of the neighbouring townships of Skelda, Culswick, and Sand; but the general aspect of the district in which they are situated has much of the same rough open bleakness that characterises Shetland at large.

One of my excursions from Reawick was to Culswick Ness, a sweet grassy spot with a wild rocky shore, lying opposite the island of Vaila, and divided from it by a long winding inlet called Gruting Voe. So far as West Skelda I found the way easily enough by myself; but there needing guidance, I got hold of Andrew Moar, a plump twelve-year-old lad, to lead me the rest of the distance. However, on reaching, after scarcely a two miles' walk, the height overlooking the valley of Culswick, my conductor must needs leave me, as that was all the length he could or would go. "Very well, Andrew, will that please you?" I said, giving him a sixpenny, "or would you like more?" Andrew's intimacy with the coinage of the realm did not seem to be very profound, for, after turning the donation two or three times over, he asked how much it was. "Sixpence," I answered. "I want eightpence," quoth he, very promptly. So, bestowing the difference, away trotted Andrew with the air of a cabman who had just taken the exact thing!

Andrew, though a smart enough boy in his talk, was evidently much behind in his learning. But that, as I afterwards found out, was neither his fault nor that of those who had him in charge; for, during a short conversation with his mother, while on my return to Reawick, I was told there were no schools in the neighbourhood to which her children



ENTRANCE TO BURGH CULSWICK.

could be put, and that as their time was valuable to her at home, she could not afford to have it wasted in travelling to and from the one nearest to hand. Hearing this, I could only commiserate the prospects of poor Andrew, though, indeed, his case could hardly be reckoned as an exception to, but rather as a type of, the rule which, in matters educational, prevails everywhere over Shetland. In every part of the country, Lerwick perhaps excepted, there is certainly a great want of the means of instructing the poor; but even with schools sufficiently numerous it is difficult to see what great good they could do, as from those which are existing the children are withdrawn at an early period of life, to be made serviceable in the way of fishing, herding, peat and potato gathering, house-sorting, baby-keeping, and other such-like work as children may perform.

Andrew's precocious return to his herding at Skelda did not prove very serious, as, after raking about a short time among the scattered houses at Culswick, I got another hand to lead me over to the Ness, where the object I was particularly in search of—the most perfect of the Sandsting burghs—is situated (Pl. XXIII.)

Passing through the little farm of Brough, lying immediately under it, you find the burgh picturesquely topping an elevated spot overlooking the shore. From each hand the seaward look-out is exceedingly fine, but there is nothing in the building itself to attract much attention. Not many years ago the walls were, I believe, considerable, but by reason of what has been since taken from them to make good the farmhouse, the dikes, piggeries, müld-huts,[1] and so forth, of the place, they are now nowhere more than about ten or twelve feet in height. Like other towers of same kind, the form of Culswick is nearly though not exactly circular,

[1] Müld, or *truck*, is a soft powdery black earth, or moss mould, which is stored for spreading under the cattle in the winter, and afterwards used as manure.

the internal diameter being, from S.E. to N.W., 24 feet 9 inches, and from N.E. to S.W., 25 feet 9 inches—an inequality not, therefore, so great as is to be found in some of the instances I have formerly mentioned. The entrance to the tower is by a very rude cyclopean square-shaped opening, three feet in height, fronting the south-east. Beyond this rather graphic feature there is nothing worth noticing about the building. As in the case of many others, it has been surrounded by an outer wall of great strength, portions of which are yet standing.

On the hill-top, above Skelda, and at a place between it and the burgh, called Sotersta, there are some *standing stones;* but as these Shetland memorials are merely moss-covered pillars, differing in no respect from those we have everywhere in the South, I did not think it worth while to go out of my way to inspect them.[1]

To Sand your course out of Reawick lies in an opposite direction. For the most of the distance it is a dull trackless stretch along the west side of Garderhouse Voe, at the head

[1] "I may mention the tradition respecting two standing stones in the neighbourhood of West Skeld. These two stones are said to be the metamorphosis of two wizards or giants, who were on their way to plunder and murder the inhabitants of West Skeld; but, not having calculated their time with sufficient accuracy, before they could accomplish their purpose, or retrace their steps to their dark abodes, the first rays of the morning sun appeared, and they were immediately transformed, and remain to the present time in the shape of two tall moss-grown stones of ten feet in height."—Rev. John Bryden, in *Stat. Acc. of the United Parishes of Sandsting and Aithsting.*

It is curious to see the uniformity of belief which at all times, and in widely-separated places, seems to have prevailed with regard to the origin of these rude monoliths. Martin, speaking of them at the end of the seventeenth century, relates that "some of the ignorant vulgar say they were men by enchantment turned into stone;" and you will remember the more ancient tradition, as recited in Kingsley, that "Polydectes and his guests, after being shewn the Gorgon's head by Perseus, sit on the hillside, a ring of grey stones, until this day." In the Highlands, where, as in other remote parts of our country, pillars of the kind still numerously exist, you may often hear them gravely talked of as giants, fiends, and necromancers, who, from some mischance, negligence, or miscalculation, have been suddenly arrested and petrified in the course of their evil career.

of which only is there any cultivation. At Sand the ground is extensively under tillage, and may be said to be fertile. The township lies very sweetly over a small bay, rather exposed to the south, but nicely sheltered on the north by the steep slopes behind. Except amenity of aspect, however, there is nothing very specially to remark about Sand. In the last century it was the seat of one Sir Andrew Mitchell, whose now decayed and scarcely habitable mansion is a prominent feature of the place.[1] Off it not many paces, and close by the shore, you see a still more dilapidated, though greatly more interesting, subject for study, in the ancient church of the district, erected, according to Dr. Hibbert, "by the crew of a galleon belonging to the Spanish Armada, and dedicated by them to the Virgin for their preservation on the hospitable shore of Thule."

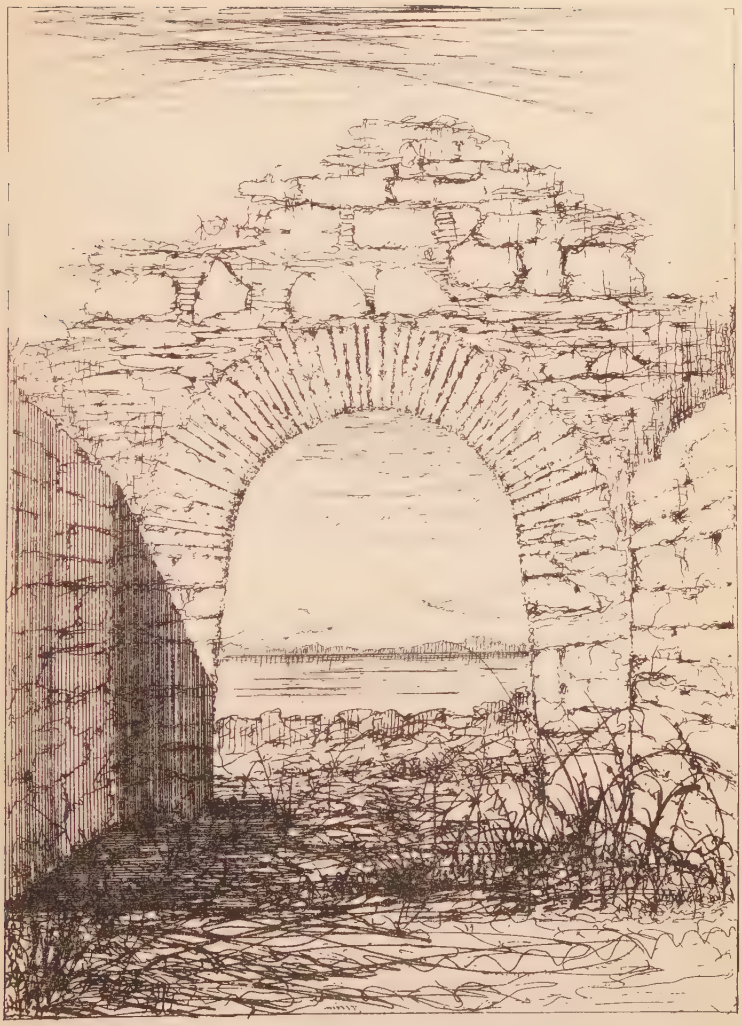
The minister of Sandsting, taking very probably the doctor for his authority, says (in 1841) something much to the same effect, and then adds: "The church appears to have been a very neat and substantial building, with a chancel or choir on the east end, separated from the body of the church by an arch extending from one side to the other. There does not appear to have been any hewn stones made use of in the building; but such stones as had the plainest and smoothest surface were placed on the outer and inner sides of the walls,—the heart of the wall filled with boulder stones and cement,

[1] "At that time (1754, the date of its erection) it must have been a very elegant house with two wings, and the requisite office-houses. In front, and extending the length of the house, is a flower plot, on each side of which is a garden of considerable extent, which has been tastefully laid out, The old castle of Scalloway, built by Earl Patrick Stewart about 1600, was spoiled of much of its grandeur by having its dressed freestones torn from their place, to supply door and window jambs and lintels, and corner stones, for this mansion. But the spoliation of the castle, though its foundation was laid in blood, and every stone of its walls told of oppression, was not permitted to proceed without a fearful warning. While the work of demolition was busily going on, a voice was heard to declare, *They might pull down and build up, but the fourth generation should never inhabit!*"—*Stat. Acc. of Sandsting.*

apparently of burnt shells, and of thin consistence, and all the empty spaces completely filled up. The roof was thatched. After the Reformation extended to Sand-ting, about 1600, the kirk at Sand was converted into a Protestant church. Between 1760 and 1770 this church was allowed to fall into a state of great disrepair. What the lairds, or the people, or both, in the first instance preserved, the fury of the ocean has been fast destroying. The chancel or choir is nearly washed away."

From what source Hibbert obtained his information, he has not recorded; but unless founded on something more reliable than pure tradition, I should feel much disposed to question his accuracy. That the building belongs to a very early age, I am not just prepared to affirm; but to judge from its character, there cannot be a doubt of its being older by some hundreds of years than the end of the sixteenth century. Certainly, the voice of tradition may, to a certain extent, be always taken as trustworthy; and very likely, therefore, the castaways, in accordance with what was (to its credit) a habit of the time, made a thank-offering of some sort to the already existing church; but that they, as mere refugees, bereft of their all, could have done more, seems altogether incredible. Sand Church, moreover, was a building greatly larger than were any of the votive chapels, most of which, in countries like Shetland, we find to be mere cells rarely exceeding a few feet in length.

The precise extent of its western division or nave I could not determine, as from the bewildered state of the burial-ground I was unable to trace the foundation; but inferring from one circumstance and another, it may have been somewhere between thirty and thirty-five feet. The chancel, the east end of which must have been quite close to the shore, was probably some ten or twelve feet in length. As, from the minister's description, the shell of the building was in



SANDSLING CHURCH, WEST ELEVATION OF CHANCEL ARCH.

all likelihood entire not farther back than a century ago, the plundering it has since undergone may be guessed from the mere atomy to which it is now reduced; all that remains being only the arch of the chancel, and some slight portions of what were the side walls of the nave. The arch is 10 ft. 7 in. in height, and, as you will see by my sketch (Pl. XXIV.), it is a rude semicircle of one order, springing from jambs leaning inwardly in their rise to the top.

* * * * *

Parting from the kind folks at Reawick, I came back—by way of Burwick and Scalloway—to Lerwick, there to make ready for that terrible part of the business—the run home! Finding, however, that I still had a day or two on my hands, I sought out my lad Johnny, and he and I getting again into the gig, we set off for a look about us in Lunnasting, the only district in Shetland into which I had not been. Johnny was in high glee, as during my absence he had been fraternizing with Royalty;[1] but "Princey"—that is "Jacky," that was,—had fairly broken down under *his* share of the honours, for after taking a few miles of the road in his usual style, he became all at once so fractious and restive, that I thought we should never have got to the end of our journey.

Lunnasting, now parochially united with Nesting and Whalsay, is that part of the mainland situated directly south of the island of Yell.[2] Lunna, its capital, is rather a bland

[1] During Prince Alfred's stay in the sound of Bressa, Johnny drove him out for a day's trout-fishing in the valley of Tingwall.

[2] "The ruins of Roman Catholic chapels occur in almost every parish in Zetland, but few of them are of considerable magnitude. None of them, in all probability, are older than 985, the year when Olaf Trigvasson introduced Christianity into Orkney. The one at Lunna, although called a chapel, appears to have been a kind of monastery. Rectangular cells have been discovered near the foundations of it; and bones of animals, a crucible, a neat handmill, and several pieces of ornamental sculpture, have been dug up at different times. The largest, however, and the most entire of them, and those which had withstood the combined effects of time and fanaticism, were, one at Tingwall, and another in the island of Burra. These were small but

and well-ordered place, with a large and very comfortable-looking house, garden, etc., but otherwise having nothing interesting lying nearly around. Down from the messuage a bit, and on the top of a rise called the *chapel knowe*, the foundation of the old church of the parish is still traceable under the turf. It seems to have been only some twenty-eight feet in length, and erected on ground more anciently occupied, as there are the remains of a burgh quite close to its south side.

Soothed by his plentiful feed and a little caressing, Princey brought us back, without much ado, the length of Vidlin, a small nicely-cultivated spot near the head of the Voe. There I got readily lodged with the schoolmaster; and he and I drawing ourselves towards the jolly peat-fire, we had a night of it over matters intellectual and our pipe of tobacco!

THE FERRY-HOUSE.

April 27, 1864. KEILS.—The return of spring, accompanied by *some* of that "ethereal mildness," in which the bland poet of *The Seasons* too liberally attires it, having re-awakened a longing for green fields, here I am, stolen away from the din, dirt, and drudgery of town life, enjoying my *otium* in that delectable region called *the country*.[1]

neat buildings, and each had a steeple of hewn stone, between sixty and seventy feet high. Both have been demolished within the last fifteen years, from a principle of barbarous economy, to supply stones at a cheap rate for building the plain Presbyterian churches which now occupy their places."—Edmonston's *View of the Ancient and Present State of the Zetland Islands.*

I think there is much reason to suspect that the rectangular cells, bones of animals, etc., mentioned in the above extract, were things pertaining to the adjacent burgh, rather than to a monastery, of which there should be some record extant, if such had ever existed in Lunnasting. Moreover, it seems difficult to understand anything in the shape of a conventual building, smaller than the "small" steepled chapels which stood till within some seventy years ago at Tingwall and in the island of Burra.

[1] The playful discursiveness of this paper is accounted for by its having been originally addressed to a young friend of the author's, then a boy at school.

Keils, to which I am just come, you do not know, although you were within an hour of it on that ever-to-be-remembered occasion in this same month, some three years ago, when, as yet scarce into the *prætexta*, you heroically won over father and mother to let us have a scamper together in the wilds of Knapdale, rather than be *muffing* the holiday idly at home.

I daresay you have not yet quite forgotten many of the small but very pleasing incidents of that busy and eventful expedition—the fun we had, and how we fattened up upon the rustic alimentum, waxed sinewy with the exercise, and got—as everybody afterwards told us—*terribly* browned by the pure air and constant sunshine.

Since, occurrences of one kind and another, more eventful than any that then came in our way, have been casting their sheen and their shadow upon us, and pushing, bit by bit, the bygone into corners of the memory. Still, even now, I sometimes find myself thinking over the haps of that diligent, though by no means hurried trip of ours, as I lie awake o' nights;—our journey to Glasgow—thence to Rothesay—the twilight walk in the direction of Ascog, and our drink from the mineral well at Bogany Point—the game at marbles in the big room of the "Bute Arms," before turning in—our steaming to Ardrishaig—bussing to Lochgilphead—gigging over the hill to Loch Caolisport, and that most lovely evening's stroll down the lake-side to the ruined church and cell at Cove—our no less lovely morning's break-neck drive to the sequestered hamlet of Kilmory—the surprise of the pagans, and our uppishness on being told by them that we were the first that ever had brought over a "machine" to their reeky clachan—our two miles' row to Eilean mòr—my endeavour to instruct you in old Celtic architecture—your intrepid descent from the summit of the island to the beach to search about for the head of the broken cross—our belated return to Lochgilphead—the eighteen miles' pedestrian pil-

grimage to and back from Callton Mòr, which you unflinchingly performed upon little else than the *glass-of-wine* that was brought to us at Kilmichael, instead of the *wine-glass* we had asked for—the evening at Kirn, and row across Holy Loch to the old church and burying-ground at Kilmun—our retrograde row and walk to Kirn in the dark—the departure for home, full of the thing, and ready to give it them!—the arrival—the looking about—and then—of all, perhaps the best remembered now—that *hug* at the station!

This Keils, where I am located for the night, is a rough, but pleasant and rather picturesque spot, jutting into the Sound of Jura, three miles, or thereby, north of Kilmory and Eilean mòr. I got over to Eilean mòr from Kilmory in the same boat that has brought me to this place; and to Kilmory I worked my way from Dunedin, much in the same right-forward style we did when together,—sleeping the first night at Rothesay, and the second one in the tidy hospitium of our old genial and motherly landlady, Mrs. Gillies, at Caolisport —or *Kyles-Port*, as it is painted over the door—near to the prettily-situated village of Auchahoish, which I daresay you have not forgotten. I may mention, in the belief it will in some measure gratify you, that she, the good dame, as likewise Mr. Duncan Gillies, her husband, asked kindly regarding *the health and well-doing* (in the classics, I presume) *of the young gentleman in the kilt, who was with me the last time, and took to the roughing like a Celt or a Trojan.* I assured them, of course, that you were as sturdy as Hercules, and as for the *well-doing*—was it not written in the pages of that erudite periodical, the *Uppingham Review*, and manifest, consequently, to the enlightened of all nations!

The inn at Keils is by no means a top lodging, though, as being purposed only for the temporary accommodation of the mail to Jura, and the now-and-then one or two chance travellers who may be thither to get ferried across

with it, your up-putting is as good as can be fairly expected.

My dormitory is on the second or attic story, attainable by a flight of wooden steps so inordinately steep that in ascending you feel as if you were climbing the face of a wall. Once landed, however, things are well enough—floor carpeted, or not, I do not remember—three or four chairs—table—and a couple of beds, jammed close to each other in a recess of the wall. Of these last I have selected the one nearest the door, in preference to the other, which, though the better-looking, has a gash in the roof that lets in the rain. My landlord is out at the fishing, or engaged somewhere on his bit of a farm; but his *puella*—a blithe, docile creature, and apparently quite able to look after matters in his absence, has warmed up the sheets, put a fire on the hearth, and done me a mouthful of supper. A *good-night!* and I am left to pass the hours between meal and bed time the best way I can by myself.

Scarcely is my mouthful well over, ere night has begun to spread its shadow over sea and land—

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day"—

and the broad Sound is still here and there scored with silvery threads of light; but the shore of Jura and its towering "Paps" are no longer visible, and even the islets and the jagged snouts of the mainland coast, nearer the eye, are being gradually absorbed in the gathering gloom. How peaceful it is all around!—shall I tumble in?—I look at my watch—as if *that* had anything to do with it!—wind it up—put it where it is likely to have *some* chance of not being forgotten in the morning—stop and set fire to a pipe—and, by and by, dropping into a disposition for the business, commence forthwith to depict, in *brevi manu* fashion, a few particulars concerning my present travel, which, though likely enough to savour

more of the ferryman's tallow candle than the *sol Atticum*, will, I hope, afford amusement when *the hexameters* and other fascinations are not in the way.

On the table at which I sit on a deal chair, softened by my travelling cloak and a pillow out of the crib, are scraps of memoranda, sketches, and a few extracts from the *Statistical Accounts* (the old and the new) *of the Parish of Knapdale*, which I brought to compare with my own observations on the spot. In the first I read as follows:—

"That portion of Argyleshire which is contained between the isthmi of Crinan and Tarbert, is known by the general appellation of *Knapdale* or *Cnapdale*, a term it owes to the striking inequality of its surface. It is bounded on the north by the loch of Crinan, and track of the intended canal;[1] on the east by Lochgilp and Lochfine; on the south by the isthmus and lochs of Tarbert; and on the south and south-west by the Sound of Jura. Its extreme length from south to north is about 18 miles, and its greatest breadth from 10 to 12. It is intersected from the south by the lochs of Caolisport[2] and Castleswen. The first and most easterly penetrates about four miles into the country, and derives its name from its narrowness. The second owes its title to a castle situated near its mouth, which, together with others on the western coast, was erected by Swen, the Danish conqueror. The loch having passed this place about two miles, sends off a branch to the westward; and continuing its course for two or three miles farther, expands suddenly and splits at once into several branches, resembling the palm, thumb, and fingers of the hand. The intervals between these branches are finely diversified with woods, rocks, fields, and sheets of water, which, viewed from the road leading from Inverlussa to Glassary, exhibit an assemblage of contrarieties so wildly

[1] Commenced about 1794, and completed in 1801.

[2] *Caolas* is the Gaelic for a frith or strait.

grotesque that fancy can hardly imagine a landscape more exquisitely delightful.

* * * * *

"Knapdale, to the south-west, juts into three promontories or headlands; the most westerly is called the point of Kilvicoharmaig; the figure is somewhat like that of a crescent, between which and the beautiful peninsula of Danna lies the harbour of Lochnakille, an anchorage well known to mariners. Between the lochs of Castle and Caolisport is the centre promontory or point of Knap; and the point of Ardpatrick is formed by a bay to the north-west, and the west loch of Tarbert to the south.

"This country was formerly a parsonage dependent upon the abbots of Kilwinning. When, at the Reformation, that abbey was converted into a temporal lordship, a large triangle of Knapdale, adjacent to the mouth of West Loch Tarbert, was annexed to Kilcolmonel. The remainder was erected into a parish consisting of six several places of worship, among which the pastor performed a sort of constant itinerancy. The inconveniency of a charge so extensive, and so intersected by arms of the sea, was equally felt by the ministers and people; and upon application being made, about 75 years ago [1722], the parish of Knapdale was divided into the parishes of South and North Knapdale by a line of separation originating at the shore south of Castleswen, rising about a mile due east, and running north along the mountains till it terminates in the track of the canal, a mile east of Loch Crinan."[1]

Perhaps this long story about promontories and parochial divisions will not very much interest you; yet, as pertaining to the region round about the ferry-house of Keils, let me give you just a few lines more of it.

"The whole district of Knapdale," says the writer of

[1] *Old Statistical Account*, 1797.

the *New Statistical Account*, "formed originally one parish, called Cil mhic O'Charmaig, the burying-ground of the son of O'Carmaig. This O'Carmaig is said to have been an Irish saint, who founded the first church in Knapdale.

* * * * *

"At Keils, near the south-western extremity of the parish, stands the ruin of the chapel of St. Carmaig.[1] The walls are 40 feet in length, by 20 feet in breadth, and 12 feet in height. Close to the chapel stands a cross of remote antiquity; it is 9 feet high, 1 foot broad, and 6 inches thick."

Directly after getting landed at the small harbour of Loch-na-kille, which is finely sheltered between the long, very narrow, and extremely rugged promontory of Rugha-na-cille on the one hand, and the comparatively smooth and fertile peninsula of Danna on the other, I went over the few intervening hillocks to look at the objects spoken of in the foregoing extract.

The church (Pl. XXV.) stands in a small burying-ground, behind a low rocky hill, at the back of the ferry-house, and up a short way from the road (the only one in the immediate neighbourhood), leading from it to Tayvallich and Lochgilphead. It is a rudely constructed oblong building, externally 42 feet in length, by 21 in breadth,—roofless, and rent somewhat here

[1] As understood and applied by the country people, *Keils* is simply *the burial-place*, or *the burying*, as I have heard them call it; but the word is evidently a contraction of Kil something-or-other, in some cases not now remembered. There are many *Keils* in Argyle, and while admitting that in the absence of the dedicatory title it may be the abbreviation of *Kil-anything*, I am disposed to believe, from the number of instances in which the patron's name has been preserved, that in those in which it has been lost it was that of Columba. We have, for example, Keil in the southern extremity of Kintyre; Kilcolmkill, "better known," says the minister of the parish, "by the contracted name of Keil," in Ardchattan; Keils in the island of Canna; Keils near Portaskaig, in the island of Isla; and Keils at the mouth of Loch-aline, in Morven,—at all which there are remains of ancient churches, known to have been dedicated to St. Columba. I think, therefore, that very probably to that saint, and not to St. Carmaig, was dedicated the ruined church at the Keils from which I am writing.

KIELS, KNAPDALE, EAST ELEVATION.

and there, but generally not much dilapidated. The entrance is by a broken doorway, near to the west end of the north side; and there are, in all, three windows—one close to the eastern extremity of the north wall, two in the south one, and one in the middle of the east elevation. As is frequently noticeable in old Celtic churches of small size, the west wall is blank, and the windows, excepting the east one—which you will notice by the etching (Pl. XXVI.) is topped semi-circularly—flat in the head.[1]

Lying within and around the church are a good many sepulchral slabs, elaborately decorated with sculpturings of warriors, galleys, swords, animals of chase, and borderings of intertwined foliage, similar to what you saw carved on the stones at Kilmichael and Kilmory; and off, a short way from these, in a northerly direction, stands one of those no less curious and interesting memorials of cross form, which are so frequently found in connection with such places in the main-land and islands of Argyle.

This cross, though not a showy specimen, is interesting from being, in its form, a singular variety of the few departures from the ordinary conventional type—which is, like that at Kilmory, a thin and rather narrow pillar of chlorite slate, terminating in a solid girdle or disk, into or through which, as it were, the arms of the cross are stuck. Of exceptions to this, the prevailing shape, there are fine examples—one in front of the cathedral at Iona, and another in the ancient cemetery at Kildalton, in the island of Isla, both of which are tall Latin crosses, with their arms encircled by a narrow fillet or ring, much like what you see surrounding and keeping taught the spokes in the wheel of a ship's rudder.

[1] I may here, once for all, mention that, rude as they are, the etchings may be taken as nearly exact representations of the objects described in the text; the proportions of the buildings, size and situation of the detail, etc., having been in all cases determined as carefully as could be, by means of measuring-rods, which I carried for the purpose.

Although a sufficiently attractive specimen in its way, the memorial pillar at this Keils is not dignified by any sort of *aureola*, or glory—which I am disposed to think both the disc and the cincture may have been intended to signify—but is a simple Latin cross, with the re-entering angles of the intersections rudely notched into semicircles.

The pillar stands in the middle of a slightly-raised causeway of circular form, and measures 7 ft. 4 in. in height.

AT KEILS.

Overspreading its eastern face is a series of curious sculptures, the greater part in high relief. The nature of these I must concisely describe, as my diagram is merely an outline—as you will notice—intended only to convey a knowledge of the form and proportions of the pillar. First then:—In the uppermost or vertical limb of the cross is St. Michael, winged, and trampling on the "apostate angel," in the disguise in which he talked over Mother Eve. Under this, and occupy-

KIELS, KNAPDALE, INTERIOR EAST ELEVATION.

ing the intersection, is a central boss or discus, charged, or *seeded*, as it would be termed in heraldic speech, with three minute pellets,—betokening, very probably, *the Trinity in Unity*. On each side of the boss is a serpent; under each serpent is a dog; and under the dogs, and filling the uppermost portion of the shaft, is a priest or some other ecclesiastic, whose ears the dogs are worrying, while at same time their chaps are being torn by the serpents. In the division next below the priest is a kind of reticulated work in moderate relief; under that are two animals resembling leopards, face to face; and finally, a quantity of scrollings, of purely ornamental character.

From some casualty, the nature of which I can only imagine, the west face of the pillar is entirely bald. That its present site is not that on which it was originally erected is likely enough; and that, during the turbulent period of the "Drum Ecclesiastic," when Will Dowsing was down smashing the windows and roods in your parts, it had been laid prone, and after a time put to some ignoble service—the bridging of a rivulet, or the like, is just more than probable; yet how it could by any random usage have been rendered so completely and uniformly flat, is a puzzle which I shall leave to you to think over and explicate the best way you can at your leisure.

Thank you! Yet, in return for the compliment, to try: am I quite sure that the naked face of the post has ever been otherwise than it is—ever clothed in raiment such as that which its other side garishly presents to the eye of the early sun?

Apt!—Yet to entertain the suggestion would only, I suspect, be the exchanging one difficulty for another—only steering clear of Scylla to run foul of Charybdis; for, as all the other pillars in Argyle are sculptured, not only on their broader faces, but in many, if not in most instances, on their narrower ones also, it must needs still remain to be explained how this Keils specimen should have been treated so differ-

ently. Any way regarded, I fancy it would be hard to say anything *positively* on the subject. I think, however, there can be no doubt that the cross is a much older one than that at Kilmory, and those others of corresponding type scattered over Argyle; and, moreover, considering the peculiarity both of the form of the pillar and the character of the carvings upon it, that it may have been brought from Ireland, and probably in an unfinished state; so that, after all, your hit at the *conundrum* is, you see, not so much out of the way.

As it may; let it be supposed we have settled the point, for I must go on with the rest of my story.

Were the instrument which I use in the inditing this good matter a reed from the pipe of Pan, or a quill plucked from the pinion of Jove's bird, instead of a bit of drudging *Brummagem* metal, I believe I could make almost as much out of my eight-and-forty hours between Dunedin and the caravansary of our quondam friends at the head of Loch Caolisport, as ever did the Venusian poet out of his fortnight between Rome and Brundusium. However, I bewail not, seeing that my *telling* was never intended to be anything more soaring than a short home-spun account of what I have been looking at, and examining a little more attentively than I had done at any of my former visitations.

* * * * I am getting sleepy; and the ferryman's luminary is into its fourth quarter. Nevertheless, both will hold out for a while,—at least, I should think, till you have been given another dose of the transcriptions.

It would look not unlike entertaining a very slender opinion of your hagiological acquirements, were I to ask if you have ever heard of Saints Columba and Patrick, and sound much the same as—Did you ever eat toffey, solicit a holiday, or read (on the sly) anything about Saint George and the Dragon?

These two eminent worthies, you are aware, therefore, were born—the one in the first quarter of the sixth century, at a place called Gartan, in the county of Donegal, in *Innisfail*, or Ireland, as we now have it; and the other, according to Scotch accounts, about the beginning of the century preceding, on a spot on the Clyde, now grown into a small town, called Kilpatrick, which we passed while steaming our way down the river towards Rothesay. What it was that induced the Hibernian to come to and settle in Scotland, and the Scotsman to go to and settle in Ireland, is apparently not anywhere authentically recorded, and as apparently only to be guessed at by supposing that experience had taught them that Celtic saints, like the Hebrew prophets of old, had no honour except out of their own country. Of course this is only what may be termed a forlorn or make-shift conjecture; yet that the apostle of Strathclyde was neglected, if not positively disesteemed in the land of his birth, is in some degree borne out by the rarity of instances in which his name has been preserved in the topography of Scotland. There are others, I dare say, but at this moment I can recollect only Kilpatrick, mentioned above; Portpatrick and Kirkpatrick-Durham, in Galloway; Kirkpatrick-Fleming and Kirkpatrick-Juxta, in Dumfriesshire; and Ardpatrick, forming the southern extremity of Knapdale, in Argyle. On the other hand, the name of the Irish saint, though not often met with in the eastern division of Scotland, is of constant occurrence in the western one, and especially in Argyle, where, while travelling about, we are being continually reminded of the veneration in which he was held, by the many chapels, burial-grounds, and wells that were of old placed under his patronage, and which are still held sacred to his memory.

Of Saint Patrick and his doings in the emerald isle,—how he acquired in incredibly short time a knowledge of the

Beth-luis-nion and *Ogum* dialects; converted the heathen Milesians; evicted the vermin, and, finally, invented the *shillelagh*, for the more effectually beating down all uprisings of heretical doctrine—it would not be much to my purpose to say anything. Neither would it be so to speak of the performances of Saint Columba among the pagan Picts, after his landing on the sea-girt Hy,—then the benighted hold of a superstitious faith and cruel rites, but destined for a time thenceforward to be the source whence "savage clans and roving barbarians would derive the benefits of knowledge and blessings of religion."

If nothing to my purpose, then, wherefore all this prattle? Just, my loving and sometime errant boon-companion in travel, that you might have something in the way of *night-cap* to the dose which I am now to administer.

"When northern ferocity involved the western world in darkness, and buried the arts and learning of venerable Rome in its ruins, it was the peculiar felicity of the first planters of Christianity in Argyleshire to have rescued the sacred spark of Science from extinction, and lighted up her torch in the distant island of Iona. Benevolence feels the generous glow of satisfaction when it reflects that, while the ambitious priests of other countries were desolating states and dethroning princes, the devout of this were disseminating, in sequestered islands and solitary caves, the genuine truths of that religion which announced *peace on earth and good will towards men.*

"Monuments of primitive Christianity are numerous in Argyleshire, but nowhere more frequent than in Knapdale. Of these the chapels of *Cove* and *Islandmore* seem to bear marks of the greatest antiquity."[1]

The Cove chapel spoken of in the above transcript, you will perhaps remember as only a small shattered building,

[1] *Statistical Account of Parish of South Knapdale*, 1797.

out of which all the detail—windows and such like—have been taken away. The adjoining cave also, with its stone altar, scratched cross, and small font scooped out in the floor, you may have still in recollection; but whether or not—to go on with my quotation :—

"St. Columba and St. Patrick, says tradition, having quarrelled about a point of faith, determined to part. The former, disgusted with Ireland, swore never more to see it, and set sail for Scotland. He landed on the west coast of Lochcaolisport, where he built the chapel of Cove, the walls of which, till of late years, had undergone but little dilapidation. Near the end of this church is a consecrated cave, which gives name to the farm in which it is situated. Its altar and font still remain, and over them a cross, cut on the solid rock by no unmasterly chisel. Tradition adds that Columba, having discovered the Irish coast from an adjoining eminence, deserted the place, and afterwards founded the renowned seminary of Icolmkill."[1]

What the disturbing point was about which the two holy men fell to loggerheads, it would be as difficult as it seems useless to guess; though in all likelihood it was as much a trifle as that which gave rise to the sharp contention between Saints Paul and Barnabas, and sent them adrift, each to propagate and champion the faith in his own way. Good men, like bad, have had ever their tiffs now and then; and for their profit will, the chances are, ever be permitted to have them, as thorns in the flesh, to remind them of their common frailty, and common proneness to be exalted above measure. Therefore, that these twain fellow-labourers in the Husbandman's barren plot should have differed and divided about the sowing of a seed, need not beget much wonder; but how it came to pass that there could have been disputation, or discourse of any kind, between two men, one of

[1] *Statistical Account*, 1797.

whom must—if our most accredited biographies of him are to be relied upon—have been to his rest little short of half a century before the other was born, is a mystery which, like Samson's riddle, would require to be "ploughed" before our getting to anything resembling the meaning thereof. As, however, our informant is dealing only with tradition, we may let it pass.

After his departure from Ireland, St. Columba is reported to have visited several places on the southern and south-western shores of Scotland, with the view of selecting a permanent residence; but not fancying any of them much, he went over to, and finally settled down in, the little island of Hy or Iona. At some or all of the rejected places he built small churches or oratories—the chapel at Cove being, as you read in the above, one of the number. If governed during his survey by a love of the beautiful in nature, I do not know a spot that should have more perfectly satisfied his taste than this soft-lying Caolisport Cove, with its finely-diversified silvan and rocky surroundings. Whether St. Columba had much of an eye for the amenities of the natural world can only be guessed at inferentially; but whether he had or had not, it would seem that his choice of a home was guided by a feeling that was akin more to animosity than to love. He was, as you have been told, disgusted with Ireland, and that his cardinal aim was to remove himself, if not distantly, at least visually, out of its reach. For the attainment of his end he appears to have voyaged about for a long time,—"landing" here, "touching" there, and meeting with, the while, adventures enough to have made up a Celtic Odyssey. Land, or touch, however, wheresoever he would—on or at Galloway, Kintyre, Knapdale, or Morven—he never could get the beam out of his eye: here, there, everywhere, shunned ever so much, were harrowing glimpses of Old Erin—*Eirinn gu bràth!*—and so, in all probability, would there have been to the end

of his time, had he not by running his *churaich* a bit farther out to sea, luckily fallen in with Iona. In this insulated spot it is to be imagined that the saint was effectually cured of his ocular complaint, as in it were spent the rest of his days; though one acquainted with the west side of Scotland can scarcely make out how Ireland, if visible over or through mountains, round capes, and so forth, should be screened from a place from which, but for its distance, it could be easily seen.

But all this is merely old local tradition, or *fiction*, if you please; so let *it* also pass—and gently too, for, despite the great heap of our knowledge, is there not enough of the same thing, and to spare, in this present day?

As to what is, or may be, the date of the crumbled chapel at Cove, it would be venturesome to express more than a mere off-handed opinion. That it could have been built by St. Columba, or by any one until many hundreds of years after his time, is simply out of the question. To say nothing of the unlikelihood that the saint should first of all build churches of stone on spots only passingly occupied by him, and then afterwards proceed to frame them, as assuredly he did, of wood, and other such-like more feeble material, in the place he selected for permanent residence,—we cannot conceive the possibility of *any* kind of building, set up by, or in the time of, our earlier missionaries, continuing to our day. Setting aside therefore all those exaggerated notions of extreme antiquity, in which archæologists—and particularly Scotch ones—are so apt to indulge, but at the same time willing to grant to the torn *sacellum* at Cove all the agedness for which it can show warrant, I am inclined to think that it belongs in all probability to much the same period of time as do the other ruinated chapels of the district—all of which, to judge from the Norman or Romanesque character of their detail, should date from about the middle of the twelfth century.

Having got through with the above, I was trying to think out what I had next to say, when certain gurgling sounds at my ear, intermitting with ominous jumps of flame from the socket of the candlestick, warned me off to my roost with all expedition. I was kept awake for a while by the sonorous voice of my host, who had come in late from the fishing and got into altercation with Puella about something or other. On the whole, however, I slept very well, and am now over with that—if taken at length and alone—pleasantest of meals, breakfast. To see what might be forthcoming for the same, I went down to take a look at the catch; and there, into tubs, and spread out in front of the door, it was—sea-creatures of divers sorts, but in most part *cuddies* and codlings. Cuddies and coddlings I never could relish; but Puella, to whom —innocent thing!—all fish are alike, assured me they were nice eating, if fresh, and well fried with a sprinkling of pepper,—that all the folks hereabouts thought them delightful,—and indeed, seeing they were nearly ready to dish and go up, I must needs just try to make the most of them!

And I did, you may be sure, make the most of them; but how much that came to, it is needless to tell. Puella, good girl! did her utmost, and gave of the best that she had; and what more could have been desired by any one not travelling for no end but eating and drinking?

When Puella came up to take away the things, she told me she had been on the brow of the hill to drive down "the beasts," and while there had once or twice looked along the line of the road to see if there was anything on it like Peter and Bob. She would be sorry, she said, if I were to be kept waiting, particularly as she saw I had eaten so little; but Peter would, no doubt, cast up very soon, and the next time I came over to spend a night at the Point, she hoped there would be plenty of eggs, and also, perhaps—although sometimes it was not easy to get—a whiting or haddock for the

supper and breakfast. Keils is but a poor place, you see, and at it, I daresay, your fashionable tourist could make himself, and others about him, sufficiently miserable; but with an object in view, and, above all, with such a Puella to make up for the lacks, it is a bearable-enough one—nay, and a delectable one, too, notwithstanding.

My traps being bundled, I am now ready for the move, though I fancy I shall have to wait on for a while; for Puella, who has come in with the score, says she has been again on the look-out, but seen nothing of Peter. Peter, I should have told you, is the lad who drove me from Lochgilphead to Kilmory, and who, after delivering me there, went back to his home—if a post-boy can be said to have such a thing—with instructions to go round the next day by the Tayvallich road and meet me at Keils.

Bob is a mettlesome nag, and ought therefore to have had his driver to hand before now; though very likely neither will have been able to pass through Tayvallich without halting to see what the innkeeper had in the shape of a bottle of hay and a noggin of whisky. Consequently, it may be mid-day, or more, ere they reach Keils; and as waiting, or *hanging-on*, as we pathetically name the infliction, is, to say the least of it, wearisome work, I shall just, at once and for good, make up my mind to let the loiterers take their own time, and carry on till they come with what I am still to say of the *memorabilia* of this interesting, though, I fear, not much regarded corner of our country.

Kilmory.—You remember it, of course—a rough, lonely clachan, or *thorpe*, as you would call it in England, rather openly laid out to the sea-breezes in front, but well sheltered by the hill-slopes behind. I had been to the place two or three times before that visit of ours, but not having ever stayed in it over the night, I desired to do so on this occasion. I found, however, that the houses were too crowded to afford

me accommodation; so that, after doing a little work and arranging for conveyance to the island in the morning, I was obliged to return to our old quarters at Caolisport.

This was a disappointment, as I felt curious to know more than I did of the people and their ways of living. Still, it did not vex me greatly. The evening was exquisitely serene, and our twilight drive through the two little glens, and along the undulating heights overlooking the lake, was delightful;—only Bob, who is steady enough on a well-ordered road, took to shying now and then at the boulders and ruts in his path, and had us nearly over the rocks above Ellery,—not just the spot for a nag to take freakish, as you will remember.

Instantly after our arrival again at Kilmory, I went to the old burial-ground to finish my jottings. The ruined church, carved slabs, and memorial cross, which make the spot so interesting to the ecclesiologist and antiquary, will be still in your mind, I daresay. Their smaller features, however, you must have mainly forgotten, so let me recall them by a few lines of description.

The church (Pl. XXVII.), like that at Keils, is a very rudely-constructed oblong building, interiorly 38 feet in length by 17 in width. All the elevations are almost entire, except the east one, which wants the gable. The doorway is, as is usual, near to the west end of the south wall, and the windows—in all, four in number—are placed, one near to the east end of each of the side walls, and two, a little aside of each other, in the east elevation (Pl. XXVIII.) Of what shape the doorway was it is now impossible to say, as it is greatly dilapidated; but the lateral windows are mere square-edged rectangular apertures, of small size, while those in the east end are slightly moulded, and, as in the case of the east window at Keils, topped semicircularly.

The sepulchral slabs which are lying both within and

KILMORY-KNAP, EXTERIOR EAST END ELEVATION.

around the building are—many of them—fine and very interesting specimens. Though much less numerous than in all likelihood they once were, I counted fourteen, laboriously adorned with the customary warriors, galleys, swords, animals, braided work, foliage, and so forth, besides many others in a worn-out and broken condition.

KILMORY.

But engaging as these pictured stones are, the eye of the visitor will probably be more attracted by the tall pillar of memorial which stands nearly fronting the west end of the church. Its form is, as you will observe by my sketch (p. 194), that of a Latin cross, impaled, so to speak, at the intersection of the arms by a big solid girdle or disc. The height of the pillar is 9 ft. 3 in., and that of the rude graduated pedestal on which it is mounted, 3 feet, making in all a height of 12 ft. 3 in.

Besides being of itself a striking object among the rustic dwellings that nestle around it, and out of which it seems to rise as the guardian genius of the place, the pillar is peculiarly noticeable on account of the curious devices that are carved in relief upon both its broader planes. The eastern face of the disc, and the topmost compartment of the shaft, are overspread with an ornament resembling braided and loosely interwoven cordage; next below is a stag, attacked by three dogs, one in front and two behind. Under these is a man in a tunic or frock; at his side is slung a huge hunting horn, and uplifted in his hands is a long-handled axe, which is being aimed at something not visible. Next below, and covering the rest of the plane, are five lines of an inscription in

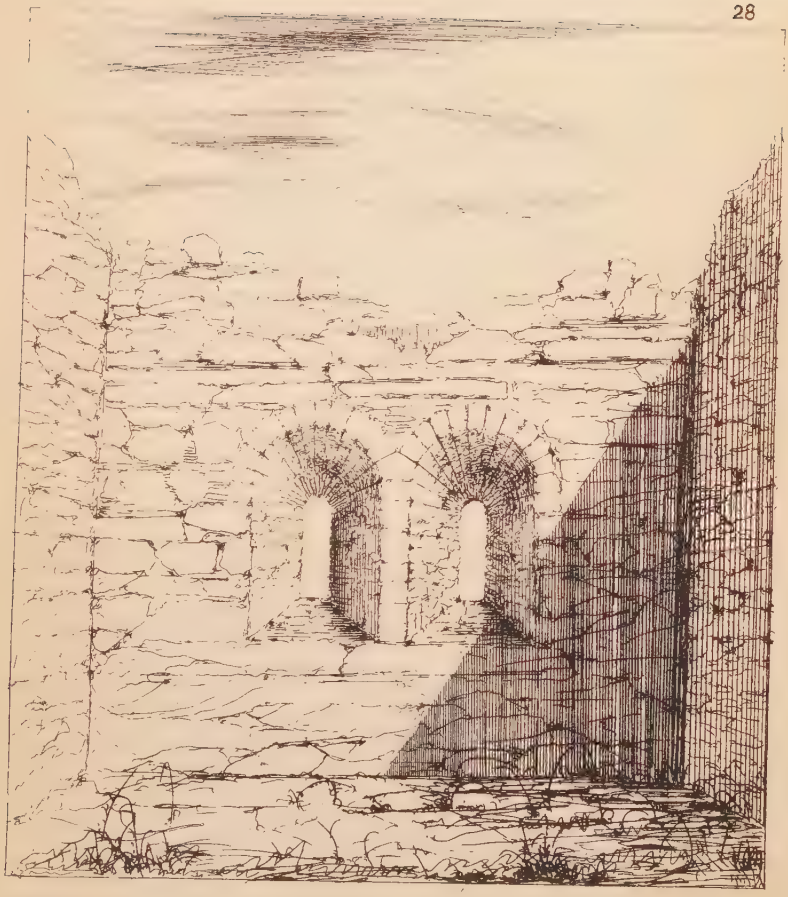
"Lango-bardic" characters, of which I could only make out that

HÆC . EST.
CRVX . ALE,
XANDRI .
MACMVLIE.
N.

Who this Alexander Macmulien was, in memory of whom the cross was erected, I cannot say, though in all probability

KILMORY.

one of a family of that name who, it appears, were proprietors of Knapdale a long time ago, and who, after, as we



KILMORY-KNAP, EAST END ELEVATION.

may suppose, a deal of busy fighting and hunting in his day, went hopefully to his rest in the old burial-ground of Kilmory.

The subjects arrayed on the opposite or western face of the pillar, though fewer and less varied, are of a more elevated character. Occupying nearly the whole length of the shaft is a two-handed sword, flanked by a mace or other lethal weapon of some sort,—emblems indicative, of course, of the prowess and station of the person commemorated. Over these, and, as we should hope, as truly significant of the quality and strength of his creed, is—in the disc and a small part of the stem—a representation of our Saviour on the cross, surrounded by borderings of foliage. On the Saviour's right, with its head in a nimbus, is a small figure—probably the *Mater Dolorosa*, and on his left there is another—no doubt the beloved disciple St. John.

So far as could be inferred from the bits of conversation I had with the Kilmory folks, there did not seem to be existing among them any traditionary lore concerning the early history of their place and its antiquities.. All they could say was that the church was many hundreds of years old, and that—as the name implied—it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

There are a good many Kilmorys up and down the west side of Scotland, and at most of them I have been taught, and at the time believingly, a similar definition. Better instruction, however, has since led me to see that, like many other words we have now in use, Kilmory is only one of the numerous corrupted and abbreviated forms into which its original has been changed during its progress towards our time. Not Kil-Mory, therefore, neither Kilmulruy, Kil-Marie, Kil-More, Kil-Maree, etc., in which forms we have it, or had it, in various districts,—but *Kil-Maelrubha;* that is, the Kil, cell, church, or burying-ground of Maelrubha is, I am persuaded, the proper name of the spot I have been

describing, and the more so, because we are told on the best authority that the early Irish churches, and those also which the Irish missionaries founded in Western Scotland, were exclusively named after native saints, and consequently "ancient dedications to the Virgin Mary are very rare, if anywhere to be found in the Highlands."[1]

And this Maelrubha?

Listen! "St. Maelrubha,[2] son of Elgana and Subtan, and through his mother nearly related to St. Congall, was," says Dr. Reeves, "born on the 3d of January 642. He received his early training at his kinsman's famous monastery of Bangor, where he rose so much in esteem that, according to some authorities, he became the abbot, or, what is more probable, was appointed to the subordinate station of prior. In 671, having attained his twenty-ninth year, he left his native country and withdrew to Scotland. Two years, which were probably spent in choosing a place of abode, having elapsed, he settled, in 673, at Apurcrossan, on the north-west coast of Scotland, where he founded a church, which became the nucleus of a conventual establishment, following the order of Bangor, and for a long period affiliated to that monastery. After a presidency of fifty-one years, during which time he enjoyed a character of great sanctity, he died a natural death at Apurcrossan, on Tuesday, the 21st day of April 722, at the age of eighty years, three months, and nineteen days."

So much for the *Irish history*, which, as Dr. Reeves remarks, "is too circumstantial and too well attested to

[1] *Saint Maelrubha: His History and Churches*, by William Reeves, D.D., p. 38.

We are also informed by Dr. George Petrie that "none of the ancient Irish churches were dedicated to the Virgin, or to any of the foreign saints, previously to the twelfth century."—*Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland*, p. 173.

[2] "The name Maelrubha is compounded of *Mael*, 'a servant,' and *Rubha*, which signifies either 'patience' or a 'promontory;' and it is occasionally met with in Irish records."—Reeves, p. 5.

admit of its being called into question." The *local tradition* is not altogether so veracious, but it has the advantage of being somewhat more romantic. According to it St. Maelrubha "came to Applecross from Iona, and made this the principal place of his abode during the remainder of his life. He preached in various parts of the parish; and the spots called *Suidhe Maree* and *Loch Maree* are commemorative of his visits. Sometimes he crossed over to Skye, and at Ashaig, between Kyleakin and Broadford, he founded a church. He also frequented the island in Loch Maree which bears his name. He died at Ferintosh when in the discharge of his sacred calling. Before he expired he gave directions that four men should be sent for to Applecross, who should convey his body thither. But the Ferintosh people neglected to fulfil his dying injunctions, for they wished to retain his remains in their own churchyard. But when his body was placed on rests outside the chamber where he died, in order to its being carried to burial, the united efforts of the assembled people were insufficient for its removal. Perceiving that some unseen agency operated against them, they sent for four Applecross men, who lifted the coffin at once, and carried it with such ease that they rested only twice upon the road—first at Kinlochewe, at a place called *Suidhe*,[1] and secondly at *Bealach an tsuidhe*,[2] between Shieldag and Applecross. On reaching his last home he was solemnly interred in the churchyard, and the spot which is supposed to be his grave is marked by a little hillock called *Claodh Maree*.[3] * * * It is believed that a man who takes about his person a little earth from this churchyard may travel the world round, and that he will safely return to the neighbouring bay; also that no one can commit suicide, or otherwise injure himself, within view of this spot."

[1] Suidhe—A seat, a sitting.

[2] Bealach an tsuidhe—The pass or defile of the seat.

[3] Claodh or Cladh—A mound, a burying-place.

You will see, therefore, how egregiously adrift the Kilmory folks are with respect to the spelling and meaning of their own name; but allowing for the long period through which it has been floundering, and the many etymological fashions to which, in the transit, it must have been compelled to submit, we can hardly be surprised at the estranged form it has assumed in our day. I wonder what ours—your name and mine—were twelve centuries ago!

The morning of my second arrival at Kilmory was exceedingly fine, and our petty voyage to Eilean Mòr, which, for the sake of its pleasance, I could have willingly prolonged, was quite as smooth and sunny as was that of ours on the day we went to it together. The tide, however, not being suitable for landing at the nearest point, we made round to a very beautiful little bay, or harbour rather, in the north end of the island. There getting ashore, I went straight up to the ruined chapel once more to seek acquaintance with its time-honoured and weather-beaten countenance, and, if possible, to find in it peculiarities not recognised during any of my former inspections. What with repeated circuits of the building, measuring dimensions, and sketching detail, I had a diligent day of it; but before narrating results, let me have your attention for a minute to what has been said of this small insulated region, and its *res sacra*, by one who flourished in its vicinity about the close of the last century.

"Near the west coast of Knap lie a group of small islands, the most considerable whereof is Ellanmore-kilvicoharmaig. Carmaig was an ancient proprietor of this island. His whole family consisted of a granddaughter, who used to amuse herself by angling on the shore, which is surrounded with currents, and frequented, to this day, by vast crowds of fish. It happened upon an occasion of this kind that a bone, in place of a fish, came out with her line; she unhooked, and threw it back into the sea. Again and again it came out in

like manner. Chagrined with disappointment, she carried it home, and put it into the fire. The whiteness of its ashes struck her fancy. She endeavoured to preserve them; but, burning her finger in the attempt, instinctively clapt it into her mouth. By this means she became pregnant of the saint, whose supernatural gifts were so long to survive himself. He founded Kilvicoharmaig, the mother-church of Knapdale, and, after a life spent in acts of piety and devotion, was buried in his native island. His tomb, a little oblong building, elevated three feet above the ground, remains uninjured by time. The saint is said to resent, with the most summary vengeance, the least indignity offered to his monument. Near his tomb is a small chapel, built by himself. It is arched over, and covered with flags. Within, in a recess of the wall, is a stone coffin, in which the priests are said to have been deposited. The figure of a naked man is cut on its cover. The coffin also, for ages back, has served the saint as a treasury; and this perhaps might be the purpose for which it was originally intended. Till of late, not a stranger set foot on the island who did not conciliate his favour by dropping a small coin into a chink between its cover and side. Upon an eminence, not far off, is a pedestal with a cross, and the figure of a naked man; and near to the cross is a cave possessing the wonderful power of causing sterility in every person who dares to enter it. This magic island, if we may believe the legendary story of the saint, possessed many singular qualities. Nothing could be stolen from it that did not of itself return. The master of a vessel, conceiving a liking to the cross, carried it along with him, but, being overtaken by a storm at the Mull of Cantire, was obliged to throw it overboard; it floated back to a creek of the island, called from that circumstance *Portnacroish, i.e.*, the Harbour of the Cross."[1]

[1] *Statistical Account of Parish of South Knapdale*, 1797.

The chapel of St. Carmaig, or Cormac, as Dr. Macculloch perhaps more properly has it, stands, as you will remember, near about the middle of the island, and looks, on first sighting it, more like a huge dusky peat-stack than an erection of stone.

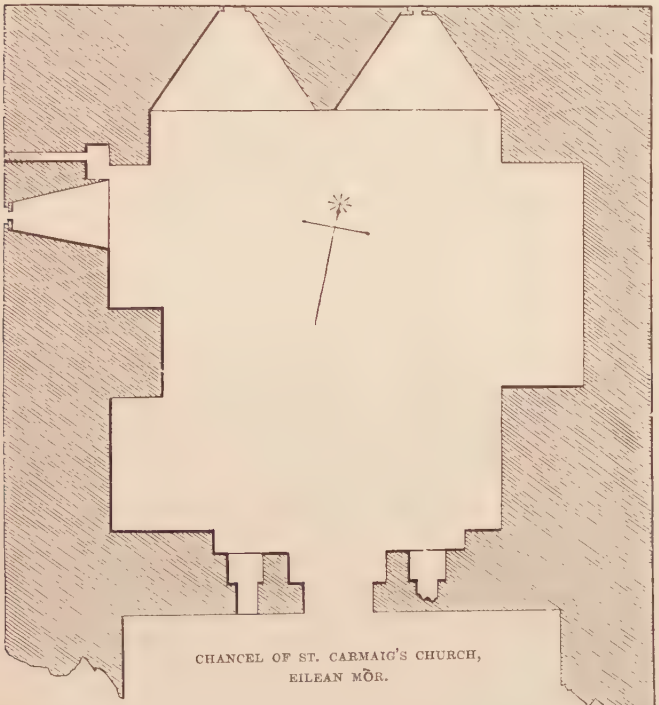
It is a very rough building, 37 feet 5 inches in length, divided into two compartments, of which the eastern and smaller one was the chapel, and the other seemingly, from its secular and comparatively modern character, the residence of the priest. Of the western compartment, which is roofless, I need not say anything, as its features have nothing in them requiring description. Internally, the eastern division is a low cradle-vaulted cell, only 13 feet 5 inches long, and 10 feet 8 inches wide. Between the vaulting and the external moss-covered roof there is a very small chamber, ceiled with stone slabs. For what purpose this place was made is uncertain, though, as the inlet to it is by a moderate-sized aperture, resembling a window, in the top of the west gable, not reachable except by a ladder, it was probably intended to be a kind of *Zoar* to the anchoret, when at any time he espied predatory-looking craft skulking about, or making their way to the island.

The entrance to the cell was originally by a large, rude, semicircular arch in the west elevation, but is now, as you will perceive from the etching (Pl. XXIX.), through a flat-headed doorway in the wall, with which, at some subsequent period, the archway has been blocked. This alteration, which no doubt was found needful as a security from the inclemencies alike of weather and freebooting visitors, was apparently at the same time extended to windows, which, though but striplings at the first, were farther narrowed into mere slits pierced through slates placed close to the outer face of the wall.

Concerning the interior arrangement of the cell, I will not

CHURCH OF ST CARMAIG EILEAN MÒR
EXTERIOR ELEVATION OF WEST END.

say much, as you have it laid down as intelligibly as needs be in my sketch of the ground plan. It is lighted by three deeply-recessed windows, or slits, as I have called them,—two in the east end, and one in the easternmost recess of the north wall. To your right of this north window, and close to the ground, is a diminutive aperture answering in somewise



CHANCEL OF ST. CARMAIG'S CHURCH, EILEAN MÒR.

to what ecclesiologists call a *lychnoscope*, or confessional duct, and in the large recess in the wall opposite is the mutilated and headless effigy of the priest or "naked man," spoken of in the quotation above.

Altogether, the cell, both inside and without, has an air of much primitiveness, that carries the mind back almost to the

days of Maelrubha and Columba.[1] Its masonic complexion I have endeavoured to portray in the sketch of the east elevation (Pl. XXX.) In the lower parts of the wall the stones are of great bulk, and bedded as methodically as their irregular forms could admit in parallel courses; but above these the wall is a jumble of small boulders and slates, gradually diminishing in size as they go to the top of the gable. As in the selecting of his material the builder has apparently not been any way particular, so also in the placing of his fabric he seems not to have been very nice, for on collating my

[1] "The parish or district of Knapdale," says Mr. Howson, "was called Killvic O'Charmaig,—after an Irish saint, M'Ocharmaig or M'Cormac, who lived on the island, which is variously called Eilan More or Inch Cormac More, and who founded several chapels on the mainland. The chief parochial minister seems to have lived always in the cell on this island, and to have made periodical excursions to his different 'preaching-places.' * * * The *sacellum* on Inch Cormac More is nearly the most curious place I ever saw. The building is divided into two apartments, the one 5 yards by 4, the other 4 yards by 4½; the difference being caused by the different thickness of the walls. The first or western part would seem to have been the dwelling of the priest. * * * The present doorway is square-headed, but there are marks of a round-headed one built up. In the upper part of the wall are marks of recent work; there are traces of a chimney and a ceiling, and above one of the windows part of a tombstone is built into the wall. It is very likely that the hermit's room has been at one time converted into a residence for some person who superintended the farm on the island, while the chapel was used for a byre. The whole building is now thus used, and has accordingly a fence adjoining it. The chapel is entered by a doorway from the other apartment. The roof is a plain waggon-vault, springing from a very low point, from which recesses open on each side, one low on the south, under which the remains of a recumbent effigy are to be seen, and two higher ones on the north, the eastern one of which is pierced for a window. The aperture is of Norman shape, rudely made and very small; but even this is not open, but is filled with a slate, which is pierced with a small foliated opening. The two eastern windows, which are deeply splayed inwardly, are of the same construction, except that the opening in one is foliated, in the other not. Whether this arrangement was adopted to deepen the gloom of the cell, or as a protection against the storms, I will not attempt to decide. * * * It is clear that some very sacred feelings have been attached both to this island and to some individual hermit who dwelt there. One tradition is that if anything was stolen from the island, the culprit was always forced to put back by the violence of the waves."—*Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Argyllshire*, by John Saul Howson, Esq., M.A., in *Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society*, 1842.

CHURCH OF ST CARMAIG, EIL. MÒR
EXTERIOR EAST ELEVATION OF CHANCEL.

measurements I found that it was not strictly rectangular. Besides this, I should also mention that the gable, instead of rising perpendicularly in a line with its wall, leans inwardly a good deal towards the roof of the building.

It does not appear that the precinct of the church was ever inclosed and used generally as a place of interment. There are no appearances of a surrounding wall, and the only trace of sepulture is the reputed tomb of St. Cormac,—a low dilapidated building about 9 feet in length, off a few paces from the south-east corner of the church. Whether originally connected with this small edifice I know not, but now closely attached to its west end is a thin broken pillar of schist, 5 feet 9 inches in height. It seems to have been cruciform. On its east face are figurings of fret and lattice work, a horseman, and a hybrid animal resembling an elephant. With the exception of some nearly deleted ornaments at the bottom, all the sculpturings on the west face are worn away.

In the south-east part of the island, and up a short way from the shore, is the cave spoken of in my quotation as having the power of rendering sterile any one who enters it. As the gap is less properly a cave than a pit, with rather a Stygian look-down, it is not likely that many have ever put its puissance to the test, though, had a few yards of rope been opportunely at hand, I daresay I should have ventured a descent. On the slope below it, and flanked on one side by some picturesque rocks, and on the other by a few steps leading round to its rear, is a very thick-walled, low, roofless building constructed of uncemented slates, about eleven feet square, entered by a rectangular aperture facing the south. For what purpose this little stout windowless house was put up, who can say?—although while wandering musingly around, and full of the legendary associations of the place, one might well imagine it the cell fashioned by St. Cormac

himself long before the larger one I have been describing came into existence.

Another interesting, though still more dilapidated notability of Eilean Mòr is a remain of a cruciform pillar which stands on the highest point of the island. I daresay you have not forgotten it, as it was from its base that you went down with one of our men on your bootless search for the disc, which was said to be still lying somewhere among the rocks. What is left of it, *in situ*, is merely a bit of the stem, which, with its graduated pedestal, is no more than five feet

EILEAN MÒR.

in height. On the west face is an animal surrounded by foliage, and on its east one seventeen lines of faded inscription, which, I am sorry to say, I did not attempt to decipher.

During the time I was taking my jottings, two of my men were scouring the slopes and the shore, in the chance of falling in with any scattered pieces of the memorial. I should hope it will much please you to learn that their inquiries were eminently successful. Just as I had finished my job, up came the two scouts, one of them, like another Samson out of Gaza, with a huge load on his shoulders. The disc!—On it, on one side, a tissue of flowerage, and on the

other, the crucifixion, treated every way much alike that on the pillar at Kilmory.

"Well," says Benedick, "every one can master a grief but he that has it;" and well might the penitent bachelor have added—*and so too, in like manner, a gift.* Here was a precious acquisition—the thing I had been many times longing and looking for—lying before me, and now what to do with it was rather a serious and puzzling question. My Samson, who probably thought that he had already got quite enough of the treasure, was for leaving it alongside the stump of its pillar; but as this would have been only subjecting it to the certainty of being again rolled down the height, my earliest impulse was to take it away with us, and place it in the burial-ground at Keils, where it would likely remain undisturbed. Further thinking, however, convinced me that, independently of our being probably put, like the Mull of Kintyre reiver, to the necessity of parting with it during the passage across, it would be not only an act of bad taste, but also a cruelty, to remove from its "assign'd and native dwelling-place," a memorial so interesting. "Samson," I said, "just get a lift with the load; I have made up my mind what to do with it; you shall not have to carry it far, —and then, as you know, there is a glass of something at the boat to dry the sweat on your brow!" Samson, inspired with the promise, readily took the disc once more on his back, and, silently followed up by the rest of us, marched down the soft sward without much ado towards the chapel. There arrived, we all entered and reverently deposited our long lost but now happily found relic in the large niche on the south side of the cell; and there, resting alongside the truncated priest, I hope you will find it in peace, should you ever revisit the small grassy Eilean Mòr.

* * * * *

There are still in my jottings one or two little matters,

about which I purposed to have said something: but Puella is up to tell me that Peter and Bob, who have been to hand these two hours, are now fully rested and ready for the road; so farewell, and first-class honours at Uppingham!

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

October 18, 1864. MULL OF GALLOWAY.—Ave!—You see whither I am come—after a ten days' run through the *Moors*, *Muchers*, and *Rinns* of Galloway. And a nice sunny pleasant-thoughted run it was, amidst scenery, not so broadcast and elevated, certainly, yet in great measure quite as diversified and gracefully-fashioned as most you meet with in our northern counties.

But I am not going to discourse about scenery. Wanting, as heretofore, work more definite and practical than that of sight-seeing, of which, after much of it at a time, one tires, I am out on my old hobby, looking for antiquities,—a favourite and time-honoured pursuit of mine, as you must well know, though, I begin to fear, one that I will be soon tired of too, unless more can be made of it than has been on this and sundry late occasions. By special indulgence, I am the guest, for the night, of the lighthouse-keeper; and to judge from the hearty reception he has given me, and the avidity with which his spouse is putting things into order for my accommodation, there is every reason to believe I shall be comfortable. The domestic conveniences of a lighthouse are not, of course, on a large scale; but besides what are provided for the keeper and his family, there is in most, if not in all cases, a pair of rooms for the temporary use of the superintendent, or the engineer, or, peradventure, the *commissionaire* himself, if so be he should, like your correspondent, have but for his object the fancy for passing a night in a solitary sea-beaten habitation. Here, within such spare apartments—one of them a snug parlour, about

twelve feet square, and the other a tidy bedroom directly off it, much of the same size—I am housed till the morning, and preparing to sit down to the something-or-other that is being got ready in the kitchen for supper.

From what my landlady has been hinting with respect to the state of her larder, this something-or-other ought not to turn up a very sumptuous affair; but that is a matter of but trifling concern, for providently expectant that chops were not likely to be forthcoming, *on demand*, at the tip of a promontory, my lad, who has experienced (so he says) a deal of outlandish travel, and its privations, suggested the expediency of our carrying with us out of Stranraer a light assortment of nourishments as a stand-by in case of emergencies. Readily admitting the wisdom of the precaution, a few "bites," as he called them, nicely selected by my adviser, were accordingly made up, which, on arrival at the Mull, appeared to be the following:—1 loaf of wheaten bread—1 lump of salted beef—8 ounces of tea—1 flask of sherry—1 flask of brandy—2 ounces of Irish roll—2 long pipes.

This, you will perceive, is by no means an excessive supply, but, together with the butter and eggs that have been sent for from the nearest farm, will be amply sufficient for all our requirements,—and a little over, too, perhaps, as a tasting on the morrow to the small fairy things which have crept around the table of their solitary visitor, to gladden him awhile with their merry talk.

As *pabulum mentis*, I have also with me a few books,—the *Statistical Accounts of the Stewartry and Shire of Wigton*, published by the parochial clergy of the last and present centuries, and the *Large Description of Galloway*, written, in 1692, by the trotting poet, Andrew Symson, who, "by the providence of God, and the protection of his Sacred Majestie's laws," was, for more than twenty years preceding the Revolution, incumbent of Kirkinner. On these, and on one or two

other equally trite sources of information, I shall be driven, I suspect, to draw somewhat freely for the purpose of eking my own story, which, but for assistance of the kind, would be in all probability the shortest on record.

To the telling of this story—which, as already foretokened, is to be only a fact-specification of the few derelict memorials of the earlier Novante that were fallen in with during my short ramble—I must now begin. There is a solemn stillness all around, Hyperion has long since gone down in splendour to his watery bed—Diana, now sole arbitress of the sky, is walking it in beauty, and spreading her silvery rays over earth and sea—my erewhile jocund little ones are off on their holiday in Dreamland—my host is tending his friendly lamp on the top of the tower—and saving the subdued tattle that is going on between the goodwife and my gig companion in the kitchen, and the still more muffled murmurings of the vexed wave deep below, not a sound is to be heard—not a whisper. And indeed, how could there? Look at the map! —Out on the right, and looming in the distance, old Ireland: on the left, the bold brow of Burrow Head, separated from you by the broad bay of Luce, the *Abravannus Sinus* of our ancient geographers: in front, and near-about equally removed, the Isle of Man: and behind, stretching northward a couple of miles, the uninhabited territory of the Mull, rarely traversed but by those concerned with the pharos, or the solitary tourist seeking his mosses, or else, among the rugged cliffs by which it is all but entirely encircled.

My former visits to Galloway were—once by Dumfries; once, seawise, by Loch Ryan; and once by Girvan, Killentringan, and Newton-Stewart. In the present instance, I made the Stewartry by the, as I think, greatly more interesting route of Dalmellington, Carsphairn, and Castle-Douglas. This I mention for your guidance, should you ever wisely take it in head to have a look through one of the prettiest

districts in Scotland. Pursuing this route, my first night was spent in Dalmellington, a small Ayrshire town nearly upon the northern border of the Stewarty. Having proceeded directly, and almost continuously, from Edinburgh, I reached it in time to see a little about me before darkness set in; though, excepting one of those lumpish green hillocks, called moats, of which, in this country, you are seldom ever out of view, I saw nothing that particularly took my attention. This moat is rather a small but very fair specimen of its kind, rising in stages in the usual manner, and picturesquely based, on the roadside, by an affluent fountain, from which the people around obtain their choicest water.

The parish church is a large and somewhat pretentious structure of quite modern date, highly placed at the top of the town, and commanding an extensive and very pleasing prospect of the wooded strath and the fine wild hill-country lying beyond. Regarding the older church I was unable to learn anything. It stood down in the burying-ground at the back of the town, whither I went to see what there might still be of it; but not a fragment was to be found.

From Dalmellington to New Galloway, where I next rested, our course was in most part through a fine undulating country, backed on each hand by shapely mountains, rising in many instances to but a little short of 3000 feet.

Among the smaller roadside aspects and objects, of which the eye of the inquisitive traveller is usually more regardful, we saw not much that was anywise particularly noteworthy. For a mile or two out of Dalmellington the path is skirted, first on the one side, and then on the other, by the Muick, tortuously working its way northward through a rocky channel marked here and there by spots of great beauty. Then, but off to your right a bit, is Glen Ness—a specialty of the Dalmellington neighbourhood which every visitor of the town is entreated to see. Like many of nature's freaks

it is scarcely to be described, but as near as can be—It is a deep and very narrow ravine, forming for about a mile of its course the bed of the Doon, directly after its exit from the parent lake. In general character it resembles very much the gut of the Esk between Roslin and Hawthornden; but, and particularly on one side, the densely-wooded crags are greatly more elevated and perpendicular, and the river, instead of being the slow, puny, and polluted thing that *our* classic rivulet has become, rushes, with the noise of thunder, along its stinted confine, full, pure, and headstrong as the mountain torrent. Altogether, this Glen Ness is a wonderful scene, and well deserving all the praises that local admiration heaps upon it. Of course there are—plenty of them—places of like kind to be met with in the bends of many of the more romantic of our rivers, but one so deep and steep—so leaf-and-flower bedecked—so boisterously water-coursed—I never before fell in with during any of my rambles.

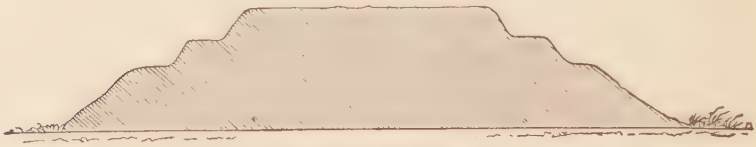
Regaining my car at the foot of Loch Doon, and progressing diligently ahead, we were after not many hours brought to the close of our day's journey—time-lengthened a little only by short stoppages at Carsphairn and St. John's Town of Dalry. At either of those wayside places, or at Kells and Balmaclellan, which I had time before nightfall to visit afoot from New Galloway, I did not encounter anything much out of the common. All the churches are parsimoniously-begotten buildings of modern date, and their yards—well inclosed and rather tidily-kept ones, I should mention—contain no memorials older than the Solemn League and Covenant period, of which, here, as in almost every Gallovidian place of sepulture, you have not a few quaintly and touchingly inscribed specimens. As a set-off, however, against the juvenility and baldness of the Glenkens temple, there is generally by it one of those antiquated mounds already referred to, to refresh the eye, and carry

back the mind to days when the *wise men* of Galloway tumultuously consorted thereupon to hear about, talk about, and finally send—when they could—to the *rightabout*, all and sundry the pleas and petitions of their clamant constituents. Besides the camps, cairns, and circles, with which, in various conditions, the hills and the lanes (as the smaller waters or their ducts are generally termed) of the whole of Galloway are every here and there dotted, the four northern parishes of the Stewartry have at least two of these moats or moots,—one at Dalry, the other at Balmaclellan. Both are small but well-preserved specimens, prettily situated, and presenting from their now peaceful slopes and summits some of the very choicest prospects anywhere obtainable of the beautifully wooded and watered valley of the Ken. Glenlee and Kenmure are places in the immediate vicinity of New Galloway which I should have seen had my allowance of daylight permitted. Of the latter, however, I had a moonlight glimpse in the evening, and one, still more gloriously illumed, while on my way southward to Parton in the morning. The castle, thickly surrounded by about the finest timber I have seen in Scotland, occupies a rise on the west side of the Ken, some half a mile or so down from the burgh. It is said to be many centuries old, but of its precise date and architectural character I was not able to learn anything definite.

At Parton I did not see much. The church, finely situated on the left bank of the Dee, in the midst of a richly-wooded district, is a plain decently-conditioned building, erected in 1834. A portion of the earlier one, which is described in the Statistical Account of the parish as having been 72 feet long by 14 wide, and built in 1592, is still standing alongside, inscribed over the opening of its eastern bell-cot with LAUS. DEO. 1636.

Departing from these not particularly engaging objects, and a small tree-covered moat that rises a few paces off them,

I came next to the kirktown of Crossmichael, also pleasantly situated on the same side of the Dee, some three or four miles below Parton. Here, and hereabouts, the success attending my archæological researches was much on a footing with that I had met with in places previously inspected. The church—built in 1751, and "repeatedly enlarged and repaired since"—is a coarse lumpish building, with a slender tower of cylindrical shape at the middle of its south side. Northerly from it about three miles, and on a wooded eminence overhanging a small lake, are the not very intelligible remains of a hill fort, called by the people around the Auld Kirk of Loch Roan. Still farther on in the same direction nearly a mile is the moat of Glenroan, curiously formed out of a natural elevation; and on the farm of



SECTION OF CROFTS MOAT.

Nethertown, south-east a short way of Crossmichael, there is another—the Crofts Moat, a large and well-defined specimen rising in several stages to a round grassy plat, about 280 feet in diameter. The prospects off these rises, but especially those from the last one—the Crofts—are very beautiful, and, what could hardly be expected from points so moderately elevated, of vast extent. This last circumstance would lead one to infer that these moats were placed with a view to visual intercourse with one another; and if so prepared in all likelihood for *meets* of a more rousing description than were those merely civil and political ones which the *eorls* and *ceorls*, and *tything-men* of the Saxon period brought around their *witena-gemót*, and other open-air courts of justice. The idea, however, of their having been fortified places, or indeed,

except as observatories, military posts of any kind, does not seem to be borne out by any of the features apparent in their present condition. In any of those which I have examined no walled defences, whether of earth or stone, are traceable; and as to those "trenches" which are sometimes spoken of as likely to have been such formidable impediments to an attacking enemy, they are, though not unfrequently scooped into shallow hollows resembling ditches, for the most part only narrow flat footpath-like terraces, carried, one above the other, concentric-wise, around the slope of the hillock, the uppermost one being generally within a few feet of the summit.

Leaving the Crofts, and crossing the Dee at Glenlochar, where it would seem that an abbey had at one time existed, I went forward to Balmagie, lying pleasantly on the right bank of the Dee nearly opposite to Crossmichael. The view from the churchyard is extensive and fine, but there are no ancient memorials; and the church, like its neighbour over the way, Parton, and others already spoken of, is a poor present-day edifice, put up, according to the Statistical Account, at the end of the last century.

At the kirktown of Kelton, the parish adjoining Balmagie on the south-east, the church is also a modern edifice, "built," says the Statistical Account, "in the year 1805-6, when it was removed from a low situation in the middle of the churchyard, to its present elevated, dry, and convenient site." By further reference to the same authority I learn that "Kelton is composed of the three united parishes of Kelton, Gelston, and Kirkcormack. At each of the two last-mentioned places there exist the remains of a church, with its adjoining cemetery, which is still occasionally used by the families in the neighbourhood. * * * The local situation of Gelston countenances the opinion of those who refer the name to *gill* or *gell*, a ravine through which runs a brook, and the common

affix *tun;* but its ancient name appears to have been Galston, Gaulston, or, as in the grant of land to James Boyd by David II., 'Gauliston,' which lands John Gauliston had forfeited. Kirkcormack, anciently called Kilcormac, derived its name from the Irish saint, Cormac, to whom it was dedicated. This dedication was no doubt made during the ninth century, after the Irish emigrants began to find repose in Galloway. * * * The ancient history of the parish is enveloped in considerable obscurity. It formed part of the extensive territories of the powerful and warlike British tribe, the Selgovæ, several of whose places of strength can still be traced. When Agricola invaded 'that part of Britain which is opposite to Ireland,' along with the rest of Galloway, Kelton was comprehended in the Roman province, Valentia. After the Roman abdication, the Britons assumed their ancient independence, until the Northumbrian Saxons, in the seventh century, reduced this country under their power. Few of that people, however, who enjoyed a better country and climate on the eastern shore, and who had already conquered a greater extent of territory than their limited population could occupy, settled permanently in Galloway; and they have left but few memorials, even in the bestowing Saxon names upon places, of their ever having gained a footing here at all. Many of the names of places alluded to, indeed, are common to the British and the Irish, as Torrs, from *tor*, a small hill; Dungyle, from the British *din* or the Irish *dun*, a fort; and Bengairn, from *ben*, a mountain, and *cairn*, a hillock of stones; yet the complete colonisation of Galloway by the Irish is strikingly proved by the fact that in the whole parish only two places retain names which are purely British—viz. Slagnaw, a compound of *slack*, the name of a burn, and *cnol*, commonly pronounced *knowe*, a hillock; and Carlinwark, from the British *cær-lin*, the fort-lake, and the tautological Scoto-Saxon *wark*, a castle or large structure of

any kind. The name of Kirk-cormic, or rather Kil-cormac, as it was formerly written, is purely Irish, *kil* signifying a church, and Cormic being the successor of Saint Patrick, and called in the Ulster Annals Saint Patrick's heir. * * * Kirkcormack is beautifully situated on a retired spot, on the bank of the river Dee, and seems to have been the burying-place of the Maclellans of Auchlane, a branch of the noble family of Kirkcudbright. In ancient times all these churches belonged to the monks of Icolmkill. When their establishment became ruined by the successive devastations of the Northmen, Kelton, and, indeed, all the churches in Galloway, which belonged to these monks, were granted between the years 1172 and 1180, by William the Lion, to the monastery of Holywood. This establishment also being dissolved by the Reformation, Charles I., in 1633, granted to the newly-erected bishopric of Edinburgh, along with many others which had belonged to the monastery of Holyrood, the churches of Kelton and Kirkcormack. Gelston belonged of old to the prior and canons of Whithern. After the Reformation, it was, by the general Annexation Act of 1587, vested in the king, who granted the whole property of Whithern priory, including the church of Gelston, to the bishop of Galloway in 1606. * * * The precise date of the union of these three parishes cannot now be ascertained. It probably took place soon after the Reformation; at least the churches of Gelston and Kirkcormack were both in ruins when Symson wrote his description of Galloway in 1684."[1]

Of all the three churches referred to in the above quotation, only a bit of wall belonging to the one that stood in the Kelton cemetery remains. At Gelston, not even a trace of its site, so far as I can recollect, was discernible when I visited the place in 1852; and on the present occasion, when forwarded to Kirkcormack, I found there only some low turf-

[1] *Statistical Account of Parish of Kelton*, pp. 150-1, 170-1.

covered tumuli marking the spot where the chapel had stood. It seems to have been quite a small narrow building, measuring scarcely 44 feet in length. The burial-ground surrounding its site lies secludedly and prettily in a wooded bend of the Dee nearly opposite to the mansion-house of Argrennan, in Tongland, and some four miles south-west of Kelton; but it contains no sepulchral memorials of any age, the oldest that I could see being one to the "Honourable Patrick Maclellan, who died in the year 1534." Not many paces from it, on the farm of Mayfield, there is a now nearly drained spring called *St. Ringan's Well*, roofed by a big slab, on which some archæological pilgrim has chiselled largely "W. I. 1791." Excepting that, from the locality, St. Cormac should have been the owner of the fountain, "St. Ringan" rather puzzled me. Wells situated at or near to ancient churches generally bear the names of the saints to whom the churches themselves were dedicated, but finding in the present case a seeming instance of the contrary, I was led to ponder whether it might not be just possible that a cell, or sacellum of some sort, had been here consecrated in honour of the Cumbrian apostle, long before that now also almost traceless one commemorative of the Irish Cormac was founded "down by" in the crook of the river.

In the more immediate vicinity of Castle-Douglas, in the northern division of the parish, I did not, in the course of my only very partial survey, fall in with anything particularly interesting: the old dilapidated castle of Threave, situated on an insulated plat in the Dee, about two miles westward of the town, and the modern church of St. Ninian, nicely put down at the north end of Carlinwark Loch, being the only objects that anyway took my attention. Threave is merely a curtained square tower of no great magnitude, erected about the end of the fourteenth century by Archibald, surnamed *the Grim*, Earl of Douglas, on the site of what had been a

residence of Alan, last lord of Galloway, who died in 1234, and was buried in the abbey of Dundrennan, founded in the adjoining parish of Rerwick by Fergus, his grandfather, in 1142.

The church of St. Ninian is a low thick-walled building of moderate size, consisting of chancel and nave, with a short pyramidal-capped tower on the north side, the ground storey of which forms a kind of porched entrance to the east end of the nave. The high-pitched roofs soaring from their low massive walls, the subdued dimensions of the lights and doorways, and the plain elegance of the internal furnishings, are features which come pleasingly to the eye, and with which, and other minor excellences, the general aspect of the structure would be highly satisfactory, but for perhaps a certain obtrusive bruskness or "mannerism" in the masonry and ornamentation which most, I suspect, would be inclined to find fault with.

Departing from Castle-Douglas—the which I should have told you, though scarcely a century ago, and then under the plebeian name of Causewayend, only a roadside "cluster of cottages," is the largest and most important town in the Stewarty—my next halting-spot was Newton-Stewart, a burgh also of modern erection on the eastern border of Wigtonshire or West Galloway, and in the parish of Penninghame. There are several places more or less interesting lying around the town, on which a day or two might be profitably expended—Minnigaff, for instance, and the site of the old church of St. Ninian, at the secluded clachan of Penninghame, etc.—but having been to most of them during a former excursion, I passed directly forward, after my night's rest in the "Grapes," to Whithorn, and there, housed in another very good "Grapes," I spent my Sunday quietly.

On the way thither our stoppages for investigatory purposes were not very numerous. The first was at Kirkcowan,

about seven miles south-west of Newton-Stewart, where, on looking into the burial-ground, we found the east gable of the old church still remaining, but through its thick coating of ivy no sight of its character was obtainable. Proceeding south-easterly some four miles or so, our second was at the Standing Stones of Torhouse, a notability of Wigton parish respecting which old Andrew Symson says: "In the parish

TORHOUSE CIRCLE.

there are no considerable edifices except one, viz. Torhouse, situated on the north side of the river Blaidnoch, and belongs to George M'Culloch of Torhouse, not far from whose house, in the highway betwixt Wigton and Portpatrick, about three miles westward of Wigton, is a plaine call'd the Moor, or Standing Stones of Torhouse, in which there is a monument of three large whin-stones, called King Galdus's tomb, surrounded, at about twenty foot distance, with nineteen con-

siderable great stones (but none of them so great as the three first mentioned), erected in the circumference. In this Moor, and not far from the tomb, are great heaps of small hand-stones, which the countrey people call Cairnes, suppos'd by them to be the buriall places of the common soldiers. As also at severall places distant from the monument, are here and there great single stones erected, which are also supposed to be the burial places of his commanders and men of note. But herein I determine nothing, only I think fit to add, that, at severall places in this countrey, there are many great heaps of hand-stones, called Cairnes; and those heaps, or Cairnes, of stones are very seldom single, but many times there are two of them, and sometimes more, not far distant from each other."[1]

To the above general description of King Galdus's Tomb, I may just add, that in all respects it is simply one of those "Druidical" circles on which our Dryasdusts have squandered so much of their learning, and of which we have in the northern counties so many larger and much taller examples. Unlike, however, the majority of those we there fall in with, the "mystical number" of the pillars is complete; a circumstance which in all likelihood is owing to their happily unutilitarian proportions, all of them being boulder-like lumps of whin, not more than four or five feet in height. Unmolested, therefore, by the farmer and dyke-builder, to whose unchecked depredations during the last fifty or sixty years, more than perhaps to any other cause, is attributable the decay of our architectural antiquities, the Torhouse monument seems to be exactly in the same condition it was when old Andrew took his measures of it nearly two centuries ago. Of the twenty-two stones, of which, in all, the monument is composed, the largest are the three lying in a line, east and west, in the centre of the inclosure, and the three forming

[1] Symson, pp. 36, 37.

the southern arc of the circle, the diameter of which is 65 feet. Standing bits away to the south, south-east, and north-west of it, are eight taller stones, arranged in groups of two, three, and three, respectively; and built into the roadside dyke, not so far off, there is a large boulder, hollowed at about its middle into a shallow basin of obtuse oval shape, the greater diameter of which is 15 inches. From what part of the monument or its precincts this peculiarly-featured fragment was taken, my few inquiries made on the spot did not enable me to find out.

Continuing south-westerly for a couple of miles, and crossing the Bladenoch at Dalreagle ford, we came to another pause to see the *Holed Stone*, on the farm of Crows, or Croose, as they have it in the vernacular. To me this was rather a curiosity. Pillars bearing inscribed crosses, with their re-entering angles circularly perforated, and others, themselves cruciform, pierced with four holes, or sometimes with three only, at the intersection of the limbs, are not exactly scarce in Scotland; but rude granites, or whins, holed in any way, are objects which I cannot say I have more than the vaguest remembrance of having ever before seen, though I should think they ought to be found here and there if specially sought for in our outlying districts. But whether a rarity or not, this Crows example is—shortly to describe it—an odd-looking oval-shaped pillar, 7 ft. 7 in. in length, which, though no doubt originally upright, is now lying inclined, with its upper or perforated end raised a foot or so from the ground. Transversely, the stone is obtusely curved into a bulge at the middle of *both* faces, if I remember correctly, or, in other words, is a double-convex, measuring at its broadest 5 ft. 3 in.; so that what with its tail-like base and eyed-like summit, the whole figure resembles a huge flat-sided *piscis marinus* more than any other object to which I can liken it. The shape of the stone, I should furthermore mention, is evidently

natural; whilst to all appearance the orifice is artificial, and, with a view to comparison with other known specimens, may be described as two circular basins, twelve inches in diameter, oppositely sunk into the faces of the boulder, and connected by a two or three inch hole bored through their bottoms.

HOLED STONE AT CROWS.

For what purpose such objects were contrived, it would not, with the limited knowledge we possess of early usages, be easy to determine. Tradition, at which we sometimes affectedly smile, but to which, nevertheless, we not unoften gladly resort when deserted by History, has indeed told us something regarding their uses, though, as might be expected,

its telling is not always the same in all their localities. In Devonshire and Cornwall, where, under the name of *Tolmén* or *Mên-an-tol*, the holed stone is of frequent occurrence, story almost invariably associates it with the sacrificial rites of the Druids. But touching Scotch examples, I find it here and there stated that at or through such holes compacts and vows were made, and, accompanied by certain extravagant forms, prayers for restoration of health.

Leaving this Crows curiosity, and taking some seven miles more of the road, we touched Mochrum, but not finding there anything much worthy of notice, we went instantly forward to Port-William, on the eastern shore of Luce Bay, and thence, inland a mile or so, to Monreith, a finely-wooded demesne, of which my pleasant companion, Symson, says: "Part of this house is built upon a little round hillock, whereof there are several artificial ones in the countrey, called Motes, and commonly they are trenched about. This house lys towards the south, a large mile distant from the parish-kirk; it hath an old chapel within less than a bow draught's distance from it. On the north side of this house, and hard by it, is the White Loch of Myrton; but why call'd white I know not, except, as Sir William Maxwell informs me, it be so called because the water (as he saith) hath this property, that it will wash linnen as well without soap as many others will do with it; and therefore, in my opinion, it is an excellent place for whitening or bleeching of linnen, Holland, and muzlin webbs. This loch is very famous in many writers, who report that it never freezeth in the greatest frosts. Whether it had that vertue of old, I know not; but sure I am it hath it not now; for this same year it was so hard frozen, that the heaviest carriages might have been carried over it. However, I deny not but the water thereof may be medicinal, having receaved severall credible informations, that severall persons, both old and young, have been

cured of continued diseases by washing therein; yet still I cannot approve of their washing three times therein, which, they say, they must do; neither the frequenting thereof the first Sunday of the quarter, viz. the first Sunday of February, May, August, and November; although many foolish people affirm, that not only the water of this loch, but also many other springs and wells have more vertue on those days than any other."[1]

I am not aware that the white loch of Myrton is much regarded at the present day for its bleaching and body-curing properties, but it is a pretty and prettily situated sheet of water, half a mile or so in length, much resorted to by the Corydons and Phœbes of the neighbourhood on holiday occasions. Near to its south end, and commanding a beautifully-wooded landscape, is the messuage,—a large, though, so far as I had opportunity to judge, common-looking house of modern date. The ground surrounding it is very sweetly, and, so to speak, snugly laid out; and standing in front of its chief entrance there is—what I most of all wanted to see—a tall stone cross, which was probably removed from the old chapel spoken of in my last quotation. As a perfect specimen of what seems to have been the conventional West Galloway type, this cross is interesting and valuable, but the figure is not elegant, and the ornamentation is poor. Generally, its outline approximates to that of the ordinary Argyleshire cross, but nearer to the unique pattern of the Inverary one than to any of the others in that county. Much like it, our Monreith one is a narrow oblong whinstone pillar, terminating in an oval-shaped disk, measuring in all seven feet in height. The stem is six inches thick, and at its base and neck twelve inches broad, but, from a slight curve or entasis on each side, increases to fourteen inches at the middle. All the planes of the shaft are closely overspread with rows of a kind of

[1] *Description of Galloway*, pp. 52, 53.

ring ornament in low relief; but with the exception of a central boss, and four boss-bottomed cavities square-set around it by way of giving the outline of a cross-pattée to the field, the disc is quite bare.

Such is, as nicely as in few words I can depict it, the Monreith monolith, a memorial fashioned in honour of some one of the Maccullochs, who were, from an early period till about 1690, proprietors of the place. Though neither in shape nor in ornature anyway comparable to those of its class raised to the memory of Celtic chiefs and ecclesiastics in Western Scotland, it is, as a well-preserved remain of a local type, now but rarely met with in any condition deserving of being cared for even better than it is. Raised on a graduated plinth in one or other of the neighbouring burial-grounds — why not in the parish one? — it should certainly be at once more appropriately and effectively situated than where it is—carelessly stuck into the sod at a dwelling-house door.

A southerly run of some two miles from the messuage of Monreith, and you are into the parish of Glasserton. Here the church stands very retiredly in a wood near to Glasserton House, and from the highway our short pilgrimage to it was an agreeable diversion; but a church "built in 1732, exactly in the style in which all country churches were built about that period," and memorial stones, in greater part reaching not so far back, did not add much to our gratification. "The parish," says the *Statistical Account*, "appears to have been formed by the junction of two parishes, Glasserton and Kirkmaiden; but there are no documents to show at what time this annexation had taken place. A part of the walls of Kirkmaiden Church still remains pretty entire. It is situated near the sea-shore, not far from Monreith. It lies close to the bottom of the Heughs, or rather it is embosomed in a kind of recess formed by these steep hills. The road to it

winds down the brow of the hill, and at last ends in a flight of steps leading into the churchyard. Altogether it is scarcely possible to conceive that a church could be placed in a more romantic situation. It is indeed a beautiful sequestered spot, but never could have been a convenient situation for a church, for it lies in a corner where even now the population is small, and must have been much smaller in those times, when it was frequented as a place of worship."

The boundaries of Kirkmaiden, before its union with Glasserton, I have not seen traced on any of our county maps; but it seems to have been a parish of very small size, forming a mere strip of the shore, extending but a mile or so, perhaps, on each side from the spot on which the old church spoken of above is situated. The site we took in our way to Glasserton, and a lonely and picturesque place it is, looking athwart the bay towards that other Kirkmaiden in which I am at this present as wildly sequestered. The church is a not greatly ruinated oblong, interiorly 38 feet in length, divided at its east end by a rude and rudely-rounded arch of slates from an extensively-rebuilded compartment, which was probably the chancel. The west elevation and side walls of the ruined division are pretty entire, and apparently antique, though, to judge from the character of what is still preserved of the detail, they cannot be of any great age. Near to the west end of the south elevation is a broken doorway, which seems to have been topped by a plain bevel-edged arch either of circular or obtuse-pointed form; and eastward of it are two equally wasted windows of small size—the only ones in the building; the north and west walls, as is not unusually the case in small Scotch churches, bleakly exposed, being left blank.

The burying-ground, now not much used, I believe, is a weird-looking place full of stones, some of which are evidently ancient, though, with the exception of one lying within the

church, none have carvings upon them. Unfortunately, this bedecked specimen is only a fragment, which had been either the uppermost or undermost panel of a slab nearly two feet in width. Square-set upon it, and wholly covering one of its faces, are four braided circles, fashioned much like those on stones of memorial in Argyle, though in the breadth of the folds more resembling the ribbon-like pattern of Cumbrian examples.

Before ending my talk about this old odd-looking spot, I should just mention another rarity belonging to it. Standing against the outside of the church, and immediately west of its entrance, there is a rude bench, two feet in height, regarding the purpose of which it would be interesting to gain information. It is solidly built of two tiers or courses of not very large cubical stones, overlaid by a thick tapering *mensa* four feet in length, and eighteen inches broad at its broader extremity. Was it a stand for the alms-dish, or the holy-water basin, or a *louping-on-stane*; or what?—can you tell me?

Leaving Glasserton Church, a final run of two miles brought us to the door of the "Grapes," in the royal burgh of Whithorn; and here, in wandering leisurely about, with my mind taken back to the time when St. Ninian came to lighten the Gentiles of Burrow Head, I spent a couple of days pleasantly.

The intimate connection of the Cumbrian apostle's name with their district is a distinction of which the Whithorn parishioners seem unanimously proud, though I have found them, to my amusement, sometimes contentiously divided with regard to the site of his *candida casa*—some of them affirming that it was in the burgh, and others that it was at the Isle, southwardly of it three or four miles. Of course, in the absence of documentary evidence, the exact position of a building erected fourteen centuries ago is not likely to be found out; yet, judging circumstantially, I should be dis-

posed, if pushed to a guess, to side with the belief of the Islemen that at their place, more probably than at the burgh, Ninian's first *casa* was set up. I say *first* casa, because, after working for a time successfully among the people around the head of the peninsula, he very likely, with a view to the extension of his mission, shifted northward the length of the burgh, and there built another house, either upon, or somewhere near to, the spot now occupied by the ruined priory on the north side of the town.

In holding this opinion, however, I am, I ought to acknowledge, at variance, not only with the burghers of Whithorn, but also with a learned and zealous writer of the Life of St. Ninian,[1] to whom, but for the sickly tone of his narrative, and the specialty of its pleading, I should have been pleased to pay deference. Apparently resting much upon the short and not very informative passage relating to the matter in Bede, he assumes that on his arrival in Galloway, Ninian at once proceeded to build a stately church—a kind of York or Lincoln, which "might image forth," he says, "the perpetuity of that kingdom to which it belonged, and in which the services might be performed with becoming dignity. He had Rome in his mind; and as he had there doubtless planned what he would raise on the wooded shores of Britain, he might often now in thought return to the majesty and splendour of the Ritual and Churches of the Apostolic See; so that, whatever simplicity and poverty there might of necessity be elsewhere, the Cathedral at least would afford a model of what was aimed at, and which might be copied in their measure by other churches." (*Life*, p. 94).

No less anxious to make good that this "Cathedral, or Capitular establishment," with its "society of religious persons living with their Bishop, consisting of clergy to maintain the unceasing services of the Church, and its school for the

[1] *Lives of the English Saints.* London, 1845.

young, rising up, as in some of our Sees, under the shadow of the Cathedral" (pp. 97, 105), could not have been dignifiedly enough placed on the margin of a rude promontory, he goes on to state—"I pass by the story which the present tradition of the country reports, that St. Ninian first settled in the Isle of Whithorn, three or four miles from the present Church and town, and afterwards removed to what was his ultimate position. It seems incompatible with the history, which speaks but of one place, and that the one where he at first engaged in building his Church; for it was in progress at the time St. Martin died—that is, within a year after his arrival in Britain. There is an old dismantled Chapel, as it were a land-mark, on the top of one of the hills in the Isle, which the people connect with St. Ninian, and consider the oldest Church in the kingdom, as if it were his Church. It is, however, much more recent than even the ruined Church of Whithorn; it is a plain oblong Chapel, with very thick walls, and one narrow pointed window in each of the sides, with niches, and the other recesses usual about the east end: a lone deserted place without roof, which, from its thick walls and simple form, suggests the notion of great antiquity; but certainly is not connected with St. Ninian" (pp. 96, 97). Referring in a subsequent passage (p. 147) to the ruined priory in the town, founded by Fergus, lord of Galloway, in the time of David I., he tells us that "In 1684 the tower of the Church was still standing among the ruins of the aisles, transepts, and extensive monastic buildings. All these are gone; but we may still trace them partly in their foundations, partly as portions of houses, partly as used for building materials, or kept as ornaments.[1] The chancel has been preserved, being used by the parishioners, till of late years, as their place of worship. It was built upon the site of much

[1] *Transepts* there may have been, but certainly the portion of the church which still remains never had *aisles*.

more ancient buildings, which had been the crypt, as it would seem, of an extensive Church; for there are large vaults of old and rude masonry around, which rise higher than the level of the chancel floor. They must have been part of the original Church of St. Ninian, of the fourth century, or built by the Saxons in the eighth century; and it would be interesting to ascertain whether they are not really part of a Church, the building and date of which are so marked in the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland."

With the grandeur which the author of these extracts, on the strength of one or two vague sayings of Aelred and Bede, so bountifully bestows upon St. Ninian's earliest establishment in Galloway, I have no inclination to meddle. But touching the question of site, I may say that while admitting that it may not have been at the Isle, there is nothing in the biographer's argument, or in the local objects to which he appeals, to bear out his conclusion that of necessity it must have been at the burgh. That the old chapel at the former place can have no connection with the time of Ninian is obvious enough, but what has that, and a fallacy in popular belief, to do with the matter? May not this small chapel be standing on the site of the White House?—nay, to take up our author's style, may not even some of its rude stones be parts of the very White House itself? Cropping up here and there around it are bits of rough masonry, which are evidently the foundations of very old buildings; and on an elevated spot overhanging the shore, a few paces off, indications of other early erections are equally apparent in the artificial swellings and depressions of the turf. These last, however, are more likely to be the foundations of a British or Roman fort than of ecclesiastical buildings; and if so, would seem to prove that at the time of Ninian's mission the place was an important station, and on that account, as well as from its advantageous position on the sea probably more

populated than was then the site and neighbourhood of the inland burgh.

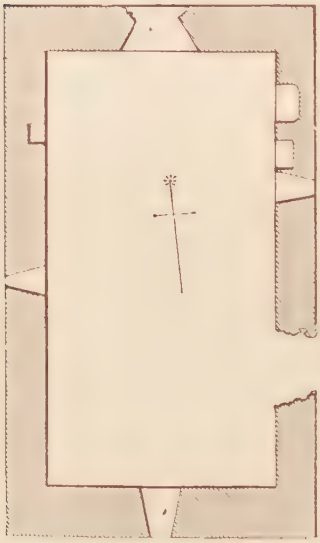
Here, therefore, I have presumed St. Ninian took up his residence, in the first instance; though that he did so I do not put forth as in the slightest degree matter of certainty, but only as what in the circumstances may be held good as a natural inference. Landing in all likelihood at the Isle, the author from whom I have quoted pictures the missionary, accompanied by his masons from Tours, proceeding directly to the burgh, and there, in the midst of a probably not very friendly people, commencing forthwith the edification of his see. That such was actually the case I am not to dispute; but entertaining a much more moderate estimate both of the ambition and the ability of Ninian, I should prefer to imagine him rather as quietly sitting down among the people of the promontory, and there, as a preliminary to future accomplishments, erecting a humble *casa*, or cell, which would at once be his school-house, *sacellum*, and place of abode. But before even this could have been fashioned, where, on stepping ashore, did he first of all house himself? There were no "Grapes" in those days, and neither the huts of the Novantes, nor the forts of the Romans, then on the eve of finally leaving Britain, were likely to afford agreeable shelter to the retiring and meditative missionary. "They show on the coast of Galloway, on the face of a lofty and precipitous line of rocks, against which one of the stormiest of our seas incessantly beats, a damp chilly cave, lying one-third of the way, it may be, from the bottom of the cliff, and accessible only by climbing and springing from rock to rock. It is a deep recess, running back some twenty feet, and gradually narrowing from the mouth, where it may be twelve feet high, and as many wide. There is nothing to screen it from the winds and spray which beat against the rock; no bottom of earth to rest upon; but only bare uneven stone. Here, the tradi-

tion of the country says, St. Ninian used to come for penitential and devotional retirement; and it is not improbable. For a religious person in those days to retire to a cave—nay, to live in one all his life—was no strange thing; it was but to follow in the steps of the confessors of the earlier dispensation, who lived in dens and caves of the earth. * * * St. Ciaran, the Apostle of the Scots Irish, had a cave in Kintire; and near St. Andrews, the place of St. Rule's retirement, there are many caves which were the retreats of religious men; and he whom St. Ninian specially reverenced, the Saint of Tours, as we have seen, lived with his associates in caves" (*Life*, pp. 131, 132).

Could it have been here, then, that St. Ninian found his earliest home? You smile at the idea, but I see nothing in it beyond the range of probability. I have myself more than once lodged nights and days in wilder and more sequestered places whilst out endeavouring to convert the Antiquaries; and what wonder, then, that, inspired by a nobler motive, the missionary should have thought it no hardship to live rudely the short time his *cementarios* were preparing the more comfortable White House at the Isle—or wherever it was?

After all, what can be made of it? Whether Ninian's white house be mouldering under the little chapel on the shore, or under the bigger building inland of it only a few steps, as it were, is a secret which neither Islemen nor Burghers are ever likely to discover; so let them, as but one people, give up their "pribbles and prabbles," and divide the honour between them. For my own part, though inclined, as I have said, to favour the claim of the Isle, the uncertainty only made my visit to both places all the more interesting, for it was but to imagine the thing as *possibly* here, or *possibly* there, and here and there, for the time being, it stood before you, fashioned just as it had been long centuries ago. With sympathies one may see anything!

Of these two places, such as they appear to the natural eye, I have not much to say. The burgh of Whithorn is at the most one double row of ordinary-looking houses, forming a long street, very narrow at both extremities, and needlessly wide—as I thought from all that I saw going on in it—at the middle: governed, municipally, by a provost, two bailies, and fifteen councillors, and, morally, by "the church," three other places of worship, and "at the very least" five times the number of public-houses more than what the reverend statist thinks the people stand in need of. Of course, besides these competing institutions there are a town-house, schools, banking establishments, and so forth; but no building at all architecturally noteworthy except the monastery, of which, by and by.



ST. NINIAN'S CHAPEL, ISLE OF WHITHORN.

At the Isle I did not look much about, my time being occupied chiefly with the little roofless chapel on the presumed site of Ninian's primitive *casa*. It stands close by the sea, in a small open hillocky space, which, though now united to the main shore by a low narrow strip of rock and shingle, was evidently at no great distance of time back an island in the proper sense of the term.

This rudely-constructed little chapel I need scarcely describe, as its plan, dimensions, etc., will be sufficiently apparent by reference to the accompanying sketch (Pl. XXXI.) Though generally pretty well up in the walls, it is broken here and there a good deal; not so much, however, by the hand

ST NINIAN'S, ISLE OF WHITHERN.

of Time, as by that of a certain retired sea-captain, who, too poor or niggardly to go righteously to work, took out the dressed stones, some years ago, to help up his house in the village. I don't know if there be existing any history, documentary or otherwise, regarding the age and dedication of the building. From its appearance, it should belong to

NEAR WHITHORN.

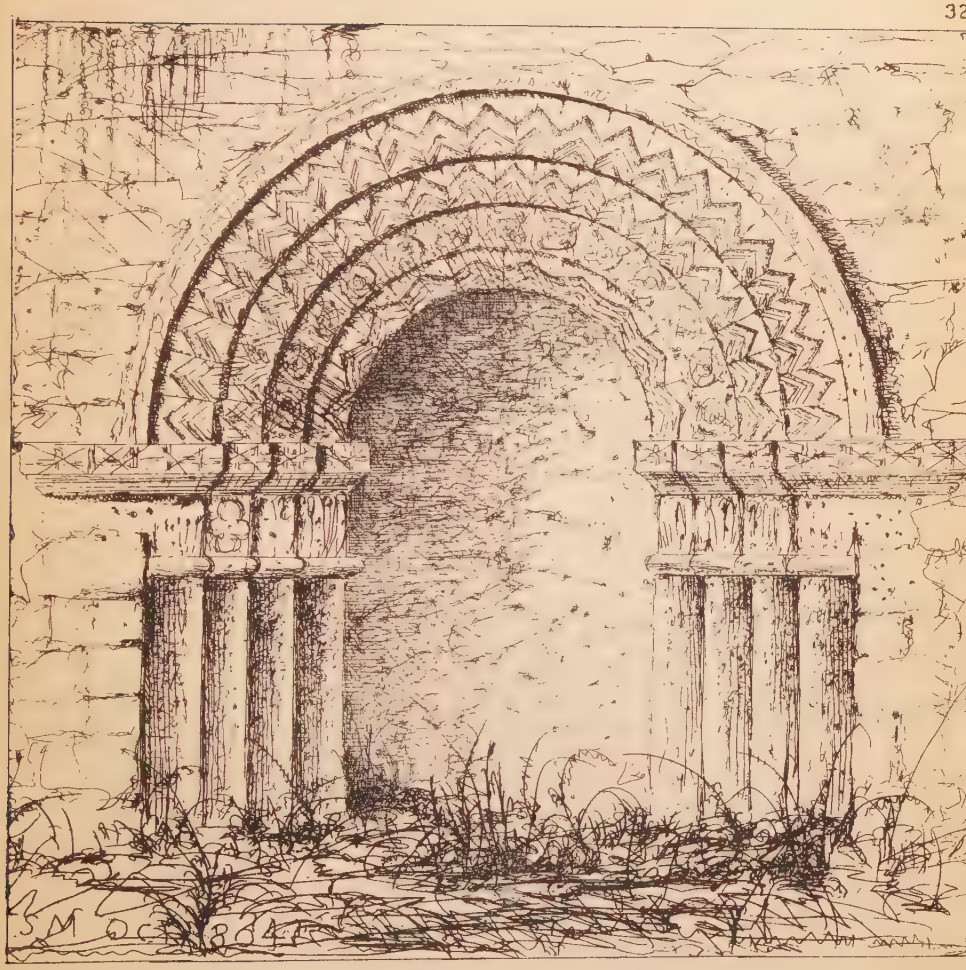
somewhere about the end of the thirteenth century; but more than this I fear we shall never find out.

Than the one of which I have been just speaking, I believe there is no other ancient ecclesiastical building in the immediate vicinity of the Isle; but some spot not distant from it—Physgill, perhaps, where there is an old burying-ground—seems to have been associated with the name of St. Peter, for out of the burgh a mile or so there is standing by

the way a short pillar, which I take to be that referred to in the old Statistical Account as inscribed *Hic est locus Petri Apostoli*, though my reading of it does not quite tally with this, as you will see by the accompanying sketch.

Of the ruined priory-church in the burgh, which the folks there regard as more truly the representative of old Ninian's white house, I must now say a word or two. It was founded in the time of David I. by Fergus, lord of Galloway, as I daresay you well know. My pleasant companion, Andrew, in his usual easy way, says: "There was in this town (Whitherne) a famous Priory, and a stately church, founded by St. Ninian, and dedicated by him to his uncle, St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, in France, as I have heard it reported. Sure I am there is a little hand-bell in this church which, in Saxon letters, tells it belongs to Saint Martin's church. The steeple and body of the church is yet standing, together with some of the walls of the precincts. The Isles, Crosse Church, and several other houses belonging thereto, are fallen; but several large and capacious vaults are firm and intire" (Symson, pp. 46, 47).

As until 1822, when the present parish church was erected, the priory was the Whithorn people's place of worship, it is likely that, with the exception of the steeple, and the fallen portions specified by Symson, the building is now not much more dilapidated than it was at the time he penned his account. What its original form and dimensions were, it would be hard to conjecture by any means short of a thorough investigation of the foundations, for all that is visibly remaining is what seems to have been the nave of the church—a plain narrow oblong, measuring, internally, 74 feet in length. The tower, of which there are still traces, stood at the south-west corner, and was probably Norman; at any rate, a small part of the church adjoining its site is in the style of that period, and contains a fine semicircular-



SOUTH-WEST DOORWAY WHITHORN PRIORY.

headed doorway of four shafted orders (Pl. XXXII.), embellished with the usual zig-zags and other characteristic devices of the twelfth century. Eastward of this the work is of late thirteenth century date, and in it are some four or five long single-light windows with pointed heads, and, near to the east end, a small pointed doorway, with moulded jambs, and imposts carved into quasi-capitals.[1] In the east elevation there is nothing particularly noticeable, the only features being a small lanciform gable light, one of larger size under it, and a great square aperture at the ground, by which, from some whimsical notion, the parishioners "bid" to have entrance to the church, rather than by the one or other of the two sufficiently commodious ones—as, to look at them, one would suppose—already provided.[2]

Internally, the aspect of the building is anything but interesting. The area is crowded with a host of select burying-plots, severally rail inclosed like the pens in a sheep-fold; and of original features the only attractive ones are two large arched recesses of ornamental character in the east end of the north wall—one of which is the tomb of St. Ninian, the Whithorners say.[3]

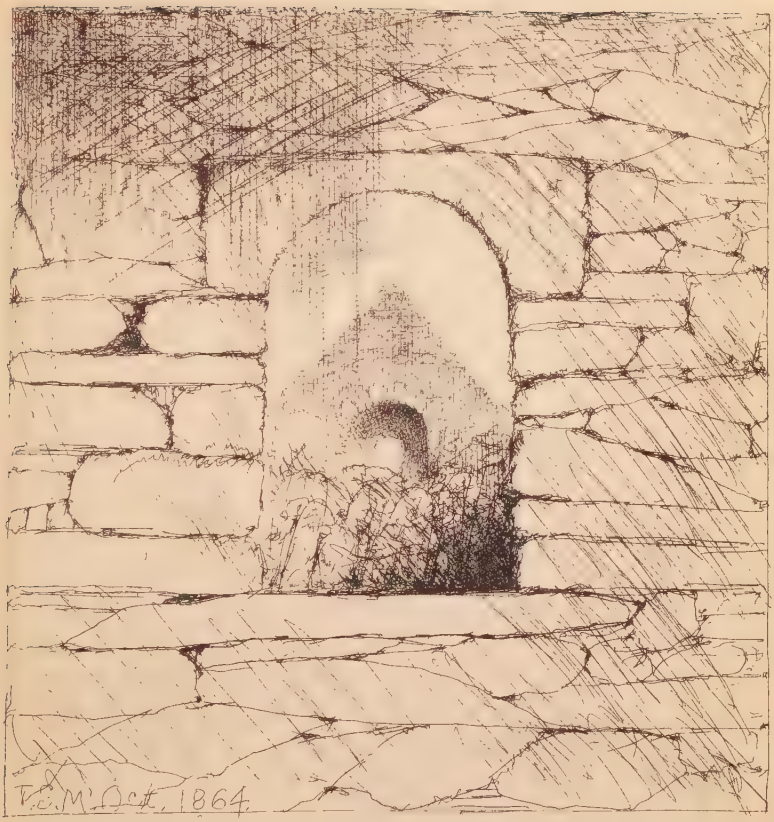
[1] In his anxiety to connect, even by the most trifling incidence, the priory with the locality of St. Ninian, the author of his Life, whom I have quoted above, says, with reference to the position of the church: "The words north and east are used, though improperly, for the church stands north and south; a circumstance which we may connect with St. Aelred, for that is the position of his Abbey Church at Rievaux, and persons are sometimes glad to repeat even defects when they remind them of a place they love" (p. 147). In most instances, ancient churches point more or less a little either to the north or south of *true* east; and in this present instance the direction is no departure from the customary rule.

[2] The limited size of the primitive entrances to the church must be held as an excusable objection to their being used; for, though big enough, I daresay, to give ingress, would they not in all probability have been found bothersomely contracted during the rush to get out?

[3] The bungling description of these recesses and the two doorways in both Statistical Accounts has grievously bewildered some of my antiquarian friends. Looking for, but not finding, the "four Gothic arches" therein spoken of as still existing, they cannot make out what, since but yesterday, as it were, can have become of them!

Eastward of the church, and rising to about what may have been the original level of its floor, are several rudely-constructed crypts, respecting the age and uses of which I entertain no definite opinion. It is likely that under and around the church there are many vaulted cells of the same kind, as the sexton informed me he was constantly coming upon such in the course of his operations. A little delicately-performed digging, therefore, would in all probability lead to interesting discoveries, not architectural only, but monumental as well; and this I am inclined to believe from having found on the present occasion fragments of the latter sort which had been thrown up since my former visits to the place. Of these the more important are two broken pillars topped by an oval disc, much resembling the Monreith type. Others, more perfect, if not wholly so, and perhaps of different and better character, are no doubt buried under the rubbish gathered around and against the walls of the church; but as this is day by day rising higher, it is hard to say what time must elapse before they are brought to light.

Leaving Whithorn at an early hour, and passing through the parishes of Sorbie, Kirkinner, and Wigton, I got back to my old quarters at Newton-Stewart, in good time for further transmission by an evening train to Stranraer. On the way we met with nothing remarkable. Sorbie lies immediately adjacent to Whithorn, on the north, and comprises Cruggleton and Kirkmadrine, two diminutive parishes which were united to it about one hundred years ago. Small as Sorbie was before this annexation, it would seem itself to have been originally made up of two petty parishes or chapelries, called Great Sorbie and Little Sorbie, each with a church of its own. "The union of these two churches," says the Statistical Account, on the authority of Chalmers (*Caledonia*, vol. iii. p. 428), was afterwards authorised by Gilbert, the Bishop of Candida Casa, and took place betwixt the years 1235 and



CRUGGLETON CHURCH, WEST WINDOW.

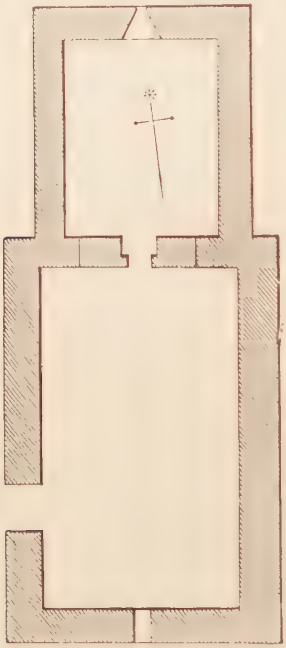
1253. The cure of Sorbie, thus united, was served by a vicar, and belonged to the monks of Dryburgh till the Reformation, at which period it was let for £20 a year. Of the ancient churches of Great and Little Sorbie no vestige is now remaining, but the sites of two churches are still pointed out, the one at Culnoag, on the north-west, and the other at Gilfillan, near the middle of the parish, and on these we think they must have been built."

Culnoag is a mile or so west of Sorbie, and midway between it and Loch Dowalton; but Gilfillan I do not see on the map. Very likely one of them was Little Sorbie, but that the spot occupied by the present parish church, rather than the other, was the greater Sorbie, seems almost certain, for, besides bearing the name, it has unquestionably been an important ecclesiastical site for many centuries back. The existing church which was rebuilt about the middle of last century, and "thoroughly repaired in 1826," was very probably of fifteenth century date, as there is a large octagonal font, apparently belonging to that period, lying at the gate of the burial-ground.

The remains of Kirkmadrine stand in a small burying-ground on the farm of Penkiln, rather more than a mile directly north of the village of Garlieston, and nearly three north-west of Sorbie. It is a very small building, apparently not very old, though, from having been extensively altered and patched to serve as a private burial-place, there is no means of conjecturing its age.

Regarding Cruggleton, the other old parish now united to Sorbie, I read in the Statistical Account that "its church belonged to the priory of Whithorn, and the cure was served by a vicar. In 1562, the vicarage of Cruggleton was said to be worth £16. After the Reformation, the Bishops of Galloway received the patronage of this and the other two parishes; and after Kirkmadrine and Cruggleton were joined to Sorbie,

they held the patronage of the united parishes till the abolition of Episcopacy in 1689, when it was vested in the Crown." Though not of much size, and possessing no very remarkable features, Cruggleton is one of the most interesting remains in Galloway. It is situated in a small burial-ground near to the shore, three miles, or thereby, south of Garlieston, and is a Norman building, rather early in the style, consisting of nave and chancel, externally a trifle short of 65 feet in length. All the walls, except the west one, which wants the gable, are at about their full height, but most of the dressed stones have been torn from the corners of both compartments, the chancel arch, and other parts easily got at. The doorway—a mere square aperture—is in the north side of the nave, near the west end. Of windows I could not discern traces of there having ever been more than the two which you see marked on the plan—that on the east a small and very plain round-headed one, widely splayed within, the west one of same shape, but much broader, and set square in the wall.



CRUGGLETON CHURCH.

Kirkinner, into which you next come on your way north, was, like Sorbie, of very small size until about the middle of the seventeenth century, when it attained its present dimensions by the annexation of Longcastle, another little parish adjoining it on the south-west. Looking into my volume of the Statistical Account, I find that, according to Chalmers,

CRUGGLETON CHURCH, EAST ELEVATION.

the church was dedicated to St. Kenneir, virgin and martyr, who suffered at Cologne in the year 450—that it was granted by Edward Bruce, lord of Galloway, to the prior and canons of Whithern about 1320—that in 1591 James VI. bestowed the patronage on Sir Patrick Vaus of Barnbarroch, an estate in the parish, whose possessors had at an earlier period given prelates to the see of Galloway from time to time—and so forth. The existing church was erected in 1828, on the site of the old one, in which Andrew Symson had carried on his long twenty years of troubled ministrations. The exchanging of Andrew's very-likely antiquated and worn-out place of devotion for the rather comely and commodious one which now stands in its stead, has been a parochial improvement with which no one can find fault; yet, on entering the burying-ground, I could not but regret the total disappearance of what would have been an interesting memorial of a man whose name is so intimately associated with the topography of Galloway.

Regarding Symson's history, either before or after his appointment to the cure of Kirkinner, little, if anything, would seem to be known, more than the few incidents told by the Editor of the "Description," and what he himself has related in the amusing preface to the *Tripatriarchicon*,[1] a poem which after his ejection, and whilst carrying on the trade of printer and publisher in Edinburgh, he dedicated to James Earl of Galloway, in 1705. As a good specimen of Symson's style, and as also containing an account of some interesting occurrences during his connection with the parish, in which the amiability and exemplary moderation of his conduct are pleasingly brought into view, this preface is so well worth reading that I am almost tempted to transcribe it

[1] *Tripatriarchicon; or the Lives of the three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, extracted forth of the Sacred Story, and digested into English verse* by Andrew Symson, M.A., and then minister of Kirkinner.

in extenso. To give you, however, an extract—well on towards the middle—where, after having disposed of the whole tribe of "ordinary ballad-makers, countrey rhythmers, mercenary epitaph-mongers," his own "trotting poem," and "poesie" in general, Andrew begins to take more serious matter in hand—we learn that

"In the beginning of the year 1663, being invited to go to that countrey [the Presbyteries of Wigton and Stranraer] to supply the vacant congregations there, upon our arrival we found several parishes, not only *vacantes*, but *vocantes*, desiring and earnestly soliciting that ministers might be sent to supply their vacancies. I do not assert that we had a formal and explicit call from the parishioners, (which although sometimes it may tend *ad bene, aut melius esse Ecclesiæ*; yet I never thought that it was requisit *ad esse Ecclesiæ*; and this my sentiment is, if I am not mistaken, agreeable to those of Presbyterians themselves, which I think I am able to demonstrat from their own acts; but this is not my present business;) I say, though we had not a formal and explicit call, yet we had it virtually, and upon the matter; for after we had several Lord's days preached in our respective congregations for which we were designed (seven Lord's days I am sure for my own part), our edicts served and duly execute, the representatives of the parish attended on our ordinations, and the generality of the parish came to our solemn admissions; and thereafter waited on the ordinances under our administrations, yea, and the very members of the former sessions concurr'd with us, and assisted us in the exercise of discipline, and rectifying such affairs as was incumbent to them, after the old manner. Our admissions and entry being so peaceable, so orderly, and so generally assented to, I cannot think that any of our number was in the least tempted to procure a fraught to transport themselves to America. Sure I am, our admissions then were as peace-

ably and orderly as many that succeeded in these places since 1689 can boast of; and more peaceably than the admissions of many in several parts of the kingdom, which might be easily instanc'd if need were.

"As for those few that were dissenters, we us'd all peaceable and Christian methods to gain them; so that when the commander of the forces that lay in the Stewartrie of Kirkcudbright (for there were none of them in our countrey), wrote to us to send him a list of them, we absolutely refused him, and sent two of our number, yet living, to signify the same to him; upon which account we were complained of as enemies to the government, and obstructers of the settlement of the peace of the countrey. And by this our deportment there was such a general harmony betwixt us and our parishioners, that in the latter end of the year 1666, when there was an insurrection, which terminated at Pentland-hills, there were only two persons (and one of them was a servant to the other) that were present with those people; and there were no other persons in that countrey that ever I could hear of, though diligent search was made by the government thereanent, that were found to have had any hand in it.

* * * * *

"It pleased the King, after this, to grant an indulgence to several ministers of the Presbyterian perswasion, for which they gave their thanks judicially before the Lords of Privy Council; and after that, he granted another indulgence to several others of the same perswasion. Many ministers, of the Presbyterian perswasion also, were highly offended at their brethren's accepting of these indulgencies; so that both parties not only spoke, but also wrote one against the other, as their books printed on that subject do evidently declare. Those that were displeased with the indulgence were, I remember, in those days commonly called the Hill-

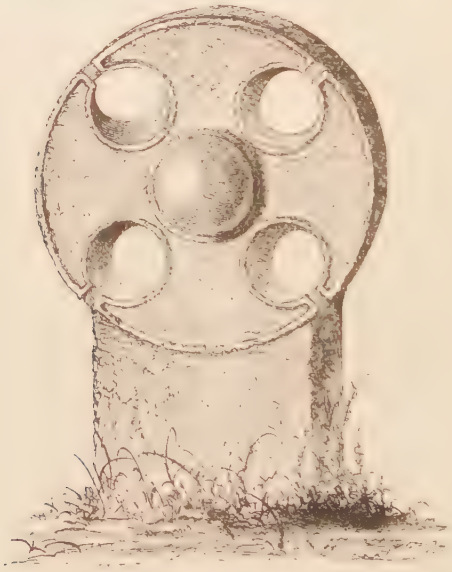
men, who came first unto the skirts and mountainous parts of our countrey, and preach'd there; from thence, by degrees, they came to the very heart of the countrey, and withdrew several of our formerly orderly parishioners from us; and yet many of those in the intervals returned to us again, and back again as occasion offered. By these means such extravagancies were committed, that the government thought it high time to take notice of them; so that there were severe acts made, and proclamations issued out against those actings, which sometimes were intrusted to persons to execute, who, for politick ends, did sometimes severely execute them; though, in the mean time, others, for politick ends too, did connive at, and encourage them. We, in the mean time, forseeing what would be the fatal consequences of putting those acts and proclamations in full execution, us'd our utmost endeavours to ward off the blow; and by our intercession and diligence in that affair, we got the penalty most times mitigated, yea, and many times wholly taken off; for which we got but little thanks many times from both parties; but there were some faults, such as murders, robberies, forgeries, and crimes of that nature, that we could not plead for; and when such persons were punished for such and the like misdemeanours (because they assumed to themselves the title of the godly party,) we were blamed for all those punishments that lighted upon any of them, which so stirr'd up others to maletreat us at the rate, which in this poem I sometimes do complain of. Now let any good Christian, or any rational man, considering our peaceable entry among them, our Christian and ministerial deportment with them (for, in all the time I was there, I do not remember that any thing of moment was laid to the charge of any of our number, either as to our doctrine, life, or conversation,) and our acts of kindness towards them, the *odium* that we met with from some persons, for our pleading for them, and yet

at length to be so male-treated by them; I say, let any good Christian, or rational man, considering those circumstances, judge whether or not I had not reason at that time to insert such things in my poem (being all matters of fact) as some persons were in these days guilty of.

"However, I must in the meantime acknowledge, that as my lot was cast in a very pleasant place, so I had to do with a very well-natur'd people, who following the example of the gentry, their landlords, paid me great deference and respect, for which people, for I hate ingratitude, I shall have a kindness as long as I breathe; so that I was for the most part free from those maletreatments that many of my brethern mett with (towards whom my religion obliged me to have a sympathy). I confess I was not altogether free of my own troubles which proceeded much more from strangers than those of my own parish; for they in the mean time were so kind to me, that when they were advertis'd of any approaching danger, they have both by day and night advertis'd me thereof, upon which I have many times retired myself quietly into their countrey-houses, where I was lodg'd and kindly entertain'd, and so escaped the danger I might otherwise have been subject to"—(Appendix No. IX. to Symson's *Description*, p. 177).

In addition to what has been given above, I do not think I have much to say more about this place, Kirkinner. Of the stones in the churchyard, the only remarkable one is, as you will perceive from the annexed draft, the uppermost portion of a cross, very nearly resembling the Monreith and Whithorn ones, already described. The disc, however, is circular, and instead of being simply *cupped*, as those are, is thoroughly pierced, or *holed*, after the manner of some Cornish pillars. The stone is, in all, only three feet in height, but as presenting what, after a pretty careful quest in all the parochial cemeteries of Wigton, I am disposed to believe is

now a unique variety of the West Galloway crossed pillar, I thought myself fortunate in having been led to its discovery. Lying off it a few paces, there is another fragment, four feet in length, which, as corresponding in breadth with that at the break of the cross, may have been part of its stem. Both pieces, besides, have the same interlaced ribbon-like pattern upon them, though, as this is confined to one only of



AT KIRKINNER.

the faces of the larger fragment, it might be inferred that it was a sepulchral slab—unless, indeed, that the unornamented plane has been bared by exposure, a circumstance not at all unlikely, seeing that the work on the shafts of these Galloway crosses is in all cases executed in very moderate relief.

The more important fragment, which, when entire, must have been perhaps the most remarkable object in the burying-ground next after the church, is now, in its humbled state,

serving as a head-stone to a grave. For this by no means unbecoming business it has been appropriated by a worthy villager, and son of St. Crispin, named James Milligan, whose window, as immediately overlooking the spot, had enabled him to spy out my presence, and the rather extraordinary attentions I was paying to his family memorial. James, though I dare say not just alarmed, was evidently not quite at his ease regarding the object of my visitation, for, when after a time I began to take a tug at the thing in order to get a glimpse of its root, up he came flying to know what it was that I wanted to do with *his* stone! Of course, after a little explanation James and I were very good friends—so much so, indeed, that between us we had the stone in less than three minutes' time lying, first on one side, and then on the other, as flat as a flounder. In the course of the long talk that followed the replacing the relic, I asked so many questions respecting its antecedents—When and where he or his forbears had got it—if there was any current belief as to whom it originally pertained—if it attracted much the observation of strangers—and whether there seemed to be any local interest felt for its preservation, and so forth—that I am inclined to suspect James was not, after all, free from the conviction that I was craftily planning some nefarious act, and consequently might, for anything he knew, come one day or another and walk off with his precious possession.

At Wigton, such a deal of time was taken up with getting righted from the effects of a ducking which overtook us at Bladenoch, that I had but little opportunity of looking much about. Since my former visit, a new church—a rather showy one, and nicely placed—has been erected alongside the older one in the burial-ground. How it should happen that the abandoned edifice has been left to encumber such a great space of ground, it is difficult to say, but there, only the roof

off, it still is as I last saw it—a long, low, thick-walled sturdy piece of masonry, which, if not further meddled with, seems likely to see the *braw* newcomer out. By the remains of a string-course and other bits of minor detail at the east end, it would appear that the building has been originally of First-Pointed date, though perhaps still earlier features were destroyed at the various repairs which it underwent in modern times. One or two objects—the stump of a cross, and a small baptismal font of tapering form—that were lying near by at the time of my last visit (1849), but which I was unable to find on the present occasion, were to all appearance Norman, and very likely, therefore, the earlier portion of the primitive structure was of twelfth-century date.

According to the Statistical Account, the earlier church was dedicated in honour of St. Machutus, and belonged to the priory of Whithorn, but was afterwards erected into a "free rectory, of which the king was patron." In Symson's time it was a small parsonage under the patronage of the Earl of Galloway, in whose descendants the right of presentation has resided to the present day.

After some inquiries respecting the site of Dervorgilla's now, it seems, quite traceless convent, we set forward for Newton Stewart, where I arrived just in time to catch the latest train to Stranraer. Of this rather pleasantly-situated burgh I have nothing to say, as my spare time in it was only sufficient for a walk to the Moat of Innermessan—a fair though not very remarkable specimen of its kind, close by the east shore of Lochryan, some two miles north of the town.

On our way south to the Mull, saving slight traces of the church of Clayshant, a small parish now, together with Toscarton, united to Stonykirk, a nearly-erased chapel at Kirkbride, a moat at Balgreggan, and the dilapidated cell and cove of St. Medan, in Kirkmaiden—we saw nothing that

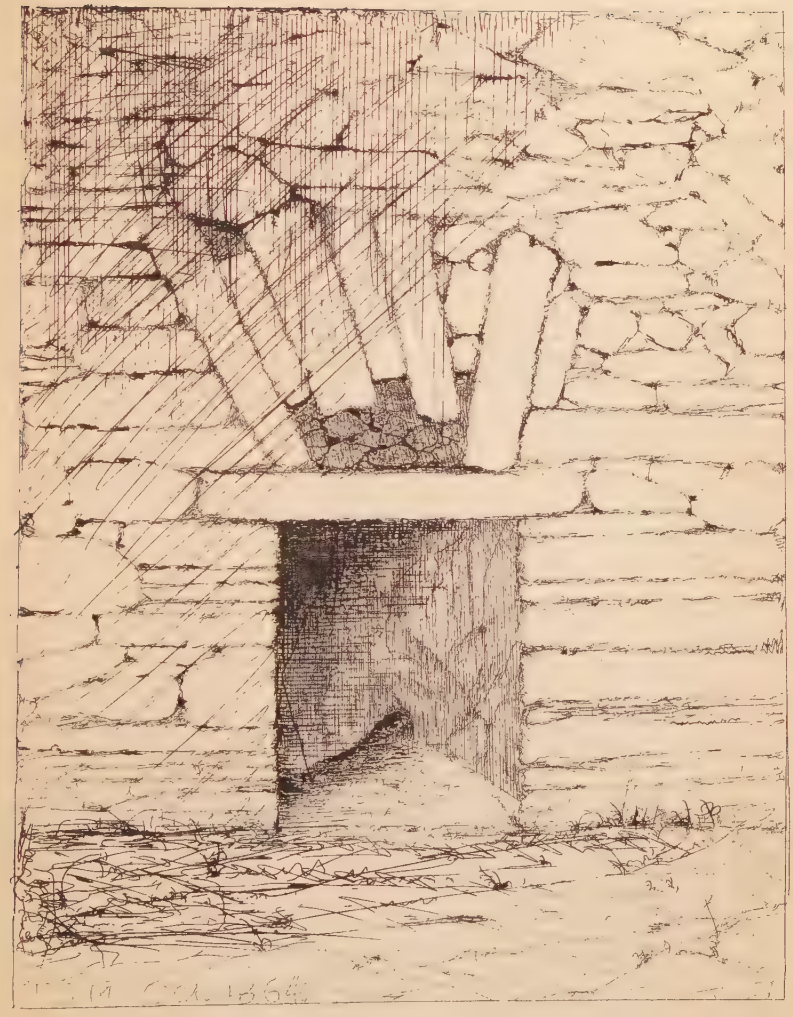
was in any way interesting. The ancient church of Kirkmaiden, or more properly, according to Chalmers, Kirk-Medan, stood on the farm of the Mull, a mile or so north of the isthmus of Tarbet. Its ruins seem to have been extant at the end of the last century, but of them there is now no trace.

From the many places indicating, by the names which they bear—Chapelrossan, Kirkbride, Kilstay, Kildonnan, Kirkleish, Kirkdryne, etc.—that they were ecclesiastical sites, the parish of Kirkmaiden seems to have abounded in old times in devotional structures, some of which may have been greatly more ancient than that which stood on the Mull farm. Being more choicely situated, however, in the inland parts of the parish, none of them were in all likelihood comparable in point of antiquity to the cave-chapel of St. Medan, mentioned above. Descending a high and steep rock of the shore, half a mile south of the farm, you find it secludedly shelved in the face of the cliff, and looking down upon huge jagged rocks lying huddled in heaps at the foot of the crag, and running out in long-pointed ridges a good bit into the bay. Except the chapel at Dun-Othail, on the north-east side of Lewis, I do not remember of having ever met with a building of any sort so wildly stationed. And fortunate, indeed, is it that it is so, for to this peculiarity is no doubt to be attributed its escape from total destruction even many long centuries ago. Nevertheless, the building is sadly dilapidated. The roof, whatever it was like, though in all probability rudely arched, has long since disappeared, and the surviving walls are gradually being reduced by the boys of the neighbourhood, who, as my guide in a serio-waggish sort of tone told me, would, in spite of remonstrance, be evermore pelting the wave with the loose stones. As I give you below what I think may be taken as pretty nearly its plan, I need not trouble you with much more about this curiously-placed,

and, at one time at any rate, still more perhaps curiously-fashioned scrap of religious architecture. In fact there is at the most but little to describe, for, as you will observe, the artificially-builded portions consist of only the wall fronting the sea, and that which is laid up behind, against the face of

ST. MEDAN'S CHAPEL AND CAVE.

the cliff, the side ones being naturally supplied by great jutting slabs of whin, or whatever it is, which look as if by some spell of the saint they had turned themselves over on edge to serve the very purpose. The area of the cell is, as you will see by the plan, nearly a square of very small size, the builded work of great thickness and rudely made up of



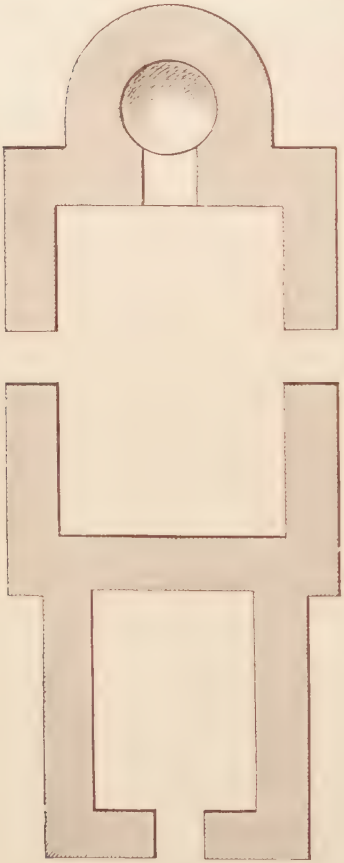
ST MEDAN'S CHAPEL, ENTRANCE TO CAVE.

uncemented stones of all sizes and shapes. Of detail I have not much to say. The wall facing the sea contains traces of a doorway, and an inwardly splayed window, the clear of which is no more than nine inches in width. In the other wall, the doorway leading into the cave is happily entire, and a queer-looking object it is—fourty-four inches in height, with slightly-sloping jambs, and long narrow stones roughly set over its massive lintel in the form of an arch. The cave to which this aperture—for a doorway in the strict sense of the term it, to all appearance, never was—gives entrance, is of very irregular form, small, and low in the roof. Of what height the roof of the cell or chapel was, it is impossible to say; but as in a building so diminutive it could not have been great, it is puzzling to find the inner or cliff-wall reaching so much as twenty feet up from the ground. If by this not perhaps otherwise easily explainable feature, we are led to believe that another apartment—an upper sanctuary, or dormitory, or *refugium*, whilst the wild Picts were down on the shore—rose over the cell, what should we not now-a-day give to have it entire!

FAIR ISLE AND ENHALLOW.

FAIR ISLE.—A casual mention of this spot reminds me of a kind of promise lately made to give you some account of my visit to it about this time of last year. My willingness to satisfy you, however, has become so impaired by delay that now I must ask you, I am afraid, to let me off with a merely *pro forma* performance of the engagement. You know, I should fancy, what a *pro forma* performance is, and how much it is worth, so be content to be told that on Saturday, the 1st day of July 1865, I landed in the rugged harbour of July 1865.

Wick, in the south end of the island—was conveyed by a lot of the people, who had come down to see the novel importation, to the nearest cottage—and thence, after sundry inquiries, explanations, and so forth, to my appointed abode in the *Hall* of *Gelah*—a two-floored mansion, situated, as you will see by the chart, a few steps up from the shore.



KILN, ETC., AT GELAH, FAIR ISLE.

My three days at the hall afforded ample opportunity for a deliberate investigation of the island—its length being only about three sea-miles, and its maximum breadth little more than one-half as much. From the south end to about its middle it forms a cultivated hollow, rising on both sides, in fine verdant slopes, to the verge of the precipices, but northward of this the ground is in most part coarse and hilly, and altogether appropriated to pasture.

There are about forty inhabited houses in the island, with a population of some 300, all located here and there at and near to the south end. Their farms, which I thought to be thriving very well, are rented at from £2 to £7 each, and are paid for in fish at the rate of 3s. per cwt. for saithe, 6s. for cod and ling, and 2s. per gallon for oil.

Though but seldom visited by a clergyman of any kind, Fridary has two houses of worship, one belonging to the Establishment, the other to the Wesleyans. As part of his parish, the minister of Dunrossness should go to it at least once in the twelvemonth; but as neither his nor the Wesleyan's stay is of any duration, the people are left very much to provide from among themselves means of conducting regularly the services on Sundays and other days of religious observance. The meeting on the day after my arrival was in the Wesleyan chapel, and notwithstanding the rather "sensational" style of its precatory portions and intolerable length, the ceremonial was, on the whole, gone through with a decorum and ability greatly beyond what I was prepared to expect. But pleased as I was to witness the earnest endeavours of the poor fishermen to overcome the want of a professional instructor, I was sorry to learn that there was no school in the place, and that there had not been one for a considerable time back. This I took occasion to deplore to one or two of the "Readers" on leaving the chapel, suggesting at same time whether it might not be for the common good were *some* of their Sunday devoted to the instructing of the young ones haplessly growing up around them in utter ignorance of the merest elementary knowledge. No, in spite of what I had just seen, none of them had sufficient ability to do *that*. "Possibly not," I said, "but after thinking over it for a night or two, perhaps you will TRY!"

Considering the number of ancient buildings of one kind and another still existing in Shetland, you are rather surprised to find Fair Isle so much wanting in such—its only antiquity, so far as I could see, being some slender remains of a cairn or burgh in the bottom of a circular hollow at the Næse of Skrew, in the north end of the island. But the island is of itself so much a thing of beauty that it can well do without artificial objects of interest. Verdant and smooth nearly all over, and everywhere bordered by lofty precipices, wildly cloven into

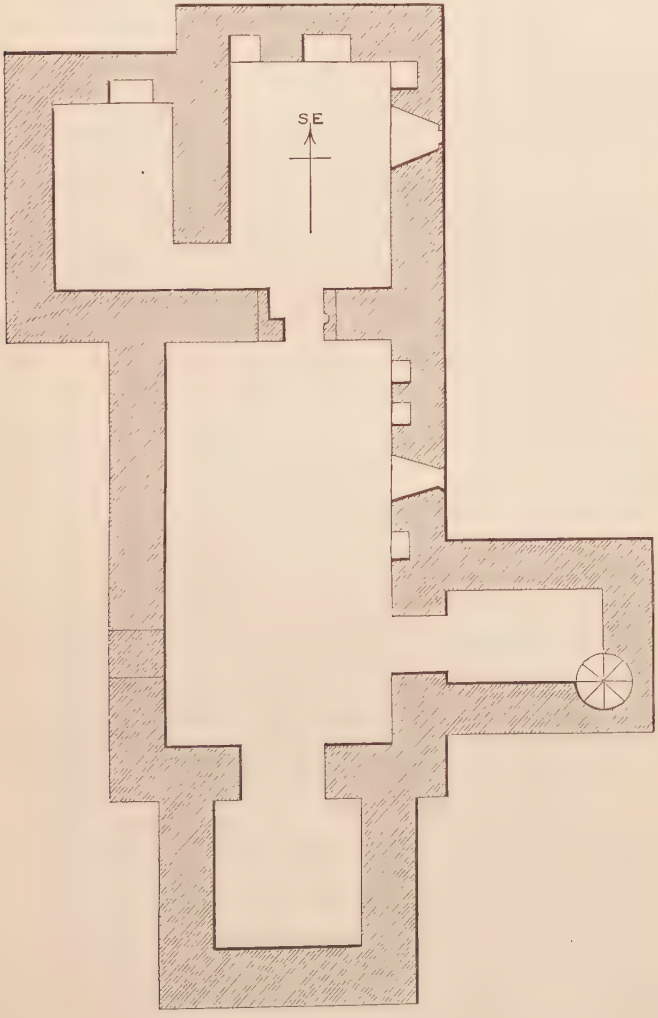
innumerable gios, it cannot but be a delight, be what it may the specialty of your visit.

The most elevated precipices are on the west side, those at Malcolm-Head near the south end. Troila Gio at the middle, and Guitheum, below the Ward Hill, at the northern extremity, being the grandest. Along the other margins the cliffs are not so lofty, though scarcely less picturesque and wild; and, indeed, so entirely around is the island perpendicularly upraised from the sea, that at no points excepting Wick and the tiny isthmus of Buness is there anything that can properly be termed shore. This Buness, with its fine sandy beach lining the head of North Haven, in the east side of the island, is a very sweet spot, and would form a delightful site for a house to one making Fair Isle his occasional retreat. South of it a short way, and often forming an object of interest to the voyager between Kirkwall and Lerwick, is the singularly-fashioned peninsula called the *Sheep Craig;* and south of that, *Schwarz Gio,* historically memorable as the place wherein the captain of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada—the luckless Medina—was wrecked in 1588 (pp. 75, 76).

Enhallow.—After leaving Fair Isle, I spent a week in visits to three or four places lying near to Kirkwall, one of which, Enhallow to wit, you will remember to have frequently turned up when Orkney chanced to be the theme of our discourse. Every one who had been in the Orcades *talked,* as we did, about Enhallow, but no one seemed able any more than ourselves to tell for what it was good. Provoked that there should be so much mystery about what could be solved in the course of a day, I set out for Evie, and there finding at once a boat at my service, got into the island in less than an hour's time.

Enhallow is a very pretty little spot, lying, as you know, midway between Mainland and Rowsa, and though well worth

seeing, has, after all, so far as I could find out, nothing very extraordinary to exhibit. There are several ruined buildings



ENHALLOW.

in the island, but the only one at all interesting is a church, internally about 40 feet in length. You will see from the

ground-plan that, longitudinally, it is divided into three compartments, the east one with what was probably a sacristy or a mortuary chapel on the north, and the middle one with a similar adjunct on the south-west, containing in one of its corners the remains of a stair which had led to an upper apartment, forming very likely the abode of the priest. A fire-place and chimney in the upper part of the wall and gable of the eastern extremity of the church show that a room of like kind had also been there. I can scarcely take it upon me to offer an opinion as to what era the building belongs. The masonry, like that of most of the Orkney churches of old date, is very rude; the windows, of which only one or two are entire, are flat-topped and have their jambs of one stone. The two openings, or passage-ways, connecting the end compartments with the central one are arched, the western arch being semicircular, the eastern one sharply pointed and formed of thin slates. These, and one or two other features, look rather antiquated, and might induce a belief that they were the work of a remote time; but the general character of the structure—its size, methodical arrangement, and domestic conveniences—would seem to point to a date certainly not earlier than the thirteenth or fourteenth century (p. 68).

BARRA HEAD.

July 15, 1866. BERNERA.—Here, after innumerable jumblings by land and by sea, I am—thanks for it!—at the end of my journey, and taking a few days' rest in the lighthouse. My worthy hostess, the head-keeper's wife, has assigned to my use the spare chamber, and, the more to conduce to its salubrity, maintains, notwithstanding the sultry weather, a perennial blaze in the chimney, fearing, perhaps, I might take hurt from the fog

which ever and anon gathers thickly around our aërial habitation.

This Bernera is, as you will see by consulting the chart, a very small insulated spot forming the southern extremity of the outer Hebrides or Long Island. Though considerably elevated, and in greater part bordered by wild precipices, it is a smooth grassy region, yielding in all parts good pasture, and, at its lower side, where the landing-place is, a few small oats, potatoes, turnips, and cabbages, precariously cultivated by three families, who, together with the lighthouse people, constitute the total population.

From the crofters' little township a continuously ascending path of more than a mile leads you to the pharos, grandly seated within a few yards of the edge of a precipice rising sheer 600 feet above the sea.

To-day being Sunday we had prayers, after which some of us strolled along the cliff-tops to see the birds and their rugged haunts. A few paces off the lighthouse, and overhanging a deep *gio*, is a dilapidated dun, still retaining its massive doorway entire; and down a little bit, in another direction, are some remains of what appears to have been in very old time a heathen place of sepulture. These are seemingly the only antiquities in the island; a burial-ground down at the crofts is probably ancient, but no objects in it are of any age.

Yesterday I was over to Mingula, a somewhat larger island than Bernera, and divided from it by a little sound, or *caolas*, less than a mile broad. Duncan Sinclair, one of the three crofters I have mentioned, and originally a Caithness man, took me across in his fishing-boat—he and his son, a slender lad of seventeen years April last, standing, as measured by my tape, 6 feet 8 inches high. How he pulled with his long arms! but I am afraid he will not in all likelihood, as his poor father boded, pull very long. We did not take the

island at its nearest point, but skirting it for a mile or two, landed ourselves in a fine white-sanded bay on the east side. At the head of this is the village—a picturesque huddle of rude dusky huts, inhabited by eighteen families, supporting themselves by their fishings, and the potatoes, small oats, rye, and barley, grown on their little farms. The rents of these, I was told, range from £2 : 10s. to £3 : 10s. each, which is less than what is paid in Bernera, where they are rated at £5 : 6s. Whether it is that the soil of Mingula is less fertile, or that the holdings there are of smaller size, I did not learn; but Duncan seemed to think that the people were generally much better off than were he and his neighbours in Bernera. Every crofter in Mingula, he said, kept two or three cows, and at the least one pony; and, moreover, they had plenty of peats, a commodity of which Bernera is barren, and for which, therefore, he and "the boy," as he termed his big son, had to be constantly crossing the sound, at the no small cost of labour and time. To most, if not to all men, trouble is never very pleasantly put up with; but as to time, I rather suspect that, as in the case of most of his countrymen, Duncan's stock of the article was, for the greater part of the twelvemonth, more than he at times knew very well how to get quit of. In all likelihood, therefore, he found leisure enough now and then for taking a deliberate look about him during his peat-gathering expeditions, and while so doing would seem to have picked up, besides its gossip, a deal respecting the topography of the island; for, on our way to the village, he led me aside to look at an architectural remain, locally denominated "the cross." Duncan, who apparently regarded the object as something very astounding, gratefully gave me a hand in taking its dimensions, but seemed to be disappointed at my not being able to tell by whom and for what end the curiosity was erected. Perhaps my sketch (p. 54) may in some degree qualify you for the expounding of its purpose, and if so, I need hardly

say that Duncan, for enlightenment therein, will at any time thankfully receive your smallest endeavour. The structure consists of a circle inclosing three small rectangular chambers or cells, and a solid central heap, which, when entire, may have been a cromlech, or some such sort of thing. Unfortunately, what exists of the monument is little more than the ground-tier of stones, which, as rising to but a couple of feet or so, serves merely to indicate the plan. If I remember rightly, there is a building very similar to this one in the island of Pabba, off Broadford, in Skye (see p. 38), and I believe others of nearly same kind may be found in various parts of the Long Island, some detailed descriptions of which would form an interesting contribution to our archæological literature.

Having finished my jottings of "the cross" and its surroundings, we set off for the highest cliff of the island; but when about half-way up a dense fog gathered around, and not knowing how long it might last, I suggested the uselessness of proceeding farther. Nevertheless, Duncan, presuming to be better acquainted with the habits of his atmosphere than I was, insisted upon our continuing the ascent; and glad I afterwards was that I had given in to him, for shortly after reaching the summit, the vapour, at first gradually thinning into a semi-transparent consistency, through which the hanging crags seemed to move to and fro in mystic dance, eventually cleared away, and there, revealed from top to bottom, was one of the grandest precipices I had ever seen. "The Island of Berneray," says the writer of "Barray" in the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, "and the adjacent isle of Mingalay, are particularly distinguished for the height of their rocks, and their romantic appearance in every other respect; but what adds greatly to the splendid scenery of these precipices, are the innumerable tribes of aquatic fowls by which they are inhabited during the whole of the summer season. * * * Nothing can pos-

sibly exceed the grandeur of beholding the myriads of these aquatic fowls standing erect on the ledges of these precipices, sometimes three and four deep, with their white breasts and red bills, resembling files of soldiers standing at ease, and so very tame that a person might catch them with his hands, were he able to approach them. * * * It is hardly possible to point out a scene more worthy of being visited for grandeur and variety than that of these rocks, particularly during the months of June and July. St. Kilda, so often resorted to by strangers, Coruisge, Cuiraing, or any other place on the coast of Scotland, cannot come in competition with the scenery of the southern isles of Barray, during the period above-mentioned." On the whole, this is a correct enough picture, though evidently the minister's zeal for the honour of his pastoral domain has caused him to colour it a little too deeply. Coruisge and Cuiraing I have never seen, but the precipices you meet with in St. Kilda, Fair Isle, and Foula, while in some instances much loftier, are at the same time, in point of picturesqueness and beauty, infinitely superior to any in Barra. The birds, too, did not seem to me to be so numerous either in Bernera or Mingula as they are in the places I have mentioned—a circumstance, however, which might be expected in Mingula, as there the principal breeding precipice is throughout so perfectly vertical and plane that one can scarcely conceive how a bird can anywhere find footing upon it.

This ornithological "bourse," within which, to judge from the ceaseless bustle and jabber that goes on among its many-coloured occupants, a good stroke of business must be done, is, like that at the head of which my dwelling in Bernera is seated, a wild *geodha* or gio, commencing its perpendicular descent a short way down from the summit of Beinichorn, a hill on the west side of Mingula, marked in the chart 882 feet in height. The more elevated side of the chasm, therefore, cannot exceed 700 feet, or thereabout; whereas, to

reckon from similar data on their charts, the Fair Isle, St. Kilda, and Foula precipices should be from 600 to 1000 feet at the least.

Compared to Bernera, Mingula is a rough hilly island, but everywhere there is good pasture, and the little cultivated patches beside the village appear to thrive better than could be supposed in a place of the kind. The people, however, like their houses, look, in great part, exceedingly poor; and that their minds are in no way better conditioned may be readily guessed, since the only instruction they have, religious or secular, is what is laboriously driven into them at a school that was instituted in 1850 by some benevolent ladies connected with the Free Church. The schoolhouse and master's residence, externally in no way distinguished, excepting in length, from the neighbouring huts, stands alone a short distance up from the village; and on our way back from the cliffs we went aside to take a look of it, and have a few minutes' chat with the teacher. Hearing our voices at the door he came out and invited us into the schoolroom—a rather sparingly-illuminated apartment of some length, furnished with a few desks and forms. He was sorry, he said, that Saturday being a holiday we could not see the children, though, if we had time to tarry a little, he would go and bring up as many of them as he could get hold of, in order that we might judge of their attainments. I should have very well liked to hear the rough things run over their letters, but not caring much to further so tyrannical a proceeding, I declined the proposal on the ground that I had to be instantly back to Bernera. Hereon he led us to the lower end of the apartment, and there, pushing aside a suspended curtain, ushered us into what was at once his sleeping-room and parlour. Jaques's "O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house!" came into my head as I looked around the solitary magister's ultra-economised sanctum—its earthen

floor, deal chair or two, chest, and low roughly-fashioned bedstead, covering fully one-half of the area. How it was that any one at all smoothly brought up could stand out such a life of privation, I could not comprehend. Perhaps, as a Highlander, the poor probationer was in some measure to the manner born; and most likely Hope, the blessed partner of the downcast, soothed him o' nights with visions of vacant pulpits, into some one of which at no distant day he might peradventure happily be lifted; but for all that, the good ladies should, I thought, have had respect to the patient preceptor's present lot, and whilst about it might have gone the length of at least making his lonely cell somewhat roomy and comfortable.

The average attendance on his class, he told me, was twenty, but during the last two or three weeks it had only been thirteen. As the school has reached the sixteenth year of its experience, the work of training the pupils into habits of methodical study and diligence is in all likelihood comparatively easy; but at its commencement the labour of the breaking in of even so merely a handful of utterly uncultivated homespuns must have been dreadful. It is to be supposed that the first master who was appointed went forth to the task sufficiently apprised of the material upon which he was to operate; but if not, his earliest encounter with his sucklings-elect must have somewhat suddenly perfected his knowledge. Upon his landing in Mingula, the tiny vagrants crowded around *to see the school* they had been told they were going to have. They thought he had it with him packed up in his trunk!

The other islands of Barra lying in a line northward of Bernera are Pabba, Saundra, Muldoanich, and Vatersa, but my time did not admit of our landing upon any of them. From my boatmen, who professed to know the islands well, I could learn nothing regarding the existence of ecclesiastical

remains. Of duns or burghs, specimens, more or less dilapidated, were often coming into sight as we voyaged the shores, but what more frequently took our attention was the everywhere presence of ruination brought about by an agency more ruthless and summary in its procedure than time. It was very pleasant to be quietly bording these rude isles in this fine sunny month of July, with scarcely a breeze to push us along; but what would it have been while, only some six months ago, that huge mastless bark, lying keel uppermost on the rock, was being driven wildly about, and these high-and-dry spars, logs, and maimed figure-heads were dashing each other in the maddened wave?

Not having more to say about Bernera, I will now proceed to a short off-handed account of the few objects of note that came in my way whilst travelling towards the Head. My second night after leaving home was passed in Tayinloan, a small hamlet on the west side of Kintyre. North of it a few miles is the old burial-ground of Kilcalmonell, and south of it a mile or two, Killean, both containing some good sculptured slabs of the usual Argyleshire pattern. Around these places are some interesting hill-forts, I was told, but, as lying rather out of my beat, I did not go to see any of them. This, however, was not greatly to be regretted, for if not in better condition than were two or three I fell in with next day in Gigha, they could hardly have been much worth inspecting (p. 9).

From the ferry-house jetty below Tayinloan, straight across the sound to Ardminish Bay, in Gigha, the distance is some three miles or so. Up from the landing-place a short way stands the modern church, and facing it, on the opposite side of the road, a small but much more comfortable inn than could be looked for in a place so seldom visited. The burial-ground is at Kilchattan, a mile southward. Within it are a few carved stones of memorial, a broken cross, and considerable remains of the old church—a somewhat rudely-con-

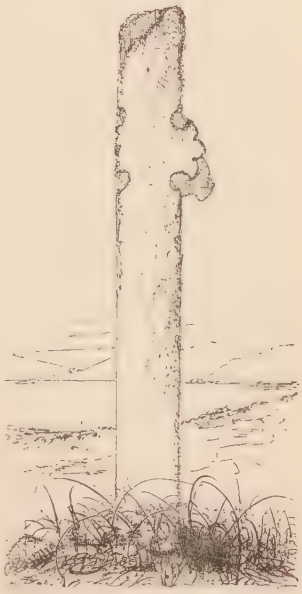
structed oblong, internally 33 feet in length, with, among other details of an ordinary kind, one long narrow lanciform window in the east end. The large font of stone, mentioned by Martin as lying upon the altar, is in no way impaired, still resting within the recess of the window, but the *bowing-*

ST. CATTAN'S, GIGHA ISLAND, EAST ELEVATION.

stone that stood on the top of a hillock a short distance back from the north side of the cemetery, called *Cnoc na Crois*, the hill of the cross, has seemingly been long since removed, as one or two aged men, who have been all their lives in the island, said they had never seen anything of it. A bare

tapering pillar, about 6 feet in height, on a lower hillock near the church, is probably of modern erection.

About a couple of miles northward of Kilchattan, and on each side of a cross-road leading from Drumyoin farm to Mill Bay on the west side of the island, are the ruined hill-forts of which I have spoken. Northward of these, and just before coming to the farmhouse of Tarbet, there is, away off a bit to your right, an almost traceless burial-ground, with a dilapidated cross nearly 7 feet high in its midst; and, beyond Tarbet a few paces, a huge unshapen pillar, called the "Druid's Stone" by the people about. Still keeping on in nearly the same direction till nearing Cairnban Point, in the north-eastern extremity of the island, you are brought to another place of sepulture, which I rather think the antiquary will regard as the most interesting spot in Gigha. It was almost dark before I got to it, though even with plenty of light I doubt whether I or any one could have seen much to have made anything out of, without no end of going down into holes and digging therein. Things of the kind are not easily described; but conceive scattered over a weird-looking plat so many cyclopean-like cells, cromlechs, kistvaens, or whatever else or otherwise you may call them, each more or less slantingly roofed over with a ponderous slab, and showing, in two or three of them, appearances of passages in all likelihood to underground chambers. On one of the slabs I noticed the annexed figures, and I daresay



ISLAND OF GIGHA.

more might have been found had there been light to look carefully for them.

Lying off the south end of Gigha, and divided from it by a narrow channel swarming with rocks, is the small island of Cara (p. 11). In the north end it is low and grassy, but rises a little as you go southward, and finally terminates abruptly in a bold perpendicular bluff rising to 172 feet over the sea. A shepherd and his family, residing in the end opposite Gigha, are the only inhabitants. Close by their "biggin" are the remains of a chapel, externally 29 feet in length, the walls coarsely composed, and pierced with a few short and very narrow flatheaded windows and a low doorway, much resembling what are ordinarily met with in most west-country churches.

CAIRNBAN POINT, GIGHA ISLAND.

As a field for archæological research, the district of Campbelton is perhaps fully equal to any in Kintyre. Kilchenzie, Kilchouslan, Kilchiaran, and Kilcoivin, all quite near to the burgh, have (most of them) ruined chapels, with, in some instances, interesting features, and many richly-ornamented memorial-slabs and shafts of crosses of curious character. As is the case in other places, however, the latter, through repeated shifting and lack of regard for their safety, are becoming year by year sadly wasted and fewer in number. This I well knew by reference to my earlier jottings. Some, therein set down nine or ten years ago as fine and well-conditioned specimens, I have now found either greatly effaced or broken; whilst two or three fragments, then prominent

objects in the burial-grounds, have disappeared altogether. Possibly like, as I should hope, many others now lost sight of elsewhere, they may be lying hid under the soil, and if so, therefore happily conserved for a more *doing* generation of antiquaries; but be that as it may, I much fear that unless steps be taken to arrest further injury to those existing above ground, many as yet excellent specimens will be handed down to posterity scarcely worth the preserving.

Kilchiaran, to which I more particularly allude, is pleasantly situated upon the south side of Campbelton Loch, little more than a mile out of the burgh. Close by the shore, two or three miles farther away, and only reachable at ebb, is a more steadfast memorial of Kintyre's primitive apostle—to wit, a deep cave in the face of a steep hill, called Ciaran's Cove, in which, according to local telling, the saint housed himself for a time after his arrival from *Innisfail*. It is a dark rugged cell, at which, I suspect, the manse-loving saints of our day would look rather askance if asked to take up housekeeping in it. And indeed the missionary's first look of his dwelling must have been not very comforting, though it is hard to say whether one in any way much more refined could have been found along the whole length of the peninsula in the sixth century. At its mouth the cave is of considerable width, but towards its upper extremity straitens to a mere crevice or rent. Damp, and in every way forbidding, I cannot conceive its having ever been a human residence; yet, one or two artificial features, still partly remaining, clearly indicate that such it had been at some early period. At a few paces inwardly from its mouth, the cave is enclosed by a very thick wall, still rising here and there some 8 feet or so, with a doorway at its centre. At about 15 feet from the doorway there is, sunk into the floor, a large oval-shaped flat-bottomed basin with a broad brim, which is always being kept full by the "minute drops" from the roof; and lying alongside of it

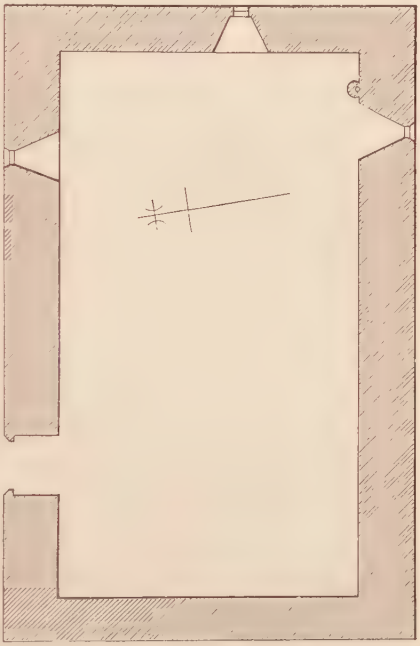
there is a round lumpish stone, 2 feet in diameter, overspread with a cross-pattée encircled by a bordering of the Greek-Fret ornament, or that which we see nearly resembling it so frequently running along the edges and narrower faces of the sepulchral slabs.

Southend, another portion of the old parish of Kilchiaran, comprehending the southern extremity of Kintyre, is also an interesting district, not archæologically only, but topographically as well. The wild upland country between the village and the Mull, on which the lighthouse is most romantically seated, is well worth seeing, as also are the remains of some ancient forts edging the sea-cliffs, not very far from the road. Thitherward going, you pass, when out of the village a mile or two, the not greatly-decayed church of St. Columba, standing within the old burial-ground of Keil, close by the wayside. Besides many worn slabs of ancient type, the yard contains one fine and finely-preserved specimen, on which is boldly sculptured the figure of an ecclesiastic in benediction or prayer, with a chalice beneath: but the church—a long narrow building, with small round-headed windows and doorway, in the side walls only—has no features requiring remark.

Under an overhanging rock, close by on the roadside, is St. Columba's Well, and on the top of a hillock overlooking the west end of the burial-ground there is, by the side of the turf-covered ground-work of a small rectangular building and the pedestal of a pillar, a flat rock bearing on its top the impress of two feet—made, it seems, by those of the saint whilst he stood marking out and hallowing the spot on which his chapel should rest.

Another interesting place, conveniently reachable from the village of Southend, is the small island of Sanda (p. 7). The singularly-situated lighthouse, perched on the summit of the *Ship Rock*, on the south side of the island, is well deserving a

visit, though probably the antiquary will be better pleased with what is to be found nearer to his landing-place on the opposite shore. Here, in the midst of an open burial-ground of small size, is an old shattered chapel, according to one account dedicated to St. Ninian, according to another to St. Columba, and to a third (*Trans. of Camb. Camd. Soc.* p. 80), one St. Shenaghan, who "is said to have come from Ireland and to have been left by Columba in charge of Kilcolmkil."



CHURCH OF ST. NINIAN, SANDA ISLAND.

Excepting the east one, all the walls of this chapel are nearly entire, the west one wanting a part of the gable only; the windows short, rudely-fashioned, and, as is also the doorway, flat in the head. Lying within the church are the bowl of a baptismal font, and a poor slab, inscribed MACDONALD, 1682, and pictured with a galley and sword; and off from the west end of the building a few yards are two rude pillars—one a massy Latin cross 6 ft. 4 in. high, the other a squared slab a few inches taller, dimly bearing on one of its broader faces a cross, and on the narrower ones some nearly worn-out ornamentation, the precise pattern of which I could not make out.

Having in the foregoing discourse run you up to the extreme point of Kintyre, I must now lead you backwardly

to our starting-place for scenes more distantly away in the west. Though apparently but sparingly visited either by the scene-hunter or the antiquary, I know of no bit of country that should be more interesting to both than that lying around Lochgilphead, Kilmartin, and Crinan. The old burial-grounds at Keils, Kilmory-Knap, Eilean Mòr, Kilmichael - Inverlussa, Kilmichael - Glassary, Kilneuair, Kilmartin, and Kilmachunaig, are all very beautifully situated, and have, besides in some instances remains of chapels deserving regard, collectively more sculptured slabs than you are likely to find in any other district of similar extent. Kilmodan, in Glendaruell, and Inverchaolan, up on the east side of Loch Striven, I may mention as also beautiful sites, lying not much out of your way directly into Knapdale and Kintyre. Like that at Kilmichael-Inverlussa, both churches are modern buildings occupying sites below the spots on which their originals are said to have stood.[1] The burial-ground at Kilmodan contains some seven or eight very good sculptured

ISLAND OF SANDA.

[1] On visiting these sites I found traces of burial-grounds, and buildings of small size; and near to those at Inverlussa and Kilmodan, *holy wells* to which, till not very long ago, the people around occasionally resorted for relief from their bodily complaints. Respecting Inverchaolan, I see it stated in the *Origines Parochiales*, on the authority of the *New Statistical Account*, that "what appears to have been the parish church before the Reformation remains with its burying-ground on a hill about 200 yards above the present church." If such were really extant at the statist's time of writing, a deal of "Reformation" work must have been going on in the parish during the last very few years, since at the present scarcely a vestige of either is to be found.

slabs, brought down, I was informed, from the old place above, and there is one rather commendable specimen, of seventeenth-century make, at Inverlussa, but none, so far as I could see, at Inverchaolan.

Not caring to say aught concerning one's so-many dinners and breakfasts on board of a steamer, just at once conceive ourselves, on a calm, close, sunny morning, taking afoot the ten or twelve miles between Dunvegan and Trumpan in

KILMORY, DUIRINISH.

Vaternish. The somewhat pompously, but withal very poorly modernised castle of the *Soil Torquil*, distantly backed by the bold jagged outline of the Cullins, first of all meets your eye; then the old burial-ground and ruined *teampull* at Kilmuir; then a wayside hut here and there, the village of Stein, *quoad sacra* church and manse of Vaternish; and finally, down by the shore a little way short of Vaternish Point, the burial-ground and ruined church of Trumpan.

The church at Kilmuir is evidently of considerable age, but seems to have undergone various alterations before its abandonment about 1830, when the new one was built. The doorway and windows are small, flat-headed, and deeply recessed inside. Besides one or two niches, there is a large arched recess in each of the side walls, and another of the same kind under the window in the east elevation, which were probably tombs. The surrounding burial-ground, like most in Skye, is terribly disordered. Apparently it does not contain any ancient memorials. Among those of modern date is one of pyramidal form to the memory of Thomas Lord Lovat, who died in Dunvegan Castle, May 1699. Conspicuous for size and ugliness, it is now in a very shattered condition, having been struck by lightning—a casualty to be regretted only as not having gone the length of destroying the deformity altogether.[1]

The old chapel at Trumpan is externally 51 feet in length, the south wall completely down, but the other scarcely at all dilapidated. The east end has one short narrow window, flat in the head, and there are two of like shape and a rudely-arched doorway in the north elevation. If a window ever existed in the west end, it must have been in the wanting gable, as the wall on which the gable had rested is blank. The burying-ground is decently enclosed, as Hebridean ones generally are beginning to be now-a-days, but there is still the long-honoured thicket of nettles and hemlock to baffle the most persevering scrutiny of the antiquary. One sculptured slab, however, I contrived to find, lying close by the west end of the church; and had time and patience sufficed, I daresay one or two more might have cast up. Standing near to this slab there is a rude undressed pillar called "The Trying Stone,"

[1] Boswell, after quoting the inscription, which, if I rightly remember, is partly still upon this monument, says: "I have preserved this inscription, though of no great value, thinking it characteristical of a man who has made some noise in the world. Dr. Johnson said it was poor stuff, such as Lord Lovat's butler might have written."—*Tour in the Hebrides;* Lond. 1785.

to which, according to local tradition, accused persons were taken, and there, through a venturesome appeal to the object, made manifest their innocence or their guilt. It is a massy whin, 4 ft. 8 in. in height, with a downwardly-bent cavity of an inch and a half in diameter near to its top. As the story goes, the appellant was placed within a certain distance of

THE "TRYING STONE," TRUMPAN.

the stone, and then, approaching it blindfold, established his innocence only by unerringly putting his finger into the cavity.

Before speaking of Trumpan I should have mentioned Skeabost, the site of *Sanct Colmis Kirk in Snesfurd in Trouterness* (p. 35). At some five or six miles out of Portree, and whilst nearing the head of Loch Snizort, you see it in the shape of a diminutive islet or holm quite close to the road.

During rainy weather access to it is not very easy or safe, and I well remember the trouble and trepidation I experienced some years ago while being taken across in a cart with the river in flood. On making the shore one is immediately struck with the intensely ecclesiastical character of the spot. From end to end the islet is covered with the remains of chapels, some of them with a bit of wall here and there, but most of them so reduced that nothing is traceable more than the ground-plan. The one most entire, though possibly not the most ancient of the group, is in all likelihood that spoken of in the *Origines* as dedicated to St. Columba: and as the walls are nowhere much worn down, may have been in use till up to the occupation of the "subsequent church, decayed in 1796," which stood at the head of Loch Snizort Beg. It is a very rough building, externally 21 feet in length, the side elevations somewhat broken, the east and west ones, together with their gables, nearly entire. The doorway (S.W.) is dilapidated, and the only perfect window is a rectangularly-shaped one, 22 inches high by 6 wide in the east end. Apparently the island is not fertile in sculptured slabs, the only specimens I could see being one bearing a military effigy in half-relief, lying inside the church, and another and much finer one of like kind over a grave a few paces off.

Having finished our petty survey of the neighbourhood of Dunvegan, we set off on a fine breezy morning for Lochmaddy, in Uist, but shifting a trifle our purpose when about half-way across, ran ourselves into the little harbour of Rodil, in the south-east corner of Harris. The diversion was not, as you may readily guess, for the purpose of prolonging the pleasures of yachting, but simply for the obtainment of another look of the old priory-church of St. Clement, which you have once or twice heard me speak of as standing up a few yards from the landing-place, on the road leading to Obbe. Though long unused as a place of worship, the walls of the

building have never been dilapidated to any extent, and I was gratified to observe that since my last visit the proprietor of Harris had put on a roof, glazed all the windows, and surmounted the tower with a short pyramidal capping, much to the improvement of its appearance. Thus conditioned, only a small expenditure more would suffice for a complete restoration of the edifice ; and this I should hope will in short time be done, not only for its own sake, but for the moral good of the locality as well. The plan is a Latin cross, without aisles, internally 60 ft. 7 in. by 15 ft. 2 in., with a square western tower of good height, of the same width as the church. Throughout, both outside and within, there is very little of enrichment, the only elaborated features being the arched entrances to the transeptal chapels, which are fairly and boldly moulded, and the east window, which, while the others are plain single lancets, is a rather fancifully-designed one of three feathered lights, with a six-spoked wheel filling the head.

The date of erection appears not to be known. Donald Monro, High Dean of the Isles, says (1594) : "Within the south pairt of this ile (Harris) lyes ane monastery with ane steipell, quhilk was foundit and biggit by M'Cloyd of Harrey, callit Roodill." Who this particular Macleod of Harris was, and at what time he lived, it is impossible to say ; but as in the early part of the sixteenth century a Sir Alexander Macleod was rector of Harris,[1] it is likely that he is the person referred to by the dean. In the *Old Statistical Account* the minister of Harris also speaks of, apparently, this Alexander, and of his being the putative founder of Rodil, but asserts that he only repaired the building ; and this I am disposed to believe was all that he did, as, though by no means ancient, it must have been standing long before his time. Not *very* long, however, for the whole character of the structure, bears the impress of a period late in the practice of

[1] *Origines Parochiales*, vol. ii. p. 377.

ecclesiastical architecture; and although in the mouldings of the arches, east window, and monumental recesses in the side walls, there are ornamentations peculiar to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, these an eye at all tutored will readily detect as merely imitations of the primitive types, just as we find such forms to be so in other comparatively modern buildings whose dates of erection are matters of history.

Externally, the tower is divided into two stages by a bold cable-moulded string, from which, at the corners of the tower, as also from midway between, are projected busts of animals —the bull, lion, bear, etc. At the middle of the west elevation the string rises and forms a housing or niche to the figure of a prelate on a bracket. Within the church the sculptures are more numerous and interesting. There they form the decorations of two sepulchral recesses in the south wall, one of them eastward and the other westward of the transept. The eastern recess contains a mailed effigy recumbent on a slightly-raised tomb. Behind the wall of the recess is covered or compactly inlaid with twelve pictured panels, each forming a distinct subject in bold relief, and in perfect preservation. The central sculpture represents the Virgin enthroned and crowned, a sceptre in her right hand, and the infant Saviour in her left arm. On each side of this the panel contains a bishop; and in the one directly under, an angel—the archangel Michael perhaps—and the devil are weighing souls or the lives of men. Other panels contain stags, a galley, a bishop going forth to hunt attended by two keepers leading dogs, and an inscription in four lines commemorative of Allexãder : filius : Vilm̄ : Mac : clod : dno : de dũvegan : Anno : dñi : m : ccccc : xxviii.

Outside the recess, and fringing it in the form of a triangular canopy or hood, is a series of nine sculptured panels of the same style, and equally curious. The crucifix in the arms of the Father, with a figure standing on each side, is the

central subject; and in the other panels are angels, some with inscribed scrolls, and others on wing bearing the spirits of the departed in their hands.

The recess westward of the transept was probably adorned in the same manner, but now the only sculpture is a crucifix with the usual figure on each side, placed in the spandrel of the canopy. Recumbent on a low sloping coffin made of slabs, in the south chapel, there is a full-sized effigy, similar in kind to that in the eastern recess. The figure is dressed in a cassock, the left hand carrying a short sword, the right supporting a great two-handed one in front as a cross. I should also mention, as an object of some interest, the uppermost part of a cross, bearing on one face a crucifix in very bold relief, and on the other a spreading of flower-work. Both in form and style of ornamentation it is quite similar to the Argyleshire crosses, but on a much smaller scale than the perfect ones erect in that county. At my former visits there were two or three sculptured slabs in the burial-ground, which I daresay are still somewhere lying about, though at this time not discoverable (p. 45.)

Not long after reaching Lochmaddy we set out for the *Head*, and meeting no hindrances during the travel, got by nightfall the length of Craigory, a little place overlooking the ford at the south end of Benbecula. The direct road southward is the *upper* one, as it is called, through the middle of Uist; but it being dull and destitute of interest, we took the circuitous one along the north and west sides of the island.

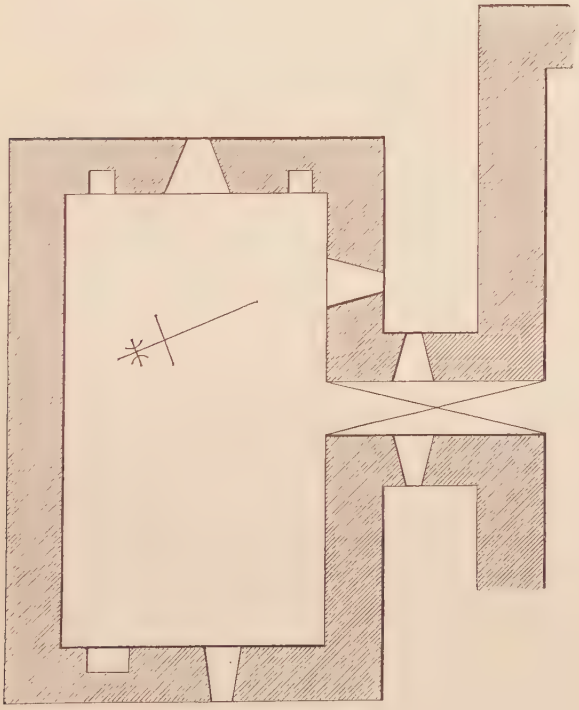
Out of Lochmaddy a few miles we stopped for a look of Dun Torquil, one of the many so-called Danish forts existing in the district; but our first lengthened halt was at Houghary, the seat of the ancient church of Kilmorie of North Uist. The burying-ground contains the parish church, built in 1764, but there are no remains of the older structure, which, when deserted, was probably used up as material for some of the

inclosed sepulchres standing thereby. Lying half-concealed here and there are a few poorly-sculptured slabs, and standing erect there are two cruciform pillars, one of which may be the *Water Cross* mentioned by Martin as having been used by the ancient inhabitants for procuring rain; "and when they had got enough they laid it flat on the ground." They are each 4 feet in height—one of peculiar shape, the other of the ordinary Latin form. The last, I was sorry to see, has been considerably injured since my visit in 1855,—the north arm, then entire, being now nearly away.

Carinish, to which we next shifted, is perhaps of all places in North Uist the most interesting to the ecclesiological antiquary. Respecting it, I read in the *Origines:* "In 1389 Godfrey of Isle, Lord of Wyst, confirmed to the monks of Inchaffray the chapel of the Holy Trinity (at Karynch) in Wyst, as granted to them by Cristina, the daughter of Alan, the true heiress, and Reginald, called M'Rodry, the true lord and patron. The chapel was apparently a Culdee church, and therefore built before the time of Cristina, the daughter of Alan, who lived about the year 1309. About 1390 the chapel of Carinish was probably rebuilt or repaired by Amie M'Ruari, who is traditionally reputed its founder. The church is marked by Blaeu as Kilbrinidad, and its ruins are locally known as Teampul-na-Trianaide (the Trinity Church)"—Vol. ii. p. 373.

The ruins thus referred to occupy a raised spot at the south end of the island, and close by the little inn from which the traveller has his bearings on taking the long mazy ford to Benbecula. These consist of two separate buildings, not extremely dilapidated—one internally 62 feet 8 inches in length, the other 23 feet. As will be observed by the plan, the smaller and apparently more ancient building stands north of the bigger one, and about 5 feet apart. There are no features in the larger church requiring remark. Neither

is it needful to say much of the other: in it the windows are small, narrow, and flat in the head; the doorway is in the south side, and communicates with the larger church by a low semicircularly-vaulted passage, with a window on each side. At what time this passage was formed it is difficult to say, but that it had no existence in the original design of either



CARINISH, N. UIST.

building is evident, as its walls are not bonded or tied into those on which they impinge at either extremity.

In the want of historical data, and of any peculiarities in the fashion of the buildings themselves, through which a definite period could be tracked, it seems useless to guess at what age they belong. In the general appearance of the

larger edifice there is nothing that can lead to the belief that it is very old; but judging from its in every way more antiquated character, it may be safely affirmed of the smaller one that if not the work of its traditionally reputed founder, Amie M'Ruari, it must have been that of one who flourished not long after her time.

It would appear that till about the beginning of the present century the interior of the greater church was decorated with sculptures similar to those still existing at Rodil, as I was told that one Macpherson, an octogenarian living at Cladach, Carinish, remembers of having seen, when a boy, stones in the walls figured with angels, armed men, animals, etc. The area of the church is deeply bedded with rubbish, and among it possibly some of these interesting relics might be found by any one disposed to the labour of making a search.

Clearing the ford, and then taking the road along the west side of Benbecula, you come first to Balivanich, and then to Nuntown, or Bael-nin-Killoch, as Martin has it. At the former place, and occupying a piece of swampy ground formerly the bed of a lake, are the remains of what is in the *New Statistical Account* called a monastery, "but probably," says the *Origines*, "a chapel belonging to the monks of Iona."

I don't know what may be the condition of this building now, but in 1855, when I visited the place, it was a very ruinated oblong, 57 feet in length, with a small flat-topped torn window in each of the end elevations. Westward of it a few paces there were then also the foundations of another building about 30 feet in length, which may have been a chapel.

At Nuntown there was till not long since a remain of a nunnery, or of a chapel belonging to the nuns of Iona, "the stones of which," says the *Statistical Account*, "were used in the building of Clanranald's mansion and office-houses."

Near to the site of this ravished building there is a small roofless, but in other respects not much wasted church, in a burial-ground, which I do not remember having seen anywhere noticed. Outwardly, the length of this apparently either unknown or despised *ways-and-means* whiles the great chieftain's domicile was being put up, is 25 feet. The windows are small, narrow, and flat in the head—two in each of the sides, one in the east end, and, if not a niche, another immediately over the doorway in the west elevation. Altogether, it is a quaint-looking little thing, suggestive of a period when even a needy Clanranald would have hesitated to meddle with gear of the kind, yet withal so, somehow or other, trim and lively-looking that one may doubt its being the work of a time very remote. The burial-ground is inclosed and tidy, and contains two or three slabs of ancient type, but not of much value.

As in Benbecula and N. Uist, the direct road to the south end of S. Uist is through the middle of the island, but that along the west or *machaireach* side, though not just suitable for carriage conveyance, will be found by the pedestrian by far the pleasanter—the former being a dull mossy track bordering the slopes of the hills, while the latter is a flat verdant plain, beautifully variegated with the hues of the daisy, buttercup, white clover, rue, and other wild-growing and sweet-smelling plants.

Pursuing this floriated path, you go past many places bearing names indicative of their having been ecclesiastical sites in early times; as, for example, Kilaulay, Kilivanan, Ardmichael, Kildonnan, Kilpeader, and the small peninsulated Oransay. By the road also are Howmore, Hallan, and Boisdale, at which, and at Ardmichael, are burying-grounds, but at none, save Howmore, any architectural remains. Kirkdale, south a short way of Loch Eynort, and Kilbride, eastward of Pollachar, at the south end of the island, are also ecclesi-

astical sites; but of these I cannot speak, as I have not been to them. In Martin's time it is possible that many chapels had fallen into decay, as he only enumerates St. Columba's, St. Mary's, St. Jeremy's, St. Peter's, St. Michael's, and St. Donnan's; these being likely the only ones remaining in use.

From the documentary evidence adduced in the *Origines* it would appear that the principal church seats in S. Uist were Kilpeader and Howmore, and of these two Howmore in all likelihood was the more important, inasmuch as it comprehended two churches, besides several mortuary or votive chapels, considerable traces of which are still existing.

Kilpeader, I believe, retains no ecclesiastical features, but of this I do not speak authoritatively, as I did not visit the spot. Howmore at my first visit had remains of five churches and chapels, all standing close by one another. One of the number I now found had been removed during the late operation of inclosing the burial-ground, but the others seemed to be very much as they were when I first saw them. The missing one was a very characteristic building, the smallest of the group, with a very narrow rectangular window and a short sloping doorway in the east end. Externally it measured only 17½ feet in length. Of those still remaining the largest has been about 60 feet in length. Scarcely anything of it is standing more than the east wall, a long lanciform couplet in which shows that the building had been the finest and largest of the lot. The next largest is internally rather more than 54 feet in length. Of it also the only remain is the east wall.

The two other chapels are each about 20 feet in length, not so much reduced, but with no features deserving notice. One of them, the easternmost of the group, is in plan somewhat oddly formed on the north side, and there seems to have been connected with another building, the plan of which

cannot be traced. In two of the chapels the altar is still extant, and in the burying-ground there is a fine memorial slab, pictured with a cross, sword, armed horseman, animals of chase, etc. In the burial-ground at Hallan, south some two or three miles of Askernish, there is another fine specimen, with foliage and shears, which probably belonged originally to Howmore, as Hallan does not seem to be a *sepulcretum* of long standing.

Across the sound between Pollachar, at the southern extremity of Uist, and Eoligarry, in the north end of Barra, the distance is six miles, or thereby; though, short as it is, the passage, like that from Harris to Uist, is not, even in summer, a matter always of easy accomplishment. Up from the landing-place a short way, and scarcely observable until nearing the spot, is the old burial-ground of Kilbar, with a cluster of ruinated churches and chapels rising scarcely above the rank vegetation around. A more utterly abandoned-looking place I never saw; uninclosed and in no degree tended, it and everything in it seem purposely left to go into oblivion. Intentional or not, a few years hence this must be the result, for since my former visit there has been a marked change to the worse in the condition of the buildings, all being, more or less, more dilapidated, and one, in some respects the most curious of the lot, nearly erased.

In whole, the buildings form a group of three chapels, standing near to each other, and the foundations of another one that stood somewhat apart down by the wayside. This last, which was removed not many years ago, is said to have been much higher in the walls than any of the others,—a circumstance that leads me to infer that it was comparatively modern, and had formed the parish church till about 1835, when the present one was erected. Martin, writing about 1700, says: "The church in this island is called *Kilbarr*—i.e. *St. Barr's Church.* There is a little Chappel by it, in

which *Macneil*, and those descended of his family, are usually interred." The largest building of the group, and to all appearance that mentioned by Martin, is externally 42 feet in length. Of the east and west elevations little is left, but the altar still remains in its place. The side elevations are nearly entire, the south one containing two small and very rudely-constructed windows with triangular heads, near to the east end, and another broken one of like shape towards the west. The north elevation has a similarly-fashioned window near to the eastern extremity, and, towards the other end, the doorway—a curious and extremely antiquated-looking feature, scarcely 2 feet wide, with a triangular head, set flush with the wall in a semicircular arch formed of slates. Within a few feet south-west of this, the supposed church of St. Barr, is the greatly-dilapidated chapel referred to above: its external length is 18 feet 3 inches. The only perfect window in it is a round-headed one about 2 feet in height and 5 inches in width, in a fragment forming the eastern extremity of the north wall. Westwardly of it about 33 feet is the other building, which in all probability is the sepulchral chapel of the Macneils alluded to by Martin. Outside it is 30 feet in length, nearly entire, and divided across about midway by a wall into two compartments, each with a doorway, and several square-headed windows barely 4 inches wide (p. 52).

Besides these sadly-wasted, yet still interesting fragments, the burial-ground contains at least two profusely-sculptured slabs of memorial, bearing floriated crosses, swords, and fringings of foliage, in form nearly resembling the Argyleshire patterns, but larger, wider spread, and less delicately wrought.

Little more than a mile or so south of Kilbar, and just before reaching the *Traigh Mhor*, which nearly insulates the Eoligarry district of Barra, there are slight remains of a chapel, 20 feet in length, which seems to be that thus spoken

of by Martin: "The Natives have *St. Barr's* Wooden Image standing on the Altar covered with Linen in form of a shirt; all their greatest Asseverations are by this saint. * * * There is a Chappel (about half-a-mile on the south side of the Hill, near *St. Barr's* Church) where I had occasion to get an account of a Tradition concerning this Saint, which was thus: *The inhabitants having begun to build the Church, which they dedicated to him, they laid this Wooden Image within it, but it was invisibly transported* (as they say) *to the Place where the Church now stands, and found there every morning.* This Miraculous Conveyance is the Reason they give for desisting to Work where they first began."

At Borve, a very sweet place south of the strand a few miles, there are the remains of another chapel or church, said, according to the *Old Statistical Account*, to have been dedicated to St. Michael. It has been a building of very moderate size, consisting of a chancel and nave, respectively only 7 feet 10 inches and 23 feet in length, inside. What the character of its detail was is now beyond ken, as only the ground-work is left; but the plan would suggest greater refinement than what is observable in any of the other ecclesiastical remains in Barra and Uist. I may mention, as perhaps worth recording, that the only other ecclesiastical building I have fallen in with in the Long Island in which the chancel and nave are constructively separated, is the almost similarly proportioned church of St. John Baptist, at Bragar, on the west side of Lewis. As this refinement upon the simple oblong type seems to have come first into use during the Romanesque period, these two churches may perhaps date from somewhere about the middle or end of the twelfth century. What may be the precise dates of the older-looking of those at Kilbar, Howmore, etc., it is not easy to guess. From their simple form and general rudeness it might be assumed that at least some of them were very ancient;

but these peculiarities cannot be held in their case as signifying much, for throughout the mainland of Scotland very nearly the whole of the smaller churches that succeeded the Norman period show a return in their plan to the simple parallelogram, and in the islands and other outlying districts constructional rudeness must be regarded as only the natural expression of rudeness of position and want of wealth.

I must now bring my little narrative to a close. Arriving at Kismull or Castle Bay, in the south end of the mainland of Barra, I found, readier than could have been expected, means of conveyance to the goal of my journey. The weather was fine, and whilst oaring along I would fain have landed on the islands between; but fearful of a change, and already half-worn out by my previous trail, I let them go by with the comforting resolve of turning them up on some future occasion (pp. 44-54).

THE ISLE OF MAY.

April 24, 1868. How are you? And how are the ladies?—and the olive-plants?—and (to make a not unkindly comparison) those other loved things, out at Newmills,[1] who, I opine, are now unfolding their beauties, and yearning silently for your return to look after them?

"And what more would you like to know?" you will say.

Well, turning you over in my mind one evening lately, it behoved me to get anxious anent what was being done in the matter of St. Adrian and a certain island away down in the mouth of the Forth. To look in upon you at the ——, with a beseeching visage, was my first impulse; but on reflection, not caring to be thought impertinently curious about what might have been considered no business of mine, I set out on the morning following for Anstruther, in the hope of there or

[1] This sketch of "The Isle of May" was originally addressed to the late Dr. John Stuart, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

thereabout gaining, unobtrusively, and by chance as it were, knowledge of what you were doing, or preparing to do, for the resuscitation of that somewhat neglected locality.

Whether it ought to have been regarded as merely some pestilent peculiarity in the nature of East-Nookers, or as the merited reward of privily *kecking* (or *doorkyken*, as the Dutch have it) into my neighbour's affairs, I could not well decide at the time, nor indeed have I yet quite settled the question; but either, or any way, it so happened, on my arrival at the Royal Burgh, that not only *would* the swabbers not run me over to the isle, but, to my inexpressible horror, they *could* not even say they ever so much as heard of such a person as the illustrious Secretary of the Antiquaries!

Leaving, therefore, those obdurate and benighted creatures to the enjoyment of their own ways, I went forward to Crail, and there luckily getting hold of the pilot-boat in the service of the lighthouse, was, under favour of a smart breeze, quickly wafted to my destination. My intention was to stop over the night in the lighthouse, and to make a deliberate inspection of the island next day, but having neglected to procure authority to the keeper to accommodate me, I was forced to return to Crail and lodge in the "Golf"—a respectable and very comfortable small inn near the middle of the town. As you may suppose, the short time I had did not give opportunity to see much of the island. On leaving it, the wind was so greatly slackened that we had to take to the oars, and on nearing the shore want of water compelled us to hang on at anchor till it was nearly ten o'clock—amusing ourselves the while only with the ever and anon impatient exclamation of the pilot's little boy and his companions among the rocks in the dark—"Aye lyin' oot there *yet!*"

Thus, you will see, my pilgrimage to the May, with all its anticipations of pleasant work and luxurious repose, turned out, like the bewitchments of Prospero's charmed

isle, but the "baseless fabric of a vision," and a snare. All that I was able to accomplish during my short stay in it was a hasty examination of a small remain of the priory, situated up a bit from what is called the *Kirk Haven*, near the south-east end of the island.

This solitary fragment, which seemingly has been a chapel, stands due north and south per compass, and measures internally, as you will find by the scale on the plan (p. 3), within a few inches of 32 feet in length. From the character of the two windows in the west wall, I should infer that the building is of thirteenth century date. Their tops are cut out of one stone, obtusely pointed, the inner or rear openings arched semicircularly, as in Norman work, and splayed enormously. There is a tall window, as I presume it is, or was, with a round head, in the south end, set square in the wall, and another, likewise fashioned, but wanting the head, raised in the north end. The only aperture in the east side of the chapel is a ragged gap near to its southern extremity, which must have been a doorway. Extending eastward of this, and in a line with the south elevation of the building, there is the foundation of a thick wall, traceable for rather more than forty feet; so that it is evident the doorway in question did not open on the outside, but was an interior communication between the chapel and some larger building, forming in all likelihood the main structure of the *cœnobium*.

Since its erection, the existing fragment has been subjected to several innovations, though fortunately without being much injured by them. These are—(1) a large press or locker, in the upper part of the west wall, by the insertion of which the rear arch of the window nearest the north end has been mutilated; (2) an oven, formed in the bottom of the south window; (3) a circular tower, pierced near to its bottom with oillets or shot-holes, partly embracing the south-west corner of the chapel; and (4) a low narrow rectangular

building (greatly reduced), showing traces of a vaulted roof, running along the entire breadth of the chapel at its north end. The oven is quite a modern interpolation, but the locker, tower, and northern appendage are of some age, and have evidently been contrived for defensive purposes.

I regret that from having, Jack-Cade-fashion, foolishly entered the lightkeeper's fee-simple without leave, I was unable to learn more of the place; but I trust that the scant jottings recorded above will at any rate afford you a few minutes' amusement, whilst comparing them with your own larger observations.

July 30, 1868.

Isle of May.—It was a bungle—that attempt to imitate Jack's entry into Mr. Iden's garden, on the occasion mentioned above. *However!*—as mine host of the "Golf" replied, after hearing my story.

Through what altered conditions and nicer conduct I have afterwards found myself, not again a repulsed but cordially welcomed visitor at the May, I need not tell. Sufficient for you is it to know that there I am located at last, and, I may add, supporting the inner man on things more substantial than those poor Jack was driven to after matters went wrong with him. My sanctum, too, unlike Jack's roofless refectory, is a roomy apartmemt in the north-east corner of the lighthouse buildings, comfortable in all respects, and having a most peaceful and pleasing look-out upon the slope to the shore, and thence across, whatsoever the weather may happen to make it, to the Fife coast.

After establishing myself, one of my earliest doings was to make, as is my custom whilst in like places, a plan of the snug little spot in which I was to dream out my two days and nights away from the noisy world. You will grin, no doubt, as you read of an action so funny; and indeed, in all likelihood, my kind hostess, notwithstanding what she had already

experienced of my ways at Barra Head, had she popped in during the proceeding, "bid" to have supposed I had made up my mind to a permanent residence, seeing that, to all appearance, I was taking measurements for wall decorations and a new carpet!

Regarding the lighthouse, generally, I have but little to tell. It is a large square-shaped edifice of two stories, the lantern-tower, also square, forming the central portion of the western façade. Besides the one I am occupying, the domestic department of the building contains a great many rooms of one kind and another, of which, however, I have only seen two or three—the most distinguished of them being a spacious dining-saloon, formerly well warmed up by the Commissioners and their friends, when it was the wont to go down now and again for a night of the island. Though not very curious about objects of the kind, I went up yesterday evening to see the *crystal palace* which is erected—*in salutem omnium*, as the Commissioners here and there inform us—on the top of our tower. And truly a beautiful creation it is—illuminated on what is called the dioptric or refracting principle. To describe it at all properly is out of my power, but in the way of an attempt,—imagine me and two of the keepers standing freely within an exquisitely translucent dome, smooth internally, but notched or serrated horizontally on the outside into a numerous and partly dis-uniform series of prismatic zones, so arranged as to collect in a variety of peculiar ways the light from a central lamp, and then throw it out powerfully diffused in the form and direction needed. The ordering of the light-room demands a good deal of time and painstaking attention, for ere their delicate charge is able to do its own night-work, the keepers have no inconsiderable amount of preparatory nursing to perform in the course of the day. The vivifying process, however, is only a momentary affair, and as my visit to the lantern was at the hour appointed for the performance,

I saw the attendants set fire to their wicks. The sight did not perhaps much astonish me, but as the flame waxed into brilliance I could not but think of the many distant eyes wandering widely apart that would at once be concentrated on the friendly ray as it instantly shot out from the heart of our little fairy-like chamber!

Touching the island itself, I daresay I could photograph it to you at the cost of an hour's drudgery; but as I am not here seeking work, let me picture it in my own easy off-handed way. By the Ordnance map you will see that the May is only a bit more than one mile in length, and at its widest about one-third of a mile across. Though nowhere greatly elevated, the surface throughout is very uneven, and so continuous are the undulations that you are evermore either going up or going down all the way from the one end of it to the other. In this sultry weather, and with the turf like the face of a mahogany table, these incessant upheavals and depressions are rather trying to the stumps, as you may easily guess—not to say anything at all of the heat, and being down every half-minute or so on your back or your nose!

Wholly around, the shore is very rough. Along the north end and east side it stretches out into low jagged rocks, among which the wave, be its approach tranquil or the reverse, is ever in violent commotion; while nearly all along the west side and south end it rises in high mural precipices, presenting in many instances specimens of cliff-scenery more picturesque and wild than we could expect to find lying so near to our door. At no point, as we see by the map, does the island rise more than 150 feet above the sea-level; yet, in some parts, and particularly in those between the Altarstones landing-place and the Pilgrims' Haven, on the west side, the precipices look quite as gigantic as many I have seen in the western islands of four or five times their height.

This Pilgrims' Haven, with its grand outlying stacks and tall flanking shore-rocks towering sheer as the walls of a house, is a fine far-away, hidden-like spot, and would in all respects be quite a gem of its kind, if, in place of the coarse colourless shingle with which its area is covered, it had the smooth yellow carpeting of sand that we find so frequently warming up and beautifying the coves of the Hebudian islands. Nevertheless, here, at this Pilgrims' Haven, I was content to take my dip, for nowhere else can the feet find out a place wherein they could be more tenderly treated—except, perhaps, at the landing-place called *Kirk Haven*, where there is the only piece of what can be termed sandy ground in the whole round of the island, though even there you are not better off but when the tide is well up, which was not the case at the time I went forth for my ablution.

Though not, I believe, much given to "picking holes" in a place, I may as well, while about what is perhaps not unlike work of the kind, mention another defect in the May, which, even to me, who am only looking at things from a holiday point of view, seems more serious than the absence of sandy beaches and nooks nicely cut out for bathing. What I allude to is an equal if not greater destitution in the article of water—not *aqua marina*, of course, but *aqua*, of the sort your comforting and sleep-compelling nightcap is made up with! Not that boon Nature has denied wells to this bit of her territory. There are some four or five in the May, which is pretty fair allowance, I take it, considering how parsimoniously many other deserving islands I could name have been treated; but all of them are dried up at present except one or two, and these are so intermixed with impurities that no use can be made of them.[1] To obviate the inconvenience arising from

[1] For the following particulars regarding these wells, as also for the *information* in the other foot-notes, I am indebted to my host, the principal lightkeeper.

The Lady's Well.—A small pool in the floor of the cliff-cave called the

this local infirmity, the lighthouse people are obliged to procure water by periodical supplies brought over from Crail. Yet, after all, this does not much mend the matter; for the supply thus obtained, though excellent when taken from the fountain, acquires during transmission such an offensive taste of the casks, that the islanders, notwithstanding their endeavours to accommodate themselves to it, never drink it but under a kind of protest.

With their other elements of life, and with their means of getting them, I believe the islanders are very well content. Besides flour, tea, sugar, and other such-like commodities, which, according to convenience or fancy, may be got readily from Crail, Anstruther, or Granton, they have—grown on their about two cultivated acres—barley, potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbages, onions, etc., all which I am told thrive well, excepting some of the garden stuffs, which, from their exposed situation, are subject to blast and the ravages of the white worm. Then if to the above there be added poultry, three milch cows, some sixty sheep, and—what is not to be reckoned as "small deer"

Lady's Bed, on the south-west side of the island. "This water is always cool and refreshing, but has rather a peculiar taste—whether from being impregnated with mineral or vegetable matter I cannot say. When lifted in a transparent vessel, it is seen to hold a great quantity of small particles of matter in suspension. It never dries up."

The Pilgrims' Well.—On the slope of the *Pilgrims' Haven*. "Considered to be wholesome, but subject to be spoiled by salt water when the wind is blowing into the haven. It is principally used for cattle, and never dries up."

St. John's Well.—A pump standing by the path above *Kirk Haven*. "The water good, but a little brackish. During all the drought of this summer we pumped water out of this well to supply our cattle."

St. Andrew's Well.—Near the *Altarstones*. "This is said to be the best water in the island, and is that which we always use for cooking purposes when our Crail supply runs short. It did not go altogether dry this season, but very nearly so."

The Sheep's Well.—West of the lighthouse. "Supposed to have been so named from a sheep having been drowned in it. The Commissioners caused the water of the island to be analysed, and the water of this well was found to be so bad that it was forbidden to be used for culinary purposes or for drinking. During the drought of this season it has been all but dry."—J. A.

—a comfortable and quiet house to dwell in, I think that on the whole matters should go gently enough with the three inheritors of Saint Adrian's Isle, maugre the unpalatable water, and, I dare say, a now-and-then kind of craving for more frequent and prolonged intercourse with the outer world.[1]

This about meats and drinks, I fear, is not just very entertaining, and in place whereof I suspect you would rather you had something about inscribed stones, cromlechs, kistvaens, or — anything, even the most unsavoury and indigestible remainder-morsel with a look of having been handed down from the Tuatha de Danann, Phœnicians, or Scuta Brigantes. Be assured that, though not here for archæological purposes, but mainly for repose and renewed intercourse with old friends, I have not been neglectful of inquiry respecting antiquities, nor of searching diligently enough for them myself while on

[1] "We have no rats, but legions of mice, and most impudent mice they are, for they sit and look in your face, and even gnaw at the legs of your trousers, with a composure that is quite amusing. As to the ants, whose plaguy barrows you speak of as having tripped you so often, I can only say that they are our most troublesome neighbours. The whole island is covered with their hillocks, and these are so greatly destroying the best parts of our pasture, that means must be devised by and by to exterminate them. In the month of August the insects take wing, and fly about so thickly that I have seen them in heaps on the balcony of the tower. That month is about the time, I think, they swarm, or hive off, so to speak, and seek a spot for the founding of a new city. In many places I see indications of the sites they have chosen; but as in course of time these, in their turn, will in all likelihood become over-populated, the *redundants* will be forced to betake themselves—to the Bass, I fancy, or one of the other islets lying between us and the Lothian coast. The sooner the better!—and I should hope that the reports they send back to the old folks may be such as to induce them to follow their example!

"Except during the hatching season, there are few birds here; the gull being, I believe, the only one that permanently keeps to the island. The birds congregate mostly at the North Ness.

"Of our sheep, those that we have to dispose of are killed in the island, and the carcases sent ashore, where they always meet with a ready demand, the May mutton being held in much esteem. We never sell the poultry; when the eggs are plentiful we have a good market at Crail for whatever may be over what is required for our own use. The fish we catch most of is the *podly*—a soft insipid thing about the size of a haddock. When full grown, or nearly so, it is called *coal*, or *standlock*, but at that stage of its career it is never captured off the rock."—J. A.

my rounds of the island. Of course, if such things were, you should have your full of them; but so far as my ears and my eyes are able to find out, the small fragment of the priory down the way is the only artificial object in the island that belongs to a time much earlier than the beginning of the present century.[1] As might be expected, the more elevated margents of the island contain many caves, but all are of very moderate size and depth, and in none could I discover any of those grotesque carvings which have recently been found to adorn the walls of the caves on the opposite mainland shore. The sides of the May *weems* are very rugose, and consequently ill-adapted for the display of figurings of any size, so that their absence from this particular part of a locality in which they seem to abound is perhaps to be attributed wholly to this circumstance.

In the traditionary history still lingering around the East-Nook, names are given to some of the May *weems*, but out of the vague and various stories afloat respecting their origin I have not been able to extract anything satisfactory. Near to the Pilgrims' Haven, and just below the south-west corner of the wall that encloses the priory and cultivated ground, there is a small and very damp cave, with a muddy pool in its floor, called the *Lady's Bed;* and at a short distance from it, in the

[1] *October* 13, 1868.—"We had the *Pharos* down here to-day, with three gentlemen from the Board of Works, and a builder from Edinburgh, inspecting the old chapel. They brought along with them some workmen to put it into a state of repair; and a discovery was made of a fact that I think must have escaped you when here—viz. that a partition-wall had divided the house into two, and that the north division had been the chapel; it is much the smaller of the two parts, and, lengthways, would stand exactly east and west, while the whole building stretches north and south. When thus partitioned off, the north end presents an unmistakable ecclesiastical appearance. The wall has crossed the building just south of the large window in the west side. Besides pointing the walls, and covering them with turf, the workmen made some excavations on the outside to see if they could find any traces of the chapel running further east, but the only objects that cast up were a pavement of square stones, broken jars, bits of glazed tiles, and, here and there, quantities of old mortar."—J. A.

opposite bed of the bay, there is another and smaller cavity up in the face of the rocks, named the *Lady's* or *Fair Helen's Cave*. Touching these there is some local rumour, but it is not very intelligible, and might be discarded as worthless, but for its apparent connection with the story of Thenew, mother of Kentigern, who, according to the legend, after being cast into the sea at Aberlady, was miraculously floated to the May, and thence, in the same manner, to Culross, where she was stranded and gave birth to the saint.[1]

Of the natural history of the May I am not competent to speak. In some of the caves there are a good many delicate mosses and ferns, not less lovely, in my poor way of thinking, than the archaic curiosities you have at Caiplie and Wemyss; and among the cliffs of the Altarstones there is a goodly assemblage of gulls, guillemots, marrots, and tammie-nories, by whose habits the place is always more or less in a bustle and uproar. On these, and on some of the other animals inhabiting the island, I might expatiate a little; but, *satis superque*, this small prattle of my whereabout must cease. I am packing for departure, and my motherly hostess is in to say—"Good-bye! Keep us alive with a letter now and then, and come again as soon as you can!"

INCHCOLM.

July 1871. BELIEVING that it will be acceptable, I send to you a short

[1] THE LADY'S BED.—"Named after some lady who, according to the tradition, was sent adrift in a small boat from Lady Bay by her father; and as far as I can find out, it is from her that the *Maiden Rocks* and the *Maiden Hair*, at the south-end of the island take their name."—J. A.

FAIR HELEN'S CAVE.—"The lady who has been commemorated in the name of this cavern was a damsel of great beauty belonging to the island. She was much coveted by a chief on the mainland, and her friends fearing, in consequence, that a raid would be made on the island to carry her off, she was secreted in this cave till the danger was past. She had her spinning-wheel with her, and employed the time of her enforced confinement to some purpose, for which she is to be admired!"—J. A.

description of two old buildings which, though both interesting specimens of their class, and near to each other at only a short distance from Edinburgh, do not seem to be so well known to the antiquary as they deserve.

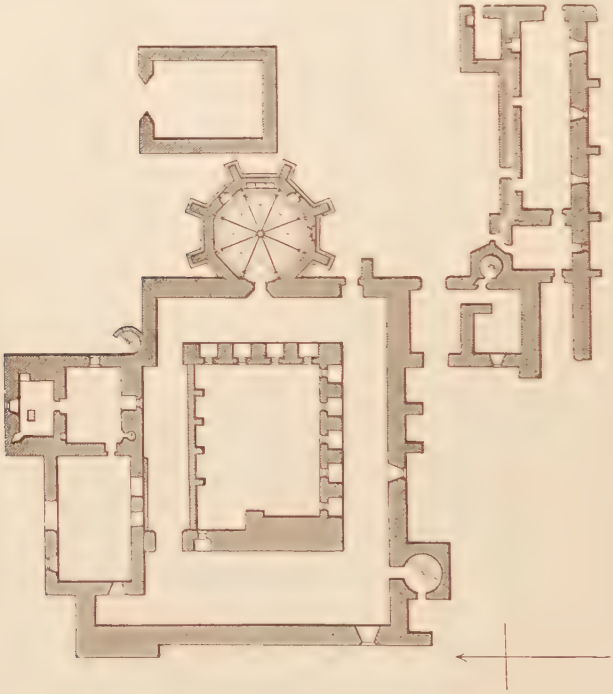
The ruined church at Aberdour, on the Fifeshire side of the Forth, and the semi-dilapidated monastery in Inchcolm, out some three half-miles from the shore, are the buildings alluded to. Of the latter I shall speak first, and only as to its architectural character and arrangements, for, touching its history, all that I know is what is told in the popular and, I believe, generally accredited story—That King Alexander I. having been cast on the island in a storm, and there hospitably entertained by a solitary hermit, in gratitude to God for his deliverance, and to the recluse for his friendly attentions, founded, A.D. 1123, a monastery, to be erected on the spot, and dedicated in honour of Columba—a saint whose name, though extensively celebrated in other districts, has not been given, it will have been remarked, to many churches in the east side of Scotland.

The ruined monastery, of which to all appearance the "fierce" monarch's foundation was only the germ, stands prettily above a small sandy isthmus near about the middle of the island, and consists of the nave of the church, tower, with north transeptal adjunct, chapter-house, gatehouse, and domestic buildings, the latter in great part remarkably entire and fitted for occupation. Of the chancel or choir nothing remains.

In its plan the main structure is somewhat peculiar, and can scarcely be made intelligible by words; but, roughly, it may be described as a quadrangular pile of two stories, surrounding an open court about forty-five feet square; the ground story of the east, west, and south sides forming the ambulatories and cellars, the north side being dungeon-like apartments under the nave and tower. The upper stories

of the south and west sides, now modernised and used by the tenant of the island, were no doubt the dormitories and refectory of the monks.

To the court, entrance is obtained through two large



MONASTERY OF S. COLUMBA, INCHCOLM. JULY, 1871.

arches facing each other in its N.E. and N.W. corners, and between them there appears to have been a narrow portico covered by a lean-to roof, supported in front by posts which were probably of timber, as the plinths they had rested on have their surfaces quite smooth.

The nave of the church, and the tower, as already mentioned, form the north side of the quadrangle. The former, which is entered through the tower, is, internally, only about 34 feet in length, roofless, and, with the exception of two

broken windows on each side, another one opening on the upper floor of the west side of the quadrangle by which the external west end of the nave is partly overlapped, and a fireplace and chimney in the gable, it has no features of any mark.

Without, the tower is some 24 or 25 feet square, and, counting the ground apartment or crypt, which is entered from the quadrangle, consists of four stories, the uppermost one terminating in a high parapet pierced here and there with window-like apertures. Since its erection, the tower, both outside and within, appears to have undergone various and considerable alterations, the nature and purposes of which, from the mere traces existing of them, it is impossible to determine. Originally, like all or most central towers, the story first above the crypt opened on the chancel and nave by two high arches, but these at some early period have been blocked, and the blockings filled with doorways, windows, arches, and arched recesses, indicating important alterations, which had also been made on the original condition of the chancel and nave. As marked by the weather-mouldings on the east, west, and north faces of the tower, the external roofs of the chancel, nave, and transept reached to the bottom of the upper or belfry stage; and it would seem that from the presence of windows in the stage next below and within the weatherings, there had been a chamber of some kind between the vault and outer covering of each of these compartments, similar to what is frequently to be met with in buildings of like kind in other parts of the country.

The entrance to the tower is by a raised doorway within a broken turret at its south-east corner, the ground-floor or crypt, as formerly stated, having its entrance from the cloister. On getting into it, the first stage of the building presents some rather noticeable features. On the east side there is a pointed window in the blocking of the arch, and on the south another one, with a stone seat on the east side of its recess, over-

looking the court. At the corners of the north side are an ambry or locker, and a fireplace, and between them a large doorway leading to the transept. On the west side a small doorway in the blocking of the arch opens on the nave, and close by it, at the south-west corner, a doorway and stair, partly in the thickness of the wall, lead to the second story, the stone floor of which is now away. In each of its walls this story contains a mutilated and partly blocked window, the north and south ones containing within their recesses, which are set square, a stone seat on each side. Between the windows the mural spaces are filled with *Columbaria*, showing that the apartment was the pigeon-house of the monastery. The internal appearance of the uppermost story, which is roofless, there is no means of knowing, as the chimney-like duct to it, sunk into the wall and carried through the floor, is without steps—an arrangement which, as necessitating a movable ladder, suggests that the attic compartment was intended as a retreat for the monks on occasions of danger or attack. As seen from the outside, it has in its several faces a somewhat plainly-fashioned window of two pointed lights divided by a shaft under a semicircular head or drip-stone, with a pierced quartrefoil in the spandril.

The transeptal adjunct north of the tower is a very small chamber, being only 13 feet 6 inches east and west, and 8 feet 10 inches north and south. Over the doorway to it there is a moulded niche, which may have held a lamp or an effigy; in the opposite wall a flat-topped window; an ambry in the north-east corner; a distorted recess in the north-west corner; and a rectangular hole 3 feet by 1 foot 7 inches in the middle of the floor, through which, I was told, the bones or the bodies of the deceased brethren were lowered to the charnel-house below.

The chapter-house stands attached to the east side of the quadrangle, and is entered by a finely-moulded doorway

placed about the middle of the ambulatory. It is an octagonal building, internally 23 feet in diameter, with corner buttresses, and three windows, placed south, south-east, and north-east. In the east wall, and directly opposite the doorway, are three sedilia under pointed arches, the middle arch higher than the one on each side. A low stone seat raised on a foot-pace runs along the walls, and from the foot-pace there are two steps to the sedilia. The roof of the apartment is groined, with moulded ribs rising from a slender cylindrical shaft in the corners, and meeting in a carved boss in the crown of the vault. Above the chapter-house there is a plain waggon-vaulted chamber, gabled on the several faces, with a raised entrance from the upper story of the east side of the quadrangle. It has two windows on the south, and seems to have been used for common purposes, as there is a fireplace in the north wall.

Eastward of the chapter-house, and almost touching it, there is a greatly dilapidated building, externally 36 feet in length, partly covered by the remains of a high bare vaulted roof, and having what seems, from what there is left of it, to have been a large arched entrance facing the north, with a very small niche—a benatura, probably—at its east side. What this building was can only be surmised, but—though its situation does not much favour the conjecture—possibly the barn or storehouse. It has, I believe, been called the Lady-Chapel, but on what grounds I cannot conceive, for besides the extreme plainness, and even rudeness, of its interior, which of itself is almost conclusive against the supposition, obviously, at the only point at which it could have been joined to, it has never been constructively connected with the choir, even supposing that that limb of the church had (which is very doubtful) extended so far to the east.[1]

[1] The usual position of the Lady-Chapel is at the east end of the choir, but in some instances it is or was placed differently, as, for example, at Ely,

Annexed to the south end of the eastern ambulatory is the gatehouse of the monastery, with its embattled portal topped by a pretty flower-plot, and adjoined to the portal is what was in all likelihood the abbot's residence, connected with a long range of vaulted and buttressed apartments of two stories running eastward with its south side close to the shore. The upper story of the range is greatly ruinated, but the under one—that, namely, figured in the ground-plan—is mainly entire, and consists of three apartments, the western one roofless, the others waggon-vaulted, very thick in the walls, and pierced, on the south side, with plain flat-headed windows of small size widely splayed inside. All the apartments are connected with each other by small doorways in the partition-walls, the common entrance being one of larger size in the east end. What the western and middle chambers were designed for is uncertain, but the eastern and largest one, which is 53 feet long and 12 feet 8 inches wide, was apparently a kitchen, as, besides other recesses, there is one with a chimney, which evidently was an oven, in the north wall near to its east end.

The building marked in the plan as occupying the north-east corner of the range belongs to the upper story of the tier. From its position it may be supposed to have been the lodge of the officer in charge of the storehouse and kitchen, or of the *hospitium*, which in all monasteries was provided for the entertainment of strangers.

Standing a few paces northward of the tower, and fenced by the remains of a wall on the shore, is a dilapidated building of moderate size, which may be supposed to have been occupied by those of the monastery in charge of the

where it stands on its north side, and at Durham, where (under the name of the Galilee) it is placed at the west end of the nave. In all cases, however, it was always more or less directly connected in construction with the main building—not separated from it, as evidently the barn-like structure at Inchcolm has been.

ferry across from a point on the opposite mainland shore, where there is a cell in the slope, faced with a wall containing an arched doorway facing the south-west. This building being very much reduced, and not possessing any remarkable features, I have not included in the plan.

With regard to the architectural character of the monastery at large, there is nothing in the style of its detail requiring lengthened remark. From only a slight observance of its several parts, it will readily appear that it has been the work of various periods of time, and that, as will be noticed by the Romanesque masonry and corbel-table on its north side and west end, the nave is the only portion with features decidedly in correspondence with the date of Alexander's foundation. Of course, the cell beneath it must be of the same age, and so also, perhaps, the ground compartment of the west side of the quadrangle; but that the other sides are equally ancient may be matter of doubt, as in all likelihood these, together with many other of the older parts of the general structure, were not put up, or at any rate not completed, till long after the death of the king in 1124. Unfortunately there is nothing in the forms of the detail of the east and south sides of the quadrangle that can determine age, for these are all of the plainest description, and such as may be met with in any of the Gothic styles. On its east side the four windows of the ambulatory, or ground story, are short and somewhat narrow round-headed apertures with plain chamfered edges, flush with the external wall. In the story above the five windows are much of the same length, but a trifle narrower, and flat in the head. On the south side the five windows of the ambulatory are also round-headed, the wall of the apartment above unpierced. On the west side there is in the ground chamber only one round-headed window, similar to those already described; and there are two or three others—narrow lancets—elevated

variously in the wall. In the ambulatories the internal openings of the windows are very wide and deep, set square, and have a stone seat and foot-pace on each side.

The tower is unquestionably of thirteenth-century date, its detail being, excepting some of the insertions, First-Pointed. The doorway to the crypt is a good plain specimen in the style of two pointed orders, the outer one from a corner shaft with moulded capital and base.

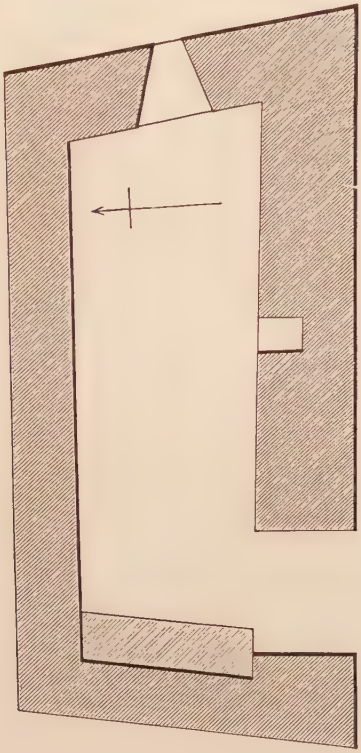
The chapter-house is also First-Pointed, with details somewhat more elaborated than are those in the tower. The buttresses, which terminate at the junction of the stories, are acutely gabled, and have high spreading bases which, together with the spreadings of the wall-bases between, give to the ground-line of the building that peculiar elegance and air of steadfastness observable in First-Pointed more than in any of the other styles. The windows are pointed, rather curiously moulded, and have their lights set nearly midway between the inner and outer planes of the wall. The doorway is headed semicircularly, and, like that to the crypt of the tower, a well-moulded specimen of two orders, the arch of the outer order on a cylindrical nook-shaft with circular capital and base.

Judging from the form of what remains of the jamb-mouldings of its entrance, the isolated building east of the chapter-house—the barn, as I have supposed it to have been —seems to be of fourteenth-century date.

In the upper east front of the range extending from the gatehouse, the windows are manifestly First-Pointed. Those in the semi-subterranean chambers on the slope below are small, flat-headed, rudely constructed, and to all appearance the work of an earlier period.

Westward about 80 feet from the monastery there is a small rudely-constructed building of one apartment, with a barrel-vaulted roof, which some years ago was for the first

time prominently brought into notice by the late Sir James Simpson, as in all likelihood the cell of the lonely hermit whose hospitable reception of the ship-wrecked monarch led to the erection of the stately buildings standing thereby. At the time of my first visit the west end was quite broken down,



VAULTED CELL, INCHCOLM.

as was also a part of the north side; but having been restored to what was supposed to have been its primitive state, the building, as it now exists, is an irregular oblong or *trapezium*, the internal measurements of which are—length along the south wall, 17 feet 10 inches; along the north wall, 15 feet 5 inches; breadth at east end, 5 feet 11 inches; at west end,

4 feet 10 inches; height to ridge line, 8 feet. The only window is a rudely-formed flat-headed one, 2 feet by 10 inches, set not very precisely in the middle of the east end, the cill of its recess underdrawn and levelled for the altar. At about the middle of the south wall there is a rectangular niche 12 inches wide and 15 inches deep; and close by the western extremity, a doorway, 3 feet 10 inches wide, obtusely pointed without, semi-hexagonally headed within. A low stone bench built against the west wall is modern.

Before concluding my remarks on these interesting remains, I may mention the well—a builded cylindrical shaft, about 25 feet deep, fenced by a breast-wall. The water is abundant, crystalline, and, as may be imagined, agreeably cool; but, as will be shown by the following analysis, not quite so suitable for drinking and cooking purposes as one could desire.

One imperial gallon contains 42.52 grains of dissolved ingredients, consisting of—

Carbonate of Lime	10.40
Carbonate of Magnesia	2.94
Sulphate of Lime	5.44
Sulphate of Magnesia	5.76
Chloride of Magnesium	4.84
Chloride of Sodium	9.52
Silica	0.02
Oxide of Iron	trace
Phosphates	1.20
Organic Matter	2·40
	42.52
Matter in Suspension	1.60

The analytical chemist who furnished me with the above, remarks—"This water as received for analysis was clear, bright, and almost colourless, possessed but little taste, and was without odour. The saline ingredients which it contains

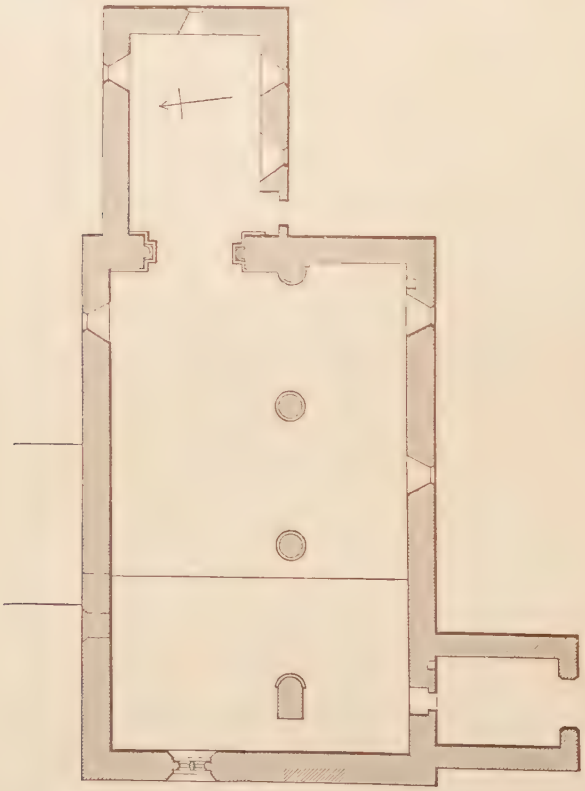
are the same as those that are found in ordinary rivers and spring water. The analysis shows that it is free from iron and other metallic contaminations. The objectionable quality is its hardness, arising from the considerable amount of lime and magnesia salts which it contains. On this account it is unsuitable for washing operations in which soap is employed; and for the same reason it is not a good water for the infusion of tea, or for cooking purposes generally. For dietetic purposes a purer and softer water would be desirable; for although this water might be used occasionally with impunity, I am of opinion that it could not be employed habitually for any length of time as a beverage without producing bad effects."

With reference to the ground-plan of the monastery (p. 296), I should mention that, in my representation of it the modern projection from the west end of the nave is about six feet more than the actual length. This discrepancy, which, on connecting my round of measurements, I could not at first account for, I afterwards discovered had been caused by the eastern portion of the general structure not being strictly rectangular—an irregularity that has also occasioned a somewhat unnatural extension of the entire west front of the building in the plan.

ABERDOUR.

THE ruined Church at ABERDOUR—the other building to which I have alluded—is beautifully situated in the parish burying-ground, between the ancient village and the sea. It is a plain Romanesque structure, belonging apparently to the earliest quarter of the twelfth century, and may have been the work of the same hands that were employed to commence the Monastery on Inchcolm.

Originally, the plan was chancel and nave, without aisles, but afterwards—seemingly about the end of the fifteenth century, or, it may be, somewhat later—a south aisle and a porch were added to the latter compartment, and at same



ABERDOUR CHURCH.

time a larger window struck out in the west end. As being an early specimen of the earliest of our churches of determinable date, and not much dilapidated, the building is interesting, but there is nothing at all remarkable in the character of its detail.

The chancel—roofless, but otherwise almost entire—is, internally, 20 feet 10 inches in length, and has a doorway on the extreme south-west, and four windows—one in the nroth wall, two in the south wall, and one under the gable in the east end.

In the nave, which is internally 51 feet in length, there are, on the north side, a plain round-headed doorway (now blocked) near to its west end, and a window near to its east end, between which is a burial adjunct dated 1608. On the south side, the wall of the added aisle, which is considerably reduced, has two broken windows, a small niche close to its east end, and the porch, already mentioned—a plain gabled building of moderate size with a plain-pointed entrance, and a benatura-niche at the east side of what was at first the inner doorway, but is now the window of a burial-vault.

In the altered west elevation there is a pointed window of two pointed lights, with poor tracery over them in the containing arch, and surmounting the gable is a heavy but very characteristic square-shaped bell-turret with narrow flat-headed apertures in all the faces, and a low pyramidal stone roof crowned with a carved crop. All the original windows throughout the building are of a very artless kind, being merely narrow round-headed apertures with plain chamfered edges flush with the outer wall and very widely splayed within

The chancel-arch—semicircular, and surmounted on its west face by a trigonal hood—is of two plain square-edged orders, the inner one rising from a semi-cylindrical jamb-post or half pillar, with the usual lumpish base and heavy impost or abacus, quirked, and broadly splayed below.

In the nave, the added aisle is divided from it by three wide semicircular bevel-edged arches of one order, resting on plain cylindrical pillars with circular bases and circular

capitals meagrely formed of a trigonal abacus and heavy roll neck-moulding.

As marked in the plan, the west end of the nave has been formed into a sepulchral vault, belonging, I believe, to the Earl of Morton.

CROZIER FERN.

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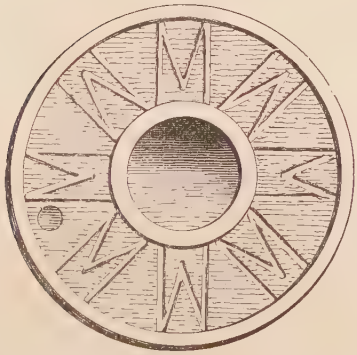

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